Outdoor America

JUNE, 1926

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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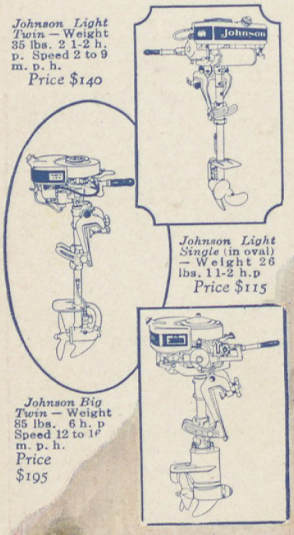

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

Campfire Recipes

by Chas. A. Kirstead

CHAS. S. KIRSTEAD became an expert in camp cookery while accompanying hunting expeditions which made his father's farm a "jumping off place." Later, he managed large eating establishments for men who laid the C. P. Railroad through Maine. He has since supervised food preparation on steamships, in hotels, schools and hospitals. Try out his campfire recipes. They hit the spot!

Cream Sauce

Two tablespoons butter; five level tablespoons flour; one cup reliquified KLIM. Place reliquefied KLIM in double boiler, add butter and bring to boiling point. Thicken with flour which has been previously mixed with water or reliquefied KLIM. Salt to taste. This sauce is suitable for creamed toast, but if used for creamed meat, fish, eggs or vegetables, a dust of pepper, a pinch of paprika or a touch of Merrell-Soule Lemade may be added.

Macaroni and Cheese

One-third package macaroni or spaghetti; one cup cream sauce; one-fourth cup grated or finely chopped cheese. Place macaroni in boiling water and cook rapidly about twenty minutes, or until tender. Drain, add cream sauce and cheese. Cook over slow fire until cheese is melted.

Chocolate Blanc Mange

Five cups reliquefied KLIM; seven level tablespoons cornstarch or flour; one-half cup sugar; one-fourth teaspoon salt; four teaspoons cocoa. Place sugar, cocoa, salt and reliquefied KLIM in double boiler and bring to boiling point. Mix cornstarch or flour with little cold water or reliquefied KLIM. Stir slowly into hot KLIM mixture. Cook until smooth. To insure success, liquid to be combined with other materials must be boiling. Where cornstarch is used be sure to cook slowly for at least five minutes after mass has thickened.

Frying Pan Biscuits

One cup flour; two teaspoons baking powder; two tablespoons shortening; one-fourth teaspoon salt; eight tablespoons dry KLIM; one-third cup water.

Sieve all dry ingredients together three times. If cold lard or butter is used, rub in lightly. If salad oil is used, place on top of flour and stir in with water. Add water and stir until dough is reasonably smooth. Drop from a teaspoon into a frying pan that has been liberally greased with salt pork fat, bacon fat or salad oil. Cover and cook over a medium fire until brown on bottom. Turn and brown other side. This recipe can also be used to bake biscuits in camp oven.

Fish Chowder

One-half pound dressed fish cut in cubes one inch square; one cubic inch fat salt pork cut in small dice; one pint reliquefied KLIM; one pint water; one small onion (if available) cut fine; one potato (if available); salt and pepper to taste; two or three broken crackers.

Cut potato in small cubes. Add one pint boiling water and place over fire. Place salt pork in frying pan and cook until quite crisp. Add onion and cook until tender but not brown. When potatoes are done, add prepared fish, pork scrap and onions. Place over slow fire until fish is cooked. Add reliquefied KLIM, crackers, and season to taste.

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WHEN you've whipped a Royal Coachman over the surface of a trout stream half the day; when you've paddled a canoe over glaring, sun-steamed waters five or six long hours; when you've lugged a seventy pound pack basket over hard and rugged trails; you begin to think of camp---and eats.

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 1926

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

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Applicants may enclose $3.00 with application. If for any reason applicant is not accepted, money will be returned.

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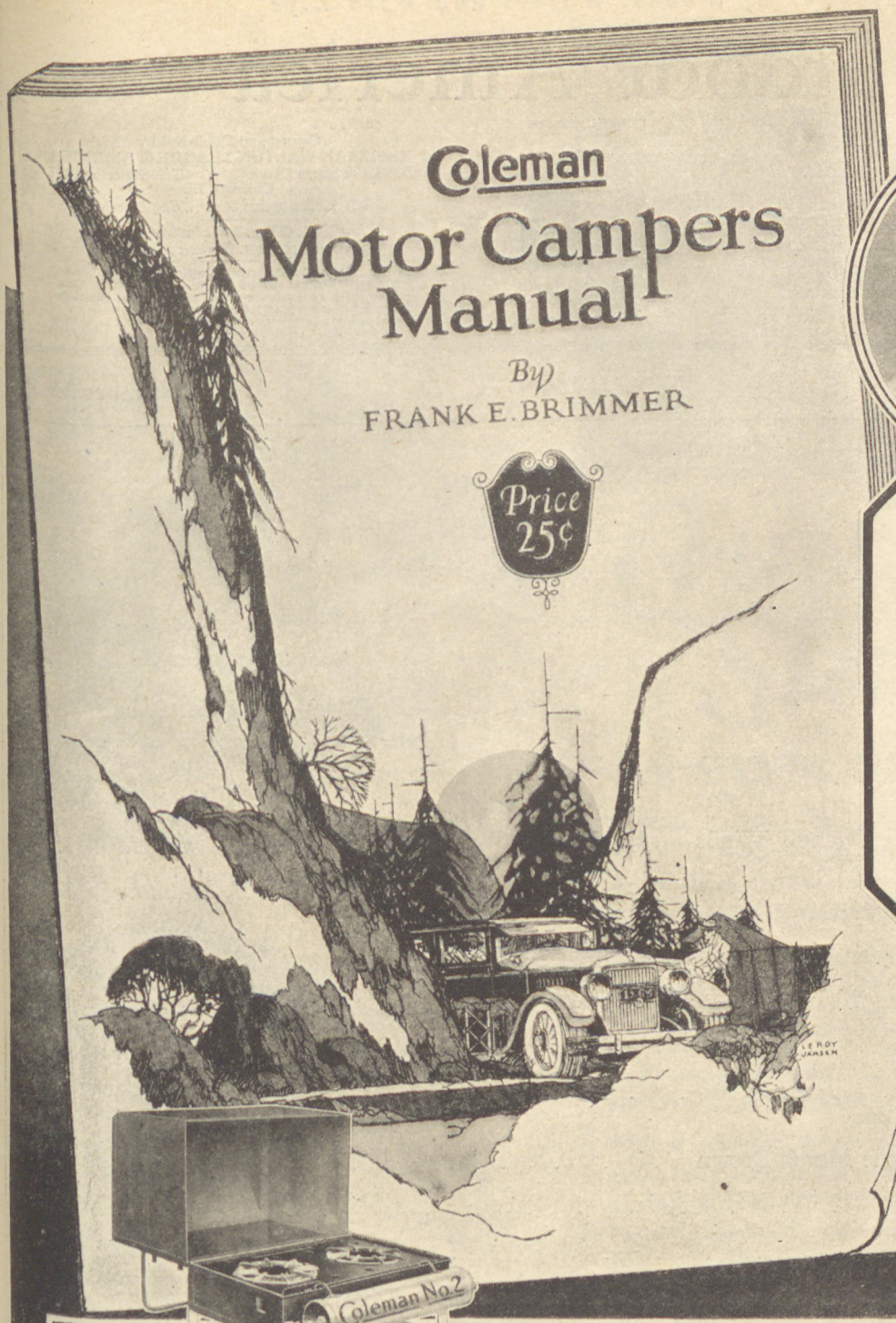

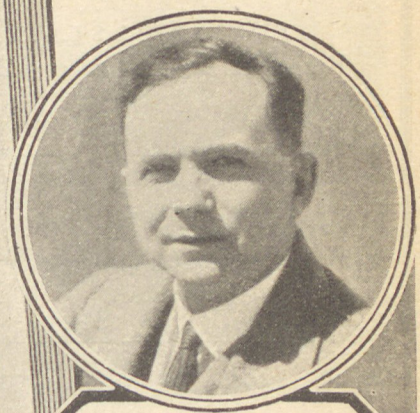

Frank E. Brimmer

MR. BRIMMER is a real outdoors man. He has auto-toured the country, hunted deer in the Adirondacks, big game in the Rockies. In this new camper's guide he draws freely on his vast fund of outdoor lore.

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Outdoor America

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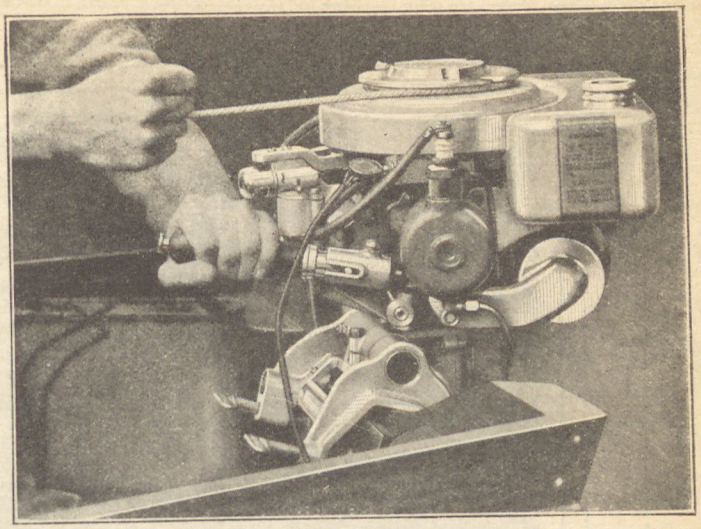

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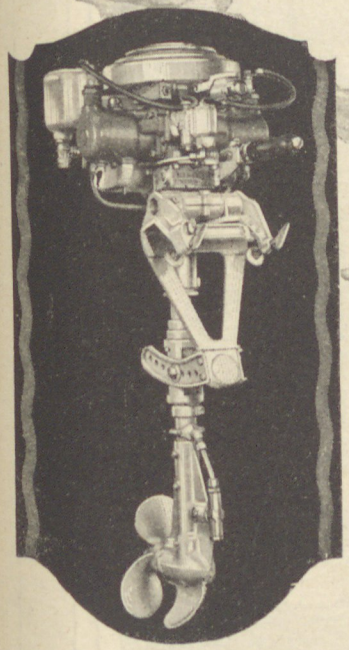

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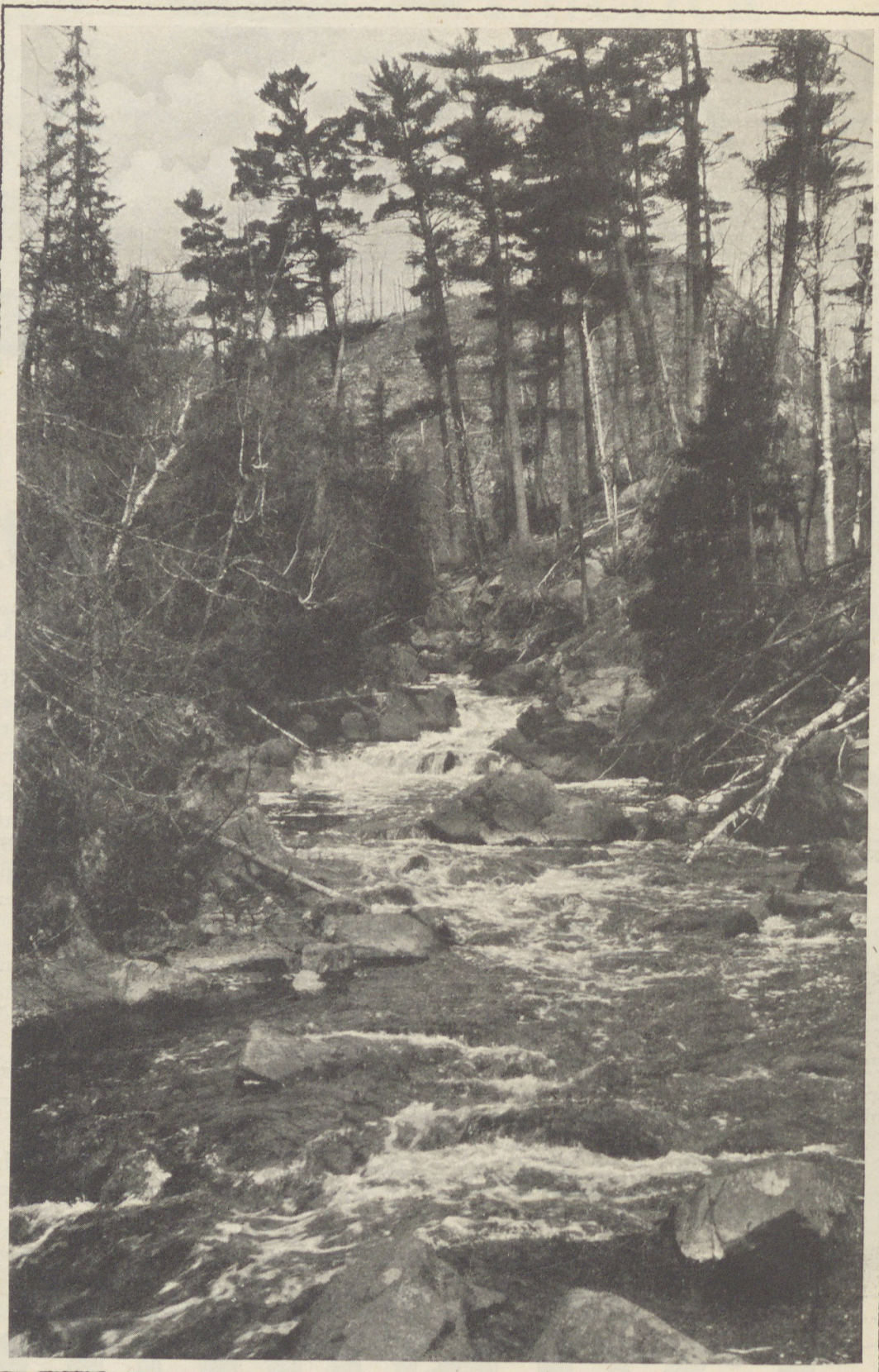


Photograph by Bert L. Brown

Can't you feel those speckled babies risin'?

Vol. 4 No. 11

June Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

A Gold Star Mother and Conservation

Just a brief editorial tribute to a real *Waltonian*

SHE might have been anybody's mother—a frail little woman wearing a black dress—a plain black dress, with a white lace collar, and carrying her coat on her arm.

She entered the office timidly. The rattle and click of typewriters was obviously something new in her life. Yet there was a merry glint in her eye—a sort of "well I'm here—I'll go through with it" expression on her face.

"Is there something we can do for you?"

She swallowed hard.

"Yes, there is," she managed, as a chair was offered her, "if you are willing to listen for a few minutes to a foolish old woman—a foolish, sentimental old woman who will do nothing but take up your time."

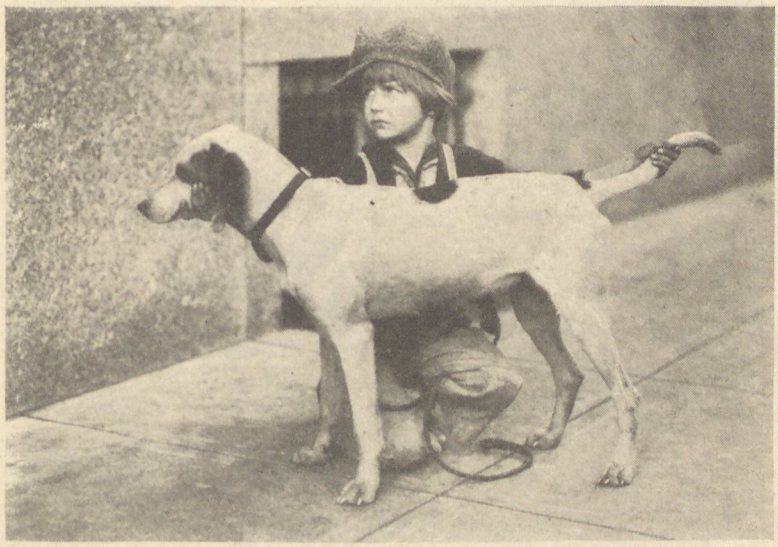
Then she smiled. Oh boy, what a smile! She relaxed in the chair and a bit of lace on her bosom moved just enough to reveal a tiny gold star.

"You're very kind. I know I shouldn't come in this way and take up your time, but I just love the Izaak Walton League and the wonderful work you are doing—saving the hunting and fishing—

"No, I don't fish and I've never shot a gun in my life, but I know how boys and men love to do these things. It must be wonderful to love a gun, a fishing pole or an old dog and that perfectly filthy clothing.

"I know how it is, for Charley used to sit by the hour in a little room he had partitioned off in the attic, 'getting his stuff in shape' as he called it. But bless you, all he ever did was take those poles and guns out and play with them by the hour.

"About this time of year he was most happy. Every night when he came home he'd rush through dinner, then Ted Wilson, his chum, and he and Luke, our old setter, would rush upstairs. Charley and Ted would talk and whistle and Luke would go after some 'specially active flea, thumping his hind foot on the floor until I thought I'd go crazy.



What are little chaps like Howard Pavey going to do for recreation in the future?

"Then in the spring of 1917—" She stopped for a brief moment.

"Then in the spring of 1917, I noticed the boys didn't care for the old attic. They talked continually of 'The big job over there.' I thought I would go out of my head with worry, but they went—they enlisted.

"Well they went to France with the First Division—I hope I'm not taking up too much of your time? It's foolish of me, I know, but I just wanted to tell you—

"Oh, you're very kind. Well, they went to France, as I was saying—guess I needn't go into details on what happened over there to the First Division. Maybe you were in the service yourself?

"Well, then you understand. I had some wonderful letters from Charley. He told me all about the 'frogs' and the 'canned Willie' and of those terrible 'dago reds.' It seemed he had the greatest trouble keeping those reds down.

"I guess the boys went through some terrible experiences—but the army regulations stopped the letters and all I got from Charley were those postcards.

"In the spring of 1918, Charley was wounded. He was sent to a hospital in England. Here's—the last letter I got from him."

She fumbled in her purse and brought out a letter, wrapped carefully in tissue paper. We had read and heard of sacred ground, but to feel the overwhelming sanctity of the real thing was at once a terrible and glorious moment.

She dabbed at her eyes with a ridiculously small bit of linen, then stoically handed the letter across the desk and sat back perfectly composed as we read hurriedly to cover the devastating confusion.

It was a typical A. E. F. letter. One of those letters smiling through the rain. Asking about the dog, if the buds were out, and if she had heard whether the trout were rising.

"Wasn't he a nice boy? Now perhaps you can see why I love this Izaak Walton League— (*Continued on page 88*)

Wild Life *and* the Forest

The author of this article brings out the necessity of various types of wild life to conservation of our forests

By WM. T. COX

TO most of us an animal is more interesting than a tree or a weed or a flower. This is true even though the animal may be of little use to us, and the plant essential to our well being.

Foresters have an unusual opportunity to observe the relationship or balance that exists among the trees and the wild creatures of the forest. I have studied this relationship long and with much interest and I have come to believe a number of things that may seem rather shocking.

A forest is not merely a collection of trees. To function properly and to persist it must be balanced. It must have trees of different kinds as well as bushes and herbs, mosses, lichens and fungi. It must have an insect population. It must have a bird population. It should have game birds and game mammals. It is sure to have a rodent population — mice, squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, porcupines and such gnawing creatures. Then, last but not least, there will be, apparently there must be, the carnivorous animals, the killers, the flesh eaters.

What a little thing at times can upset the balance of Nature! Set fire to the forest on a mountain range; burn over a marsh in the springtime when the wild fowl are nesting; blow out the rock ledge that for a thousand years has held back the waters of a splendid lake and you have profoundly affected the wild life of a considerable district. These things most people would notice. Less conspicuous happenings are occurring all around us practically unnoticed, causing the most sweeping changes and readjustments among the wild creatures we profess to know.

Nature seems to control all species through the appetite of some living thing. If one kind of tree becomes too prevalent in the forest as a result of unwise logging, the insect enemies or admirers of that tree wax fat and flourish until they have reduced the species to something like its normal position in the forest. In the meantime enemies of these insects have increased abnormally because their supply of food for a time was so abundant. They now hold the other insects in check and thus prevent the complete wiping out of the species.

© Lorene Squire.

Squirrels are very important in conservation.

The same kind of thing occurs among animals. Mice became so abundant some years ago in the Red Lake country that they threatened to kill all vegetation over large areas. But foxes, weasels and mink invaded the territory and in one year became so numerous there that the mice were reduced to reasonable numbers. The foxes and weasels then had to feed on other creatures or migrate to find a better food supply.

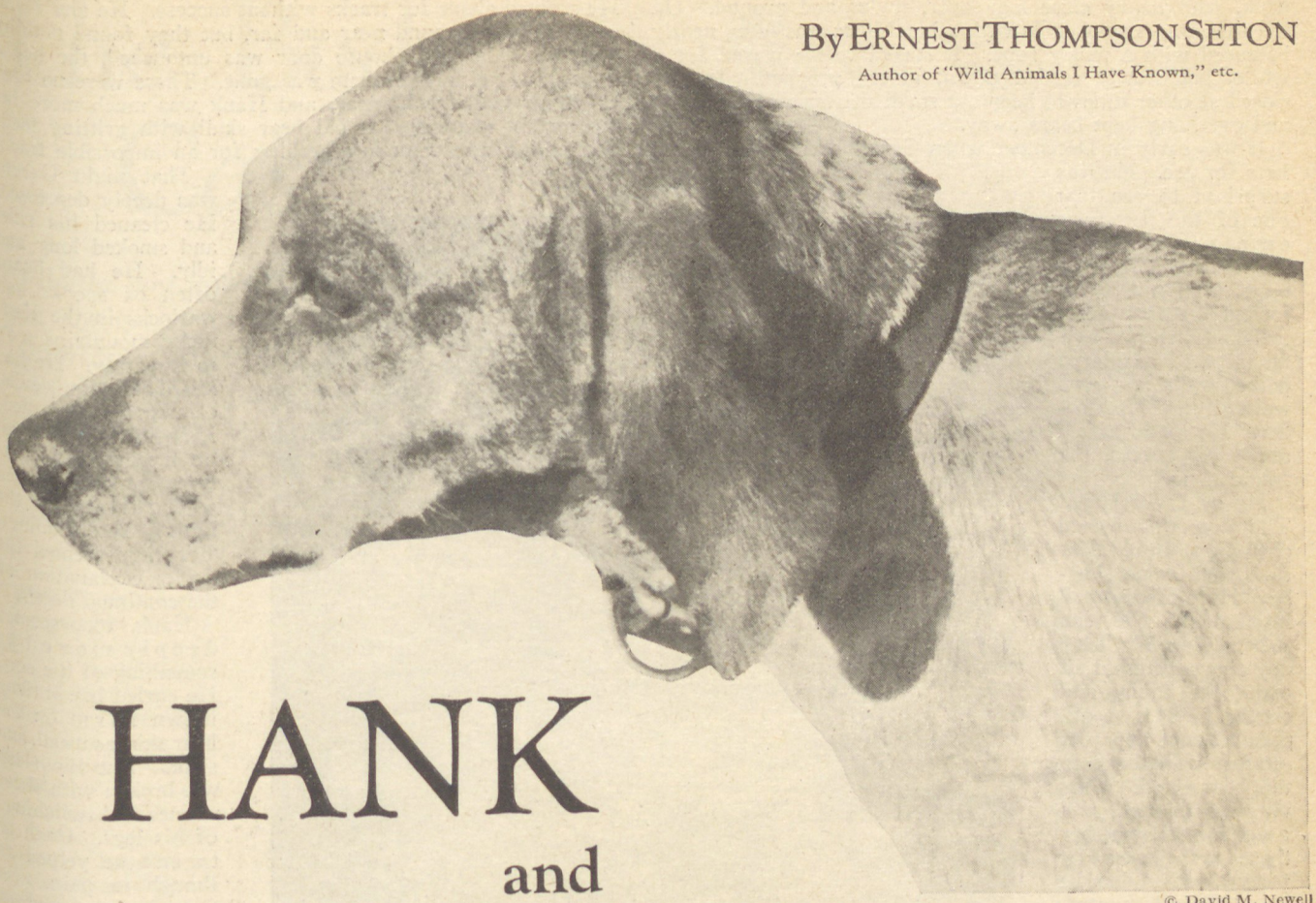
Take out some of the insects that carry pollen from flower to flower and some kinds of trees would no longer bear seed, and thus disappear. Take out fly catchers and creepers among the birds and in a few years moths or caterpillars would eat up the forest. Kill off the woodpeckers and in a short time the bark beetles and boring beetles would girdle and destroy the trees.

If we trap and kill the skunks that feed on turtle eggs, then the turtle, laying forty to a hundred eggs at a time, will soon thickly populate our inland waters and destroy fish life. But even the turtle in reasonable numbers probably serves a useful purpose in holding the so-called rough fish in check and preventing them from destroying our game fish.

We know that the heavy seeded trees like the oaks with their acorns and the nut bearing trees were distributed by having these heavy seeds carried across country, or from place to place, by wild pigeons, ducks, wild turkey and other fowls and then planted by squirrels. Have you never watched a squirrel planting acorns or hickory nuts? He digs the hole, jams in the nut or acorn, and then covers it with dirt to just the right depth.

Suppose we kill off the owls. (*Continued on page 82*)

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON
Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," etc.



© David M. Newell

HANK and JEFF

The Story of a Houn' Dawg

A group of hunters about the camp fire they were—and one spoke about swapping dogs, much as he would horses or cows. Then a silent man growled out: "No man ever gave up his dog—if it was really and truly his dog." This struck a chord of memory in my heart and I told this tale as it came to me long years before.

A Two Part Story—Part One

IT was in the wild romantic days of 70 years ago, when the Ohio River flowed through unbroken, glorious woods, when Kentucky was one great game field. Here, on the lower Kentucky River, in his lonely cabin, lived Jeff Garvin, a grizzled old hunter, with no company but a big brindled bear hound whose name was Hank.

Very close were Jeff and Hank. Night and day their lives were the same. They shared the same food and the same perils. More than once, when the hunter's arm had failed, it was staunch old Hank that bore the brunt and saved him. Never once had they been apart from the day when first as a lubberly pup he was carried by Garvin from the mother's kennel.

Their living came from the woods and streams; deer, bear and wild turkeys abounded. When they wanted meat, all Garvin needed to do was to take down the trusty rifle, call Hank, and within a mile or two his wants were amply supplied. In the winter he trapped a few furs. These, with bear and buckskins, were swapped at the trading store, 20 miles down the river, for powder, tobacco, tea, and such few things as the forest did not furnish for their needs.

In autumn, when the woods abounded in food, and the bears were fat, it was Garvin's custom to kill about twenty fine, black fellows, and smoke their hams, for a food supply to carry him over next winter, spring and autumn.

He was very expert at smoking hams. Garvin-cured hams were readily accepted by the trader on account. But a bear's ham is heavy, and four times as heavy when you must be your own pack horse over twenty miles of rugged trail through heavy woods. The hams, therefore, were used at home, "a specialty of the house," when rare strangers called, or a satisfying staple for himself and his dog.

It was in the fall of 1848. Garvin had stocked his smokehouse with forty hams, mostly small, for these are best. The smoking had taken a month or more, but now that the nights were cool the meat was safe. Garvin let the fire go out and enjoyed the vista of smoky hams that greeted the eye as he opened the heavy door. Very heavy was that door of hickory splits, and strong as the walls that made the smokehouse, for there were thieves to be reckoned with—not two-legged. In those days man was the rarest animal in the country, except woman. But four-footed robbers—nothing less than the bears themselves. There was no reason to fear them when Hank and Jeff were in the neighborhood,

but the hunter and his dog were often away for a week at a time. Therefore, the smokehouse was built like a pier-dock, with heavy close logs over, under and around. On the roof was a smokehole with a hatch that was hung nearly balanced with a pulley rope. It stayed where placed for a while, but slowly settled down, unless propped. It was closed at other times to keep out small marauders; the walls and overhang kept bears away.

It was early in December when Garvin went in to pick a ham for use. He was surprised to see that one of the pegs was empty. He counted the hams—there were but thirty-nine. He looked about carefully. There were no signs of burglary; doors, walls and roof were all in perfect order. He searched about for tracks, but found none.

He called Hank. The dog was busied chewing at an old bear skull, and came slowly. "Here, Hank, smell him out. Sic 'em. Where is he?" The dog obeyed, sniffed all about the cabin, and circled farther off, then without apparent interest went back to the bear skull. Garvin was puzzled, and asked himself whether there were really forty hams. Maybe he had miscounted. But no—all honest, normal bears wear their hams in pairs, and here was an odd ham.

Their cabin door was only loosely closed at night. Hank slept on a bear skin by his master's couch. At the slightest noise he would get up, scratch the door open, and challenge or assail any creature, man or beast, that might on rare occasions come near. It seemed impossible for a burglar to enter the smokehouse, which was close by. The mystery was unexplained.

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The cabin door was never locked.

Three days later Garvin entered the place to find another ham gone. Again he sought for clues, again he and the dog searched all about for tracks. They found none, and soon Hank returned to an old bear hide that he had been chewing behind the cabin.

A few days afterwards Garvin and Hank set out towards the mountains on a preliminary trapping round, making a few deadfalls ready, so they would be purged of the man taint by rain and weathered before the cold winter should come and make trapping profitable.

On the third night they were aroused by the scream of a Panther not far away. They were familiar with these unearthly yells and quite unafraid. Yet Garvin looked to his gun before they lay down, and Hank rushed off, baying loud defiance to the challenge. He was gone so long that Garvin fell asleep. In the morning the dog was back, unharmed, but dull and listless. Jeff offered the hound some venison, but the dog seemed not hungry.

Two days later they were back home. A general inspection showed another ham gone. Garvin was furious now. He scouted about for tracks without success. He and Hank quartered the ground near and far, but they found nothing unusual. The smokehouse door was untouched, the house intact, and yet another ham was gone. There were no bear tracks or man tracks near, and Hank was much more interested in mauling that old bear skull with gritting teeth and rolling eyes than in searching for an impossible track.

That night Garvin was deeply depressed. He cleaned his rifle, and smoked long and idly. He had heard often of spooks and warlocks in the Kentucky mountains not so far away. He had heard of Indian devils, catamounts and medicine bears. And all of these weird creatures for once seemed almost real in the light of recent doings. For they seemed the only explanation of the continual losses.

Hank, too, seemed deeply moved by something of the sort. He curled his brawny brown form on the bear skin, as usual, and slept. But his sleep was broken with short whines and twitchings of his legs. Once or twice he yelped as though in pain. So Garvin muttered at last, "I wonder if that cussed Panther hurt him, or maybe he's got spiked."

He examined the dog's body and limbs, but found no injury. Hank responded to this care by licking his master's hand; then curled up again for slumber.

But his sleep was broken and fitful as before. Garvin himself was wakeful. He sat up in his bunk and something like superstitious fear possessed him as he watched the indomitable old bear hound tremble and whine in his sleep.

As Garvin stared, uneasily, a thought came to him. "That old Indian medicine man at Scioto put me up to a dodge that will tell what a dog is dreaming—a way to make you have the same dream." He reached for his big, red bandana hanging on a pair of deer horns, he softly spread it out on the head of the sleeping hound, left it for five or ten minutes, then, lying flat on his back, he spread the bandana on his own face.

He fell asleep and dreamed that he was a dog, that indeed he was Hank, the companion of the bear hunter. He dreamed that he rose from his bearskin in the night, went softly to his sleeping master, poked his moist snout in the face of the sleeping man, listened for a time, then softly went to the cabin door; deftly opening it he made for the smokehouse. Six feet away was a tall stump. He leaped on this, then, with a mighty spring, landed on the roof of the smoker. Near the top was the hung hatch. He thrust his nose under the edge and raised it. He leaped in to a shelf that sometimes held venison (*Continued on page 87*)

The Body Cast

No doubt you know it, but in case you don't, the writer of this bit of interesting information is one of the greatest fancy bait and fly casters in America.

By WILLIAM C. VOGT

First position of body cast.

THE man who wishes to exercise his whole body while fishing can do so by using the body cast. This cast can be made best by standing on shore.

If a fellow is in a flat bottom boat, and, of course, happens to be a good acrobat he might get by without landing in the lake.

There are men on cool days, when fishing from a boat, complain about being chilly, etc. If you want to get warm, just go ashore and make about twenty-five body casts, and you will experience a glow of life that will make you feel glad you are alive.

Second position of body cast.

The quickest way to learn the body cast is with the aid of these photographs which were taken of the writer while in real action, and these positions are as perfect as it is possible to get them. Take these photos and a friend to assist you. Your friend may have never heard of or seen the body cast as there have been no photos appearing in any magazine or newspaper showing this cast since those of the writer in the New York Press, April, 1913.

Get your friend to hold the photos, then put you into the first position as shown here. He stands away from you about ten feet to compare your position, getting the same view of you as he gets of the photo.

Please notice the position of the right foot. It is important to turn the right foot pointing away from you, because if it is pointing forward the same as your nose, and you come back to the second position where the weight of your whole body is on the right foot, you might lose your balance and land on the back of your neck, then blame me for not having instructed you correctly.

Press your thumb firmly against the line on the reel near the bottom of the spool, and keep it there. In the second position, as you bring the rod forward, start to release the thumb pressure, and put into your cast all the body and arm force you can. Remember never to take your thumb off the line while it is running out.

Make your cast well up toward the sky, hold the rod still while the line is running out, and wait for your bait to almost touch the water before you shift, the outfit to the left hand, palming the reel as in the fourth position.

If you get your bait weighing from one half to one ounce started (*Continued on page 43*)

Third position of body cast.

Fisherman's Luck

A yarn of the north woods that is just a bit different from the average fishing story

By P. A. CONNOLLY

A SCOWL deeper than usual lined the face of I. P. Henderson, President of The Vulcan Iron Works. And when "Iron Ike," as he was known in the trade, scowled, men trembled.

That is, most men did, but not big Jim Neighbors, his treasurer and manager, who sat facing him across the massive mahogany desk in the president's office. Neighbors reclined easily in his chair with one leg hooked over an arm of it, and a big foot resting profanely on the sacred varnish. A cigar was in his mouth, from which pearly wreaths of smoke ascended lazily, and a quizzical look crinkled the corners of his eyes.

Henderson was examining the vacation schedule with rising temper. This was an annual event with him, and would have proved an ordeal to any other than Neighbors. Vacations were anathema to Henderson, at least in prospect.

"Organization shot to pieces, can't get anything done, business going to the devil!" The same old plaint, at which Neighbors smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Here, you've got Ingalls down twice. A week in June and two weeks in September. What's the big idea, Jim?"

"Ingalls splits his vacation. He's a fisherman. Goes up to his camp in Canada for the early fishing, and again in late summer. I've explained all this to you each year."

"Well, what if you have? 'Taint right. Got to cut it out. Besides, he's picked the very week in June when the A. A. M. A. holds its convention."

"That doesn't mean anything in his young life."

"It don't, eh? Well, I'll show him and you it does. He's goin' to that convention with me. I've already arranged for it. He's to read a paper, or make a speech or something."

"Does he know about it?"

"Don't care whether he does or not. He will." The president glared and hammered his desk. "The dam' young idiot! Here he's one of the most talked about engineers in the industry, his carburetor goin' like wildfire, and him sneakin' off to Canada when he has a chance like this; a chance to meet all the big car builders in the country." Henderson snorted in fury.

"Send him in to me. I'll show him," he shouted.

Neighbors slowly unhooked his leg from the chair arm and sat up straight, dusting the ashes from his cigar in the president's silver tray.

"Now, hold on, Ike," he said. "Don't get excited, and don't try to bully Gene. He won't stand for it. As for him giving up his June fishing, he may, or he may not. I'm inclined to think he won't, at least not willingly. But if you try to drive him, he is just as apt as not to tell you to go plumb to—"

"The insolent young pup! I'll fire him!"

"No, you won't fire him. We need him, and you know we need him. Besides, he wouldn't care much, I reckon; his royalties are making him independent."

"Getting cocky, eh?"

"No, he's not cocky, nor insolent, either. Just the same decent, quiet chap he has always been. But he's a fisherman.

FOREST FANTASY

By Lillian White Spencer

The white wind through the dark wood flies,
Caressing height and hollow,
And to a young tree softly sighs:
"Dear dryad, follow, follow!"

She quivers in his swift embrace,
And instant does he hover,
Then dances off with airy grace
The recreant sweet lover.

But she is still; remembering
No fickle passion seizes
The faithful earth. There, she must cling
Despite seductive breezes.

Yet, when he woos in sombre dress,
And terrible stern beauty,
She agitates in wild distress
Torn between love and duty.

In sudden rage he thunders by—
The lightning flash his token.
She yields . . . He flings her back to die
On earth's breast, grimed and broken.

It's a hobby with him—almost a mania. He has this camp up in the woods, and he makes his preparations months ahead. Invites a few friends. It is going to be difficult, and maybe serious, if you try to break up his plans, especially as the time is so close at hand."

"But think of the opportunity he is missing. I'm tryin' to boost the boy. It's good for him, and for us, too, of course, to have him mix more with the automobile crowd. Anyway, I've told the president of the association I'd bring him, and that he would read a paper, so that's that. Send him in to me and let me handle him alone."

"Well, I hope you don't mess things up," Neighbors observed dubiously, rising from his chair.

Henderson flushed a deep red and was about to retort when the telephone on his desk interrupted. He took up the receiver and barked a gruff "hello" into the transmitter. Instantly the big, rugged, lined face, and steely blue eyes, softened into a smile which transformed the man.

"Hello, honey, this is dad. Whatchu want?"

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, I'll see about it—say, wait a minute—hold the line, will you, dear?" He put down the receiver and called to Neighbors who had reached the door.

"Hold up a minute, Jim, will you? I've got an idea. Myrta is on the line, and I'm goin' to have her come down here and help me put this thing across. Stick around a second."

He picked up the receiver. "Say, sweetheart, listen. You're goin' to Atlantic City with me on the 20th, did you know it? * * * Oh, yes, you are * * * Well, you can cut that, and do something for your dad once in a while. What? * * * Yes, yes, sure. Quid pro quo, honey, * * * Well, now wait—listen! You be in my office in exactly thirty minutes—at three o'clock to the second you open my door, come to my desk, and make your request in your usual docile, timid manner * * * What? * * * You just follow my lead * * * I'm tryin' to get a stubborn, bull headed cuss to do somethin' he doesn't want to do, and you can help, get me? * * * Oh, it's Ingalls, Gene Ingalls. * * * Yes, yes, the carburetor chap. You know him, don't you. * * * I see. All right. Fine, I see, goo' bye."

Henderson hung up the receiver with a grin. Neighbors also was smiling.

"Using Myrta for a bait, eh?" he asked.

"You're so dam' certain, Jim, that I'm goin' to mess this thing that I'm goin' to show you how to land this sucker artistically."

"Well, watch out your sucker doesn't turn out to be a real fish, and run off with the bait."

Henderson looked startled for a minute. "Jim," he said, "don't get facetious in your old age. No danger of that. Myrta's already hooked, I'm afraid. Now, listen. You have young Ingalls in here in exactly twenty minutes. That will give me time to work on him before Myrta comes."

"All right, Ike. Good luck, and go easy."

"Hell of a note to go to so much trouble to get something done around this dump," he growled to himself after Neighbors had gone.

At ten minutes to three there was a sharp rap on Henderson's door, and to his bellowing "come in," the door opened, and a young man stepped quickly in, advanced to the middle of the room, and stopped. Henderson, deeply engrossed apparently with some papers on his desk, did not look up.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Henderson?"

"Oh, you, Ingalls? Yes. Come in, sit down, take a chair, have a cigar."

Young Ingalls would be the last person on earth to suspect that his chief, "Iron Ike," could be nervous, and that that condition could be induced by an interview with him, a subordinate! He dropped into a chair, his level, searching gaze directed into the eyes of his superior.

Eugene Ingalls had come to the Vulcan plant ten years before, immediately after leaving college. About thirty years of age, tall, rather slightly built, and yet giving an

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Where peace is paramount.

impression of strength, even ruggedness, which was due, perhaps, to an agile, graceful carriage, and the healthy tan of his skin. A pleasing face with dark eyes which had a rather disconcerting habit of looking too intently into one's own. Not bold eyes, but confident ones, with a hint of daring or audacity.

As Ingalls was lighting a cigar, Henderson studied him. He had never cultivated his people, had never tried to fraternize with them; held them off rather at arms length. He had no intimates in either the business or social world, consequently, although he prided himself on his ability to read character, he was woefully ignorant of the first principles of that art.

Inwardly he was seething over Neighbors' cautions, and the anticipated insubordination of this stripling; and the unusual perturbation of spirit he was experiencing exasperated him. Well, he'd show 'em.

"Nice day," he said.

"Fine."

"'D you get a letter from the secretary of the A. A. M. A.?"

"No, I did not."

"Must have. He sent me a copy."

Ingalls looked surprised. "It didn't reach me. Wait. There was an envelope came from them to my desk several days ago, but I thought it was one of their regulation notices, and I didn't open it."

"Humph! That was an invitation, young man, for you to address the convention on its biggest day."

"For me? You must be mistaken, sir."

"I'm not. Here's the copy." He passed over a typewritten tissue sheet which Ingalls quickly scanned.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I'll answer this at once. Perhaps I had better wire?"

"That would be better. Might give 'm the title of your address."

"Oh, but I'm going to wire my regrets."

"What? Your regrets? Mean you're goin' to turn this down?"

"Yes. I have made other arrangements for that week."

"Well, cancel 'em, then. You can't afford to miss this. Neither can we, for that matter. Besides, I told Murray I'd bring you. He's put you on the list of speakers for the 24th, and the programs are probably all printed."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Henderson, but I can't go."

"But you must! I've promised him, and I've made all my arrangements. You're to go with me—we're driving."

"You might, at least, have consulted me, Mr. Henderson, before booking me up for this. I don't want to seem ungrateful, nor fail in appreciation of the honor done me, but I have my own plans made—"

"Cancel 'em."

"Impossible."

"Do you mean to tell me that you place your own plans and your own selfish desires before the Company's good?"

Ingalls' face flushed. "No," he said, "I do not. I don't think we are facing any such situation. My presence at the convention is not in any sense important nor necessary."

"But, think what a boost it will be for you, and to the Company."

"I don't care for the boost for myself, and the Company doesn't need it."

"You dam'd, self-sufficient young pup! For two cents I'd fire you!"

Ingalls came to his feet with a spring, his face white, his dark eyes snapping. Henderson had also risen, red faced and apoplectic.

"Save your money and your time," the younger man said tensely, "I'll fire myself. I'm fired now! I'm through! Do you understand? And dam'd glad to rid myself of the contamination of a man like you."

For a moment he stood and glared, something suspiciously like tears in his eyes and voice; then turned quickly and darted for the door, to come up standing at the vision there confronting him. A vision, slim and sweet and lovely, with violet blue eyes which looked into his with comprehending wonder and sympathy.

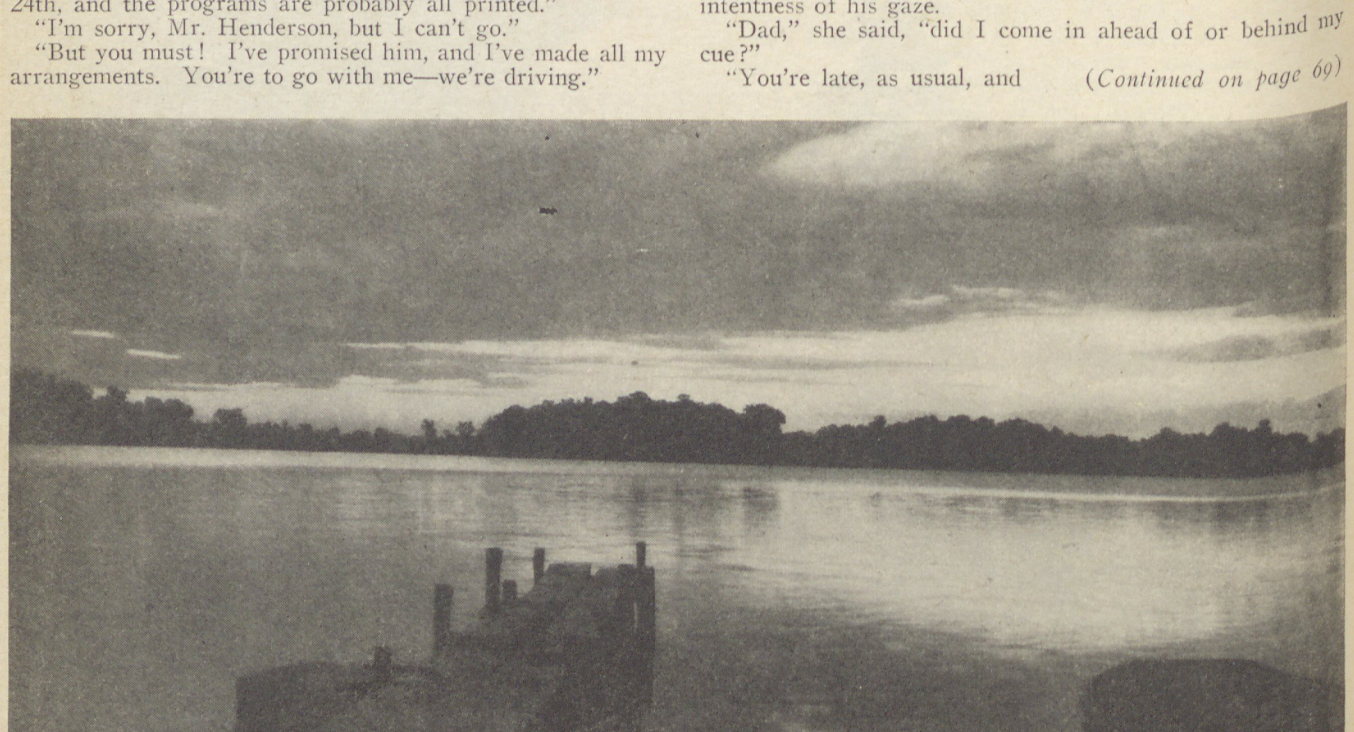
"Wait," she said, and held out her hand. "I'm Miss Henderson. That old ogre there is my father, and he is not nearly as vicious and ugly as he pretends. Dad," she said, turning to that irate person, "won't you please introduce us?"

"Ingalls, 's my daughter," was the barked response.

Miss Henderson again extended her hand which was grasped avidly, and held, perhaps, a trifle too long. Ingalls was still boiling internally, but he felt a strange, soothing sensation, and a longing desire to hold that hand indefinitely, and to keep those eyes and that face forever within the ken of his vision. A slow color crept into her cheeks as she withdrew her hand, and turned her eyes from the direct intentness of his gaze.

"Dad," she said, "did I come in ahead of or behind my cue?"

"You're late, as usual, and (*Continued on page 69*)



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The sun was rising just behind the hills.

© Kiser

On the east side the timber is smaller.

The Tree People *and the* Friendly Winds

"The big storm is the servant of the trees." If you have not been reading this series of tree stories you have been missing a big treat

By EL COMANCHO

IN my last article I told you part of the story of the winds and the snows in the high country.

In this article I shall try to make it clear how the big storm is the servant of the trees and how the high bald rock peaks of the biggest mountains are great cold storage plants operated by nature to conserve moisture for use of the Tree People and to show you how millions of horse power are in operation all the time without a cent of cost—all to the untold benefit of man at large.

The snow of a blizzard in the low country of the plains often has a certain powdery, flour-like physical character, but snow on a mountain top always has it to a greater or less degree which is nature's provision for making the work of the wind sure and complete.

The winds pick this snow up as it falls and they rush up the slopes to the very mountain pinnacles, and then curl over the summits bearing the snow with them.

This results in sweeping all snow clean and clear on exposed ridges and windward slopes and this snow is then carried upward and to Eastward until the summit is reached or until some obstruction (a huge rock ridge, etc.) is encountered to break the flow of the wind and cause an eddy.

When an eddy is formed gravitation immediately goes to work to pull the snow down to the ground and the wind, no longer having the carrying power of forward motion, lets the snow sift down and there we see a snowbank in the building.

The size and depth of such a snowbank depends on wind velocity, precipitation and the size of the eddy in the wind current. I have seen snowbanks 75 to 100 feet deep built just that way and the snow was almost as solid as sandstone.

These huge snowbanks and fields usually occupy meadows, valleys, pockets and cup-shaped hollows on the Easterly or Northerly sides of slopes and nearly always they are very deep, and yet of small surface compared to depth, and so they form the "perpetual snows" of the high altitudes and are often the building materials used by nature to make her big glaciers that are really huge ice rivers slowly, very slowly, flowing down the high mountain sides and these in

turn are perpetual water sources to supply steady stream flow because they melt much slower than even the heavy snowbanks which are all snow or sometimes half snow, half glacier in their makeup.

The smaller snowbanks are the first to melt when summer comes and they do not last through from winter to winter while the big, deep fields do last through, though they diminish yearly in about the ratio of the previous year's supply.

In a long, hot summer they lose a great deal of bulk and perhaps the next winter storms give that all back and more, too, so they fluctuate in bulk from year to year, but they never entirely melt away.

There is another kind of snowbank even more reliable than the big field as a permanent water supply for stream flow.

This snowbank is formed in an entirely different way and lies far below the big summit banks, sometimes half a mile below them.

Suppose a high, sharply pointed rock ridge runs in a North-South direction. The wind sweeps the snow up off of the West side of it and piles it on the steep, rocky East side and at the same time builds what is called a "snow cornice" just over the summit on the East side.

This "snow cornice" is a wonderful bit of nature's work, for it is held together by cohesion of fine, hard packed, wind hammered snow dust particles and it clings to almost perpendicular rock surfaces on knife-blade ridges opposed at right angles to wind direction during storm periods.

In shape it resembles nothing so much as a big, white crested, breaking, sea-wave frozen into marble, for it curves on top the same way and then curves backward on the under side just as the big "comber" in the surf does on the seashore, and it may weigh uncounted tons.

When the big storm wind blows, then this "snow cornice" forms in thousands of places among the bald, hard rock peaks and pinnacles of the very tops of the mountains and it is stable just so long as low temperatures remain unchanged, or so long as the wind does not build the crest out into too much of an overhang.

If the overhanging crest becomes too heavy it lets go and slides away in a greater or less avalanche that piles up in some gulch below.

When the storm is over and lower temperatures come, then these tremendous snow cornices each let go all in a single big piece; that is the start of a real avalanche and it occurs as soon as the snow softens the least bit.

Imagine, if you can, without actually seeing it, a mass of thousands of tons of snow suddenly, and without the least bit of warning, letting go on some bald rock spire half a mile above you!

Down it comes, a white torrent, like foam-covered water, that rushes with ever increasing speed down a mountain side standing at an angle of probably 50 degrees or more.

High flung above it is a mist-cloud of finely powdered snow, swirling and twisting like thick fog in the gyrating eddies of air created by the swift progress of the avalanche as it comes down.

As it travels, this avalanche picks up everything it comes to, loose snowbanks, blanket snow covering the mountainside, loose rocks as big as a two-story house, trees, debris, everything that happens to be in its course except a solid rock ledge too strong to be broken and this it leaps and goes over in a cascade that is as big as all Niagara Falls!

The earth shakes with the rush of it and other avalanches start. A roaring noise like the rumble of a thousand long freight trains crossing a bridge is its voice and mixed with this roar is the booming of heavy guns, the rattle of light artillery and the snapping of rifle volleys and scattering shots.

© Kiser

"The big deep fields do last." Wind-piled deep snowbanks in the northern Rockies.

A snow cornice. Arrow indicates old *snow cornice which has not slid down. All snowdrifts in this picture are eastward and to the right.*

A patch of green timber disappears under it and vanishes in match wood, leaving a smooth swept slope when the slide is over.

Half a mile or more below the starting point the avalanche piles up in a deep, narrow gulch with a bang.

Next spring you can go and look it over, but don't go before, because another avalanche may be right behind the first to pile more snow from the next following storm in on top of it.

Next summer you will find this snow mass to be packed as hard almost as iron, harder than ice, and you will also find that it has smashed that rock that was big as a two-story house until a steam shovel can handle the biggest piece of it and that it has broken two-foot tree trunks into little sections, from a foot to three feet long, without the least bit of trouble!

We who know the hills do not call these "avalanches," but just call them snow-slides, or simply "slides."

They occur every winter in every mountain range on a greater or less scale and thus are formed the very deep, very narrow, small-surfaced snowbanks of the lower mountain-sides that furnish a permanent stream-flow water supply because, once started, these avalanches usually reoccur annually in the same spot, thus continually building up the snowbank in the gulch as fast as the summer heat melts it away.

Now note the fact that by far the greater percentage of these slides occur at points where they slide down *East of the summit;* in other words the gulch they finally stop in usually drains into some stream *flowing Eastward.*

Do you not see in this another of nature's very wise provisions? Note that *this* is the water supply that keeps up the summer stream flow of the Missouri, the Saskatchewan and other Eastbound Plains and arid country streams which receive very little of their supply from direct snowfall because the *heavy* snow falls *West* of the summit and *not East.*

The *Easterly flowing* plains rivers depend for their summer water supply on these wind-created, avalanche-built snowbanks, plus the snow, high up, that the winds carry over to Eastward of the summits and deposit in the eddies formed by the mountain peaks opposed at right angles to wind-flow direction, which is East.

This high, wind-eddy snow is usually deposited in more or less blanket form just East over the tops of the peaks with the heaviest spots or banks in the pockets and valleys where the strongest eddies produce the most quiet spots in the storm winds.

It is the "blanket" part of this snow that goes off first in the spring, leaving the high, heavy banks, the glaciers and the avalanche-formed banks to melt the slowest and so furnish the steady stream-flow of summer.

Note now that the heaviest timbered areas *East* of the mountain summits *exactly correspond* to the snows described above and are therefore coniferous again and always *high up* on the *Eastern* mountainsides, whereas they are heaviest *low down* on the *Western* slopes because *there* is where the greatest water supply exists on the *West side* plus the best *living temperatures* for the trees.

On the *West* side the forest grows *tall and thick with limbs high up toward the top, thus producing a good log.* This is because of the moisture and temperature conditions given above.

On the *East* side the *timber is smaller and is limbed from the very ground to the tree tip, producing a short log full of knots* and usually of twisted, gnarled growth besides, *so it is almost worthless lumber stock.* This is because these trees grow at high altitudes which *(Continued on page 44)*

Sundown

Any man who has loved a river will appreciate this delightful series of stories. If you have never loved a river you have missed much of life.

By K. B. MATTHEWS

Illustrated by John Thoman

HOW often we are reminded that the life of every wild animal is a tragedy. And yet, that statement tells only half the story. Tragedy is not only the fate of wild animals, but likewise of wild life, and too often of those who love wild life. To those of us to whom wild woods, wild waters, and wild life spell the ultimate of beauty, to those of us whose atavism is a call that knows no denying, and to us who sense with but a shadowy awe the love of the primitive, tragedy is an ever present theme, a persistent minor strain in the melody of our out of doors. In our world there is the tragedy of the day, the tragedy of the night, the tragedy of defeat, and, hardest of all to bear, the tragedy of victory. Perhaps the victory of Old Martin may hint at the overpowering bitterness of the last.

But Milton, whose quiet yarns were never questioned, told me that he once had a rise there.

Old Martin was the dean of the club, the keeper of tradition, the giver of laws old as the river itself. Seventy-six long years had failed to dim his youth, to dull his eye, or slow the supple flick of his wrist. Seventy-six years he boasted, and forty of them a fisherman on our river. He had come when the grayling darted like moonbeams through waters that stole the somber green of the crowding pines. He had heard the sob of the east wind through miles of echoing, sympathetic trees, soft as the voice of a woman in love. He had seen the coming of the devastation. He had heard the muffled cry of "timber," the reverberating, metallic raps of a thousand axe blades, the crash of the stricken pine, and the roar and rasp of the drives. He had seen the grayling thin as does the morning mist before the chill north wind. He had watched the scrub oak and aspen, sneaking camp followers of the devastators, seize in overwhelming numbers the kingdoms of the vanished pine. First had he been to fish the brook trout when they followed the grayling, and then the rainbows as these nomads sought his river. All of these tragedies had he seen, and yet, the boy of him still persisted.

Forty years a fisherman on our river, and still through a long day he waded through the foam-flecked pools; he bucked the surging rapids, and sidled over the clay crossings. I think it was the Island Rapids that kept him young. By far the wildest stretch on our five miles of river, a full two hundred yards of deepening rapids, it was no easy wading for the youngest of us. At the head of the stretch lay the Spring Hole. Then the river purled gently over a golden pebble bend and seemed to pause, ere it shot down the incline, snarling at the boulders in its narrowing path, sucking smoothly over the clay strips, profanely shouting as it neared the end, and then rushed breathless into the Island Pool, which calmly gathered the opaline bubbles and hoarded them against a gray green jam pile. Wild wading it was, as the well-trodden path along the bank showed where many of us acknowledged our age and distaste for cold water. But Martin never shunned it. He would stand at the brink, hitch up his waders, jam down his hat, and following a tortuous path his feet had known for two decades, he would fish the entire length of it, to stand grinning and confident on the lip of the Island Pool. There he would pause and throw caustic remarks concerning the nerve, age, and physical condition of we who humbly followed the shore train. It was the symbol and talisman of his youth.

In the Spring Hole, at the head of these rapids, was the home of Martin's "Habitant." For fifteen years this tradition had hung to the pool, for in it was supposed to be a monstrous brook trout. It was an ideal place for such a fabled monarch. Deep and slow moving, its green waters paraded under the nodding tag alders, seemingly to awe with dignity and smotheringly absorb the waters of the bois-

terous spring that bubbled forth above. Glorious as this water seemed, it yielded but few trout, and, in so doing, lent credence to the tradition. At this hole Martin fished long on each trip, for it was here, fifteen years ago, he had hooked and nearly landed, according to his oft repeated tale, the "huge Habitant whose purple sides had ruby spots as big as a dime." And three times since had he come to the club house, breathless, pop-eyed, and bearing a tale of a terrific rise.

I suppose all of us are still part boy. I know we are in our fishing superstitions. I know that in all of us, unconfessed and outwardly derided, there lingered a belief in this tradition. Whenever I was alone near this pool I would pause long, and half fearingly, half hopefully, try a variety of flies, dropping them just where the spring water joined the river. Never to me had come a response, but Milton, whose quiet yarns we never questioned, told me that he once had a rise there that scared him. As for Martin, he was vociferous and profane in his insistence of the fable, and his vows of eventual success. I think to capture the fish had become a set purpose of his, and at every thought of it his crowding years receded.

It was not what I would call a good trout day, that half hazy afternoon in July. It was too hot, and even the river itself seemed to drone drowsily. An occasional circle in quiet water marked a lazily feeding trout, and only the topmost silver leaves of the aspens shivered in the slight breeze. Old Martin stood in the shade of a big basswood and slowly changed his fly. The afternoon was nearly spent and only a few small fish graced his time-stained creel. And yet he was not disappointed. Half mechanically he had fished the last hour, sloshing gently through the water and basking in the hot sun. But he was nearing the Spring Hole and deference to the tradition demanded a change of flies. With a stubby forefinger he poked at the motley assortment in his battered box, and slowly he bent a tiny whirling dun to the end of his leader. Again through force of habit he stretched and tested his leader, hitched at his waders, and ambled slowly out into the river.

Martin fished rather carelessly, more as though it were routine than hopefully. And as usual the silent pool seemed barren. His last cast, made just before he turned to slouch towards the head of the rapids, was too far, and the fly stuck for a moment on the tip of a tag alder. Grumbling, Martin tugged gently and the fly dropped. And then, with no splash, no ripple, and naught save a tiny whirlpool, it disappeared. Fully as quickly the old wrist of Martin twitched, a split fraction of a second of suspense, the line grew taut, the rod bowed. Martin was fast to his "Habitant."

Almost like a beginner, fully as clumsily, Martin started backing up stream. He must not let it get into the rapids. Through his brain flashed in jumbled mass the experience of forty years. "Don't get excited," cried his reason; "get him—get him quickly" urged the hope of fifteen years. It seemed an eon he waited for the opening rush, backing slowly up the river. Finally the fish started, but strangely, slowly, ponderously upstream. Twenty, thirty, forty feet he went and then paused again. Another twenty feet of slow movement, and then, even more slowly, the fish dropped back. Old Martin was calm now, his first anxiety gone. This, this slow-moving fish, could hardly be his "Habitant." Still, slowly he let the line slip out, as slowly and carefully he stripped it back. Twice, three times the fish repeated his slow runs, and once he took a wide circle towards the shallow side of the pool. Now he headed for a snag nest, but it took but little effort to turn him. Carefully Martin played him, his ancient arm steady, his eyes never leaving the line. But there was no speed to the runs, only ponderous weight, powerful more through the heft of the fish than its strength.

Slowly the strange battle wore on, and as yet the fish had not shown himself. Now Martin tried forcing him, straining as much as he dared, tugging the taut line, but no fast rush resulted. Instead the fish seemed to roll sluggishly and deep. Old Martin knew the symptoms—it was fast tiring. It was growing late and the green pool darkened as the shadows swept full across it. Cautiously Martin drew a sleeve across his forehead. A little more patience, a little more care, and victory would be his. Even now a tiny splash below him showed where the last roll of the fish was perilously near the surface. Cautiously he stripped in more line, and blindly he felt for the handle of his net.

Through a rift in the thick (*Continued on page 80*)

There he would pause to throw caustic remarks.

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No pollution here.

Pollution *and* Law

Much Has Been Said of the Detrimental Effects of Pollution. Herewith Is Presented Some of its Legal Aspects, as Taken from a Survey by the Pennsylvania Legislative Reference Bureau

By JOHN H. FERTIG

The Pollution Department is edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, a leading national authority on this subject. We are particularly anxious to know what the individual Chapters of the League are doing to eradicate pollution from their community streams or lakes. Address all such material to Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pollution Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

WITHIN recent years there has been a rapid development in the field of statutory law seeking to preserve from pollution the relatively pure natural water courses of the country, and to aid in purifying those now polluted. Usually those statutes approach the question from the viewpoint of the public health or for the protection of fish life, which furnishes to our population such a material portion of its food. Generally speaking, the legislation is of a kind framed with a view of meeting particular phases of the question, and the cursory examination I was able to make does not reveal a truly wholesome effort on the part of any one state to meet the real problem facing it, which threatens the health of its citizens and the destruction of mammal, bird and aquatic life.

Prior to the enactment of such statutes, the rights of riparian owners suffering from pollution of water supplies, and the rights of the public, were enforced solely by court decisions in damage and injunction proceedings, which interpreted the common law on the subject; and on these decisions we must in great measure rely in the drafting of any statutes which may help in the solution of the problem, for they point out the rights of the state and individuals in the use of water supplies. These rights of individuals to the natural use of a stream are in reality property rights, and legislation must necessarily be based upon sound legal principles; otherwise its constitutionality will be endangered.

Water courses are today subjected to two primary uses; first, as a supply for domestic and industrial consumption; and second, as a convenient and economical system for the disposal of sewage and industrial wastes. It is at once apparent that the same stream cannot very successfully perform both functions. This double use of the streams of the country has made the subject one of great importance, and one which I believe must be met and solved in the very near future. Unless adequate means are shortly employed to prevent the spread of present conditions, our rapidly increasing population and our industrial development, of which we justly pride ourselves, will make our streams common sewers.

It will, of course, be physically impossible for me in this paper to review the entire law of the several states on this subject, but in a general way I want to point out the trend of the law on the subject of water pollution.

THE COMMON LAW. NATURAL USE

It has been said that at the common law each riparian owner has the right to have a stream come down to him with its quality unimpaired and its quantity undiminished (Holsman v. Boiling Spring Bleaching Co., 14 N. J. Eq. 335), but this is undoubtedly an extreme doctrine and is not to be literally accepted. A truer rule probably is that each riparian owner has a right to have the stream flow through his land with its quality unimpaired and its quantity undiminished, except in such manner and to such extent as may result from a reasonable use of the stream by riparian

owners above him: (Baltimore v. Warren Manufacturing Co., 59 Md. 96; Cox v. Howell, 108 Tenn. 133; Strobel v. Kerr Salt Co., 164 N. Y. 303; City of New York v. Blum, 208 N. Y. 237; Worthen & Aldrich v. White Spring Paper Co., 74 N. J. Eq. 647). The old maxim, "Use your own property in such a manner as not to injure that of another," still has life. A natural or domestic use of a water course as for swimming (People v. Hulbert, 131 Mich. 156), or the pasturing of cattle (Helfrich v. Catonsville Water Co., 74 Md. 269; McEvoy v. Taylor, 56 Wash. 357), or for domestic supply, even to the extent of exhausting the entire supply in dry seasons (Slack v. Marsh, 11 Phila. 543) is usually held to be a reasonable use. The cultivation of lands is also a natural use of lands, and pollution therefrom from rains is a reasonable use of the water course. (Beach v. Sterling Zinc Co., 9 Dick. 65 N. J.)

But a natural or reasonable use of water courses may become unlawful if the use becomes immoderate. Thus a man may have a natural right to swim in a stream which flows through his property, but no right to convert his property into a summer resort and invite large numbers of people to his premises for the purpose of bathing, thereby polluting the water for his neighbor below (People v. Hulbert, 131 Mich. 156), nor to use a small stream for the swimming of an unusual number of water fowls (New York v. Blum, 208 N. Y. 237).

It will thus be seen that what is meant by a reasonable use of a stream is actually what has been defined by the courts as a natural use, such a use as the ordinary individual would make of a stream flowing through his lands—and it has been frequently said that domestic uses of water are its natural and primary ones, and that the right to use it for mechanical purposes is secondary (Palmer Water Co. v. Lehighton Water Co., 280 Pa. 492).

The authorities are rather generally in accord that the discharge of municipal sewage or industrial waste from a manufacturing plant, or water from a mine, into a stream is not a natural use of the streams and may be prohibited, although with regard to mine water this is not altogether true in Pennsylvania, due to the decision of our Supreme Court in what is generally known as the Sanderson Case (Pennsylvania Coal Co. v. Sanderson, 113 Pa. 126).

I shall touch on this authority later and a modification thereof lately announced by our Supreme Court, but I will not discuss these cases at length, for you have already heard an able discussion on this phase of the question.

There is a real distinction between the pollution of a stream by swimming, the watering of cattle or the swimming of geese and ducks, or by the cultivation of lands, which are held to be natural uses, and the discharge of mine water or industrial waste.

Necessarily, in the case of the mine, there is an appreciable increase in the flow. In practically every case industrial waste is introduced into a stream by artificial means. While mine pollution has been compared to pollution from plowed fields, the courts of New Jersey (Beach v. Sterling Iron & Zinc Co., 9 Dick. 65 N. J.) have said that water from the plowed field comes thereon by natural courses beyond the farmer's control and runs by gravity to the stream, while in the case of the mine, the water is raised by artificial means from a level far below that of the stream and would never reach it but for the act of the miner.

Not only New Jersey, but also Ohio (Columbus Co. v. Taylor, 48 Ohio 41); Tennessee (Bowling Coal Co. v. Ruffner, 117 Tenn. 180, 100 S. W. 116); New York (Strobel v. Kerr Salt Co., 164 N. Y. 303); and West Virginia (So. Coal & Transp. Co., 71 W. Va. 470, 76 S. E. 970) have held that the raising of mine water and its deposit into the stream is not a natural use of the stream.

So also the Courts of Alabama (Drake v. Ensley Coal & Iron Co., 102 Ala. 501) have held that the pollution of a stream by the pumping of water therefrom to be used for washing ore and its return to the stream afterwards, constituted a cause of action; and it appears that Pennsylvania is in accord with this doctrine and limits the right to discharge water to pure mine water, and not to that further polluted by a washing process: (Hudson v. Markle, 171 Pa. 138).

If the mine water escaped from the mine during the lawful progress of the work and found its way into the stream by natural laws of gravitation, there might be at least some sound reasoning in comparing it to agricultural pollution (Bowling Coal Co. v. Ruffner, 117 Tenn. 180, 100 S. W. 116).

As to pollution by other industrial wastes, there is also general accord among the several states. In Massachusetts (Parker v. American Woolen Mills Co., 195 Mass. 591, 81 N. E. 468) the courts said the right to use a stream to carry away mere waste matter in a reasonable manner and to a reasonable extent is not so to be extended as to include a right to discharge into the stream noxious and deleterious matter to such an extent as sensibly and materially to foul the water and destroy its purity and fitness to be used by others.

© Luther Otto

Just some plain old filth.

CUSTOM

In some jurisdictions (Prentice v. Geiger, 74 N. Y. 341; Roller Mills v. Wright, 30 Minn. 249; Snow v. Parsons, 28 Vt. 459) it has been held that the custom of the region in which a stream is located may be relevant as bearing upon the reasonableness of a given use of a stream. Thus, the uniform custom of the country for generations might be of some significance in determining what was a reasonable or natural use of a stream, but the uniform and general custom of a community is not conclusive upon the question whether a use is a reasonable one. Custom is held to be some proof of what is considered a reasonable and proper use of that which is a common right, because it affords evidence of the tacit consent of all parties interested to the general convenience or necessity of such use, and in considering customs much depends necessarily on the character and size of the stream and the uses to which it is adapted.

On the other hand, the Supreme Court of Ohio (Coal & Iron Co. v. Tucker, 48 Ohio St. 42) has pointed out that because persons engaged in like business, who have been

accustomed to disregard the rights of neighbors by allowing refuse to be placed on the banks of streams which was washed into streams, furnishes no justification for doing so, and this thought seems reasonable when it is remembered that the right of the unimpaired use of the water is secured to the owner of the land by the common law. Ordinarily, to allow the question of custom to govern in pollution cases is to allow a defendant to excuse his negligence by showing that others were equally negligent.

From the very few cases which treat of this phase of the pollution question, I believe that to plead custom successfully as a defense, it must be shown that the custom was reasonable and certain; that it was known to the person alleging damage, or to have been so generally known and well established, that knowledge would be presumed; and that the pollution was peaceably acquiesced in, and not unjust, oppressive or in conflict with an established rule of public policy, always remembering that new and unusual uses of a stream differing from those common and customary will be more jealously regarded: (Strobel v. Kerr Salt Co., 164 N. Y. 303).

POLLUTION FROM MANY SOURCES

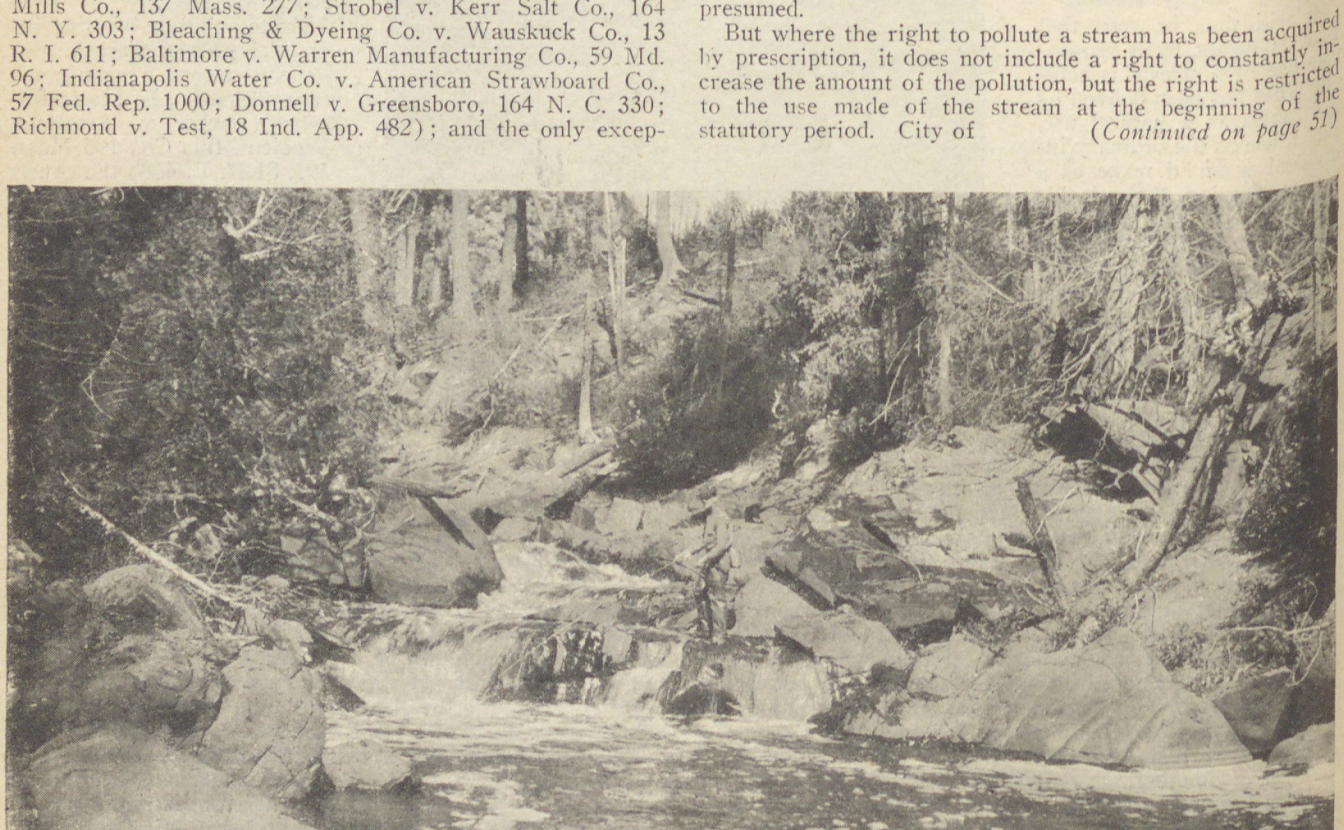
Where a stream has been polluted from many sources and the removal of one source would not materially purify the water, the courts have said (Woodyear v. Schaefer, 57 Md. 1) that each element of contributive injury was a part of one common whole, and to stop the mischief of the whole, each part in detail had to be arrested and removed. In such cases the question is whether the stream has already become so far polluted by contributors, *who have acquired a right so to do by adverse use or otherwise*, that the pollution opposed would not sensibly alter its condition; and even in such cases the courts have held that an individual has the right to deal with each contributor of pollution separately, and to buy off such contributors *as have acquired a right*, and is not obliged to submit to fresh contributors. The courts of Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Maryland and Indiana have held likewise (Jackson v. Arlington Mills Co., 137 Mass. 277; Strobel v. Kerr Salt Co., 164 N. Y. 303; Bleaching & Dyeing Co. v. Wauskuck Co., 13 R. I. 611; Baltimore v. Warren Manufacturing Co., 59 Md. 96; Indianapolis Water Co. v. American Strawboard Co., 57 Fed. Rep. 1000; Donnell v. Greensboro, 164 N. C. 330; Richmond v. Test, 18 Ind. App. 482); and the only exception is said to be the case where a stream has been polluted from various causes *for longer than a prescriptive period* to such an extent that it has become a common sewer, when right to pollute it can no longer be challenged, at least by an individual (City of Cleveland v. Standard Bag Co., 72 Ohio St. 324; Mac Nanara v. Taft, 196 Mass. 597).

PRESCRIPTIVE RIGHTS

What is meant by a prescriptive right is clearly explained in a case for damages arising in Alabama (Coal & Iron Co. v. Turner, 145 Ala. 639), where the defendant pleaded that it had used the waters of a creek for more than ten years before the commencement of the suit in substantially the same manner. In this case, the court said: "It is an established doctrine that the exclusive enjoyment of the water or any other easement in a particular way, for the length of time which is the period of the statute of limitations, enjoyed without interruption, is sufficient to raise a presumption of title, as against a right in any other person which might have been but was not raised." And Angell on the Law of Water Courses (page 205) says: "Although the stream may be either diminished in quantity or even corrupted in quality, as by means of the exercise of certain trades, yet if the occupation of the party so taking and using it has existed for so long a time as may raise the presumption of a grant, the other party whose land is below must take the stream subject to such adverse right." In Pennsylvania, "an uninterrupted use of the waters of a stream for twenty-one years in a particular way affords a conclusive presumption of the right to so enjoy it." (Palmer Water Co. v. Lehighton Water Co., 280 Pa. 492.) It must be remembered that when I am speaking of this right by prescription to discharge pollution, *I am referring only as to the effect on the right of individuals and not the public right.*

It appears, therefore, that in addition to the question of the custom of the community, the right to increase or decrease the flow, or to pollute a stream, may be established by the length of time during which it has been persisted in, and a right in the nature of an easement in its use be presumed.

But where the right to pollute a stream has been acquired by prescription, it does not include a right to constantly increase the amount of the pollution, but the right is restricted to the use made of the stream at the beginning of the statutory period. City of (*Continued on page 51*)



Isn't it worth while fighting for?

A Brief Sketch of
Charles W. Folds

Charles W. Folds.

Members of the League will be interested in knowing something of the life of their newly elected president.

By BUD ROSS

WHEN you want a big job done and done right, get a busy man to do it. That is a trite phrase, yet apt in its application. The busy man will always take time for one more worthwhile task. Possibly that is the reason he is busy.

Charles W. Folds, our former National Treasurer, who recently accepted the presidency of the Izaak Walton League, is a busy man. One whose time is valued in robust figures.

Let's take a peek into the record of this man who will guide the destinies of this organization. Let's get a little closer to his character and know him.

He is the president of Folds, Buck and Company, an investment banking house; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Eddy Corporation; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Lake Forest; Vice-President of the Chicago Commercial Credit Trust; Director of the Commercial Credit Company of Baltimore; Director of the Burton-Dixie Corporation; Director of the Emerson-Brantingham Company; and a Director of the Dodge Manufacturing Corporation of Mishawaka, Indiana.

Then by way of something to fill in his spare moments, Mr. Folds is a director on the board of the Home for Destitute Crippled Children; Chairman of the Middle West Division of the Boys' Club Federation; a Director of the Union League Club Foundation for Boys' Clubs; a member of the Executive Committee of the Near East Relief Committee; a Director of the Chicago Chapter of the American Red Cross; a governing member of the Chicago Art Institute and a member of the Chicago Crime Commission. In addition to these things, Mr. Folds is actively interested in several other civic institutions.

All of this is addition to being National President of the largest sportman's organization ever organized.

But, you might say, a man with so many interests—is his interest in the League of an apathetic nature?

The answer to that is "No!"

There is nothing apathetic about anything that Charley Folds does. His natural energy precludes anything of the kind. He plunges into a thing with an enthusiasm that is at once the delight and despair of those who know him.

PASS HAWES BILL

THE Hawes Black Bass Bill, a federal measure regulating the interstate shipment of black bass, which was introduced by Congressman Harry B. Hawes of Missouri, and sponsored by the Izaak Walton League, has been passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives. It now (at time of going to press) only awaits the signature of President Coolidge to become a law. This is the greatest conservation measure ever passed in the interest of the black bass.

Carroll Grey, of Chicago, and Charles W. Folds, on a camping trip.

For instance—the Izaak Walton League. He arrives at national headquarters every morning early (sometimes before the office is opened) and clears up his desk. He then starts for his own office—

But why go into detail? Let's take a slant backward to the year 1917. In May of that year, when the country was in a turmoil, the investment bankers were called together by the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago for the purpose of marketing the first war loan. Among those present at that meeting were some of the keenest business men in the country.

Mr. Folds was elected Chairman of Liberty Bond sales for Chicago and held that position throughout the five Liberty Loan drives. In these drives he developed one of the largest sales organizations in the United States, having more than 40,000 volunteer workers in the city of Chicago.

The Chicago committee was given a greater distribution per capita than any other large city in the country, exceeding the quota assigned to it on each loan. This was accomplished by an active selling campaign without the Chicago banks subscribing to the bonds.

Briefly, a total of $3,071,838,000 in round figures was raised by the committee.

That is the way he is going into the Izaak Walton League—whole-souled with the punch and pep which has made his other enterprises successful.

Mr. Folds is a keen business man—a man whose mind is trained to alertness in the financial world—but at heart he's a sportsman. He would rather handle a dry fly on a stream or follow a brace of setters after a covey of quail than handle any sort of a bond issue. He is an expert with the rod and gun and a thorough conservationist. His lifelong interests in sports afield and astream give him that much needed insight to real conservation, and he is starting his term of office with a vitally constructive program. Hundreds of letters have been received from Waltonians throughout the country, congratulating Mr. Folds and pledging to him the closest of cooperation during his administration.

These letters clearly show the high esteem in which he is held and with such teamwork 1926 will undoubtedly be the best year the Izaak Walton League has ever had.

If You Have a Swamp—

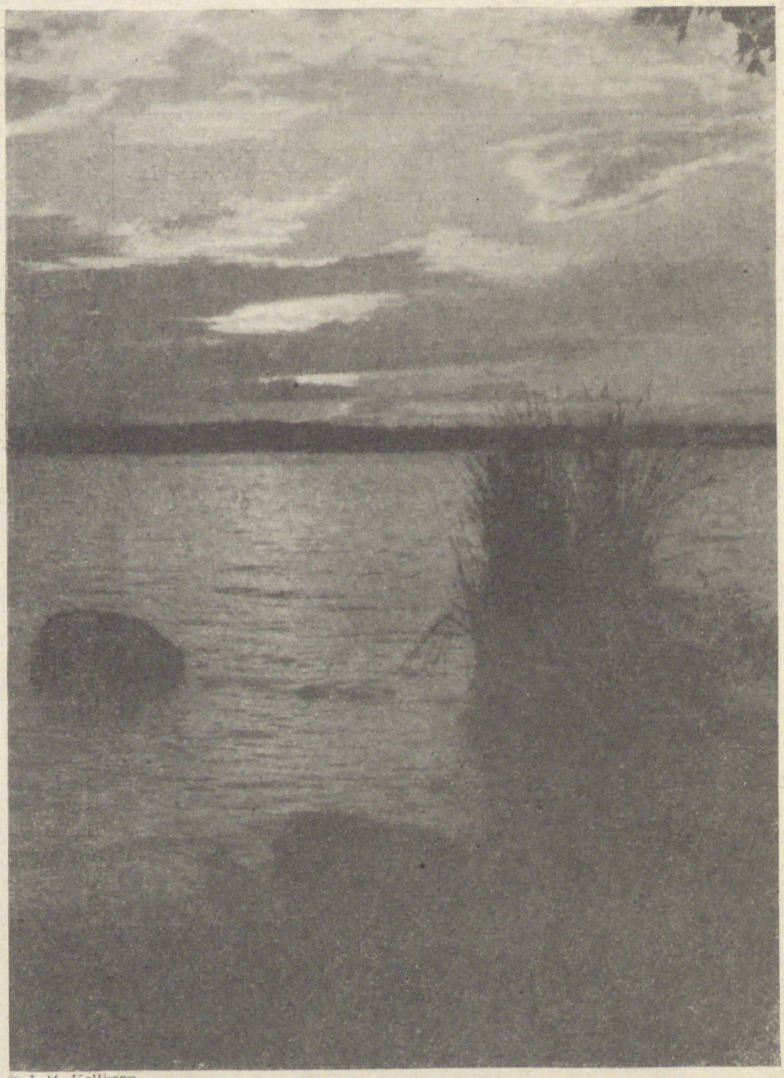
Do you know the beauties of the old marshes? Do you know the economic value of these places? In any event read this article

By GEORGE HEBDEN CORSAN

"HOW can you say a swamp is beautiful?" objected the city lady once, when I was deep in my favorite hobby of growing wild flowers and breeding wild birds, especially things aquatic. "They are full of horrid things . . . snapping turtles and water snakes, all kinds of weeds, mosquitos . . . an abominable place where you get malaria."

"A marsh is just a bit of undrained land," said a young man, who was also a city dweller and knew nothing of the wayside.

But you who love the swamps, the little marshy ponds and lakes, know their many pleasures. And if you are so fortunate as to have a bit of marshy ground included in your farm or garden, you are, indeed, to be envied above all others. What you can do with that bit of wet soil would require a book to tell of all the flowers that love to have their feet wet, of the shrubs and bushes and trees, of the ducks and fishes, of the fun of searching the countryside, the seed books, the nurseryman's lists for far away things and bringing them to your marsh in order that you may add to its many beauties.



© J. H. Kellberg.

At the edge of the old marsh.

Who, indeed, has not rested for a few moments by the marshland or a sedgy pond on a hot summer's day and lingered to enjoy the beauties of flower, of bird, of insect life? When I was a boy I spent many delightful days in and around a large marsh, home of rush and sedge, resting place and feeding station of the wild honker, the beautiful Canada goose, of thousands of wild ducks, of pigeons, of countless song birds and small game birds, of many fishes clad in gay and somber garb. Then, in mid-winter . . . why, even in mid-winter a marsh will contain more of interest than the nearby woods, which, so silently and quietly, almost solemnly, in hushed expectancy await the coming of spring and awakening life. Cedar and tamarac, red osier dogwood, black alder, and other colorful growth of the marshland reflect the summer's glory through the wintry days. Black alder . . . Holly of the North! Who has seen this bush in its natural haunts, in the marshlands of the North? Black alder . . . everyone exclaims that its beauty excels the far famed English holly. In wintertime, this gorgeous shrub is king of the swamps and fens, for a black alder marsh is a mass of fiery beauty all through the winter months. Then, too, toward the end of winter, when the conspicuous, brilliant scarlet berries have frozen and thawed, and frozen and thawed, and have lost their color, birds, winging their flight northward, enjoy a bounteous repast when other foods are scarce.

The ideal swamp, of course, has a winding channel of clear water, bending and curving this way and that, twisting and turning here and there, so that we may float idly through the reedy maze to enjoy, as we will, the slender swaying sedges, the sturdy rushes, the rainbow blossoms of the marshland. Here, the deep curving channel hides from view the broadening pond of water lilies; over there, a jutting point of land protects a shallow bay of lotus; farther along, the channel narrows, with just sufficient space for our canoe to pass between the several rocks that show their heads above the springing grass. Beyond this narow strait, the channel widens, the water moving even more slowly, if possible, on its way past us to the creek hidden by the woods. Only a slowly drifting weed indicates the current slipping behind us. On either side are massed the sedges and the bullrushes, the marsh flowers that love to have their feet in the bog as they thrust their blossoming heads skyward to distract our attention from the more animate life of the swamp by their gorgeous coloring.

Is there any place as attractive and alluring as the marshland? Along the edge of the swamp grow the beautiful marshmallows, flaunting their blossoms of deep scarlet or rose pink in the vagrant breeze. Now and then we glimpse a large white mallow that has enmeshed the rosy dawn deep within its snowy chalice. If your swamp does not possess these beautiful blossoms it loses much of its charm, but it is an easy matter to procure them and plant

them in the low damp places round about your marshland. A little farther back from the marshy edges are the tall, straight stems of the cardinal flower, each a long spike of glowing fire; with its cousin, the blue lobelia which has robbed the sky of some of its azure; while, in between, the pink shell flower grows more quietly. These flowers come on in later summer to please the eye of the lover of colors. Earlier in the season, the swamp marigold throws out its conspicuous bright yellow flowers, challenging the sun to give more lavishly of its gold. Follow the deep purple of the iron weed, the lavender of the taller Joe Pyeweed, which hide the golden treasure of the swamp from view. Several of the woods and field flowers grow to greater perfection about the swamp . . . blazing star in bright purple; evening primrose in its paler reflection of the marigold; the woods thistle with its delicate fragrance.

Water lilies nestle on the surface of the quiet pond, in pink or white or yellow purity above their flat green leaves, while the white flowers of the arrowhead plant wait, sentinel-like, round about the shallowing shores. Beyond, where it is not allowed to take more than its share of space, our native lotus throws its larger glaucous leaves two feet above the water, while its creamy, cupshaped flowers nod their heavy heads in the summer wind as it passes in little gusts on its impish way.

Other plants linger here and there . . . sweet flag, Japanese iris, blue pickerel, blue eye grass, giant reed, forget-me-not, purple vervain, water arum, and others too numerous to mention. Various sedges fringe the way as we near the tall, slender rice as it sways in the breeze, shaking its reddish yellow bloom so gently and lazily in the noonday sun. There is no more graceful plant in the entire grass family than the tall wild rice of the swampy lakes. And what can be more attractive to the wild ducks than wild rice in seed, even though we supply them with wild duck millet, smartweed, widgeon grass, water milfoil, wild celery or eel grass, wampee or duck corn, wapato or duck potato, and sago pond tubers?

Minnows flitter here and there between the submerged weeds and the surface. A glint of reddish gold indicates the passage of a goldfish; flashes of silver reveal the presence of silver bass and sunfish or bluegills, while darker shadows resolve themselves into speckled bass and rock bass. Now and then the fish break the surface of the water with a splash of rainbow spray as they capture this insect or that as it darts hither and thither in venturesome play over the marshland. Wood duck, mandarins, buffleheads, golden-eyes, blue and green winged teal, cinnamon teal, the red-bellied fulvus tree ducks glide about amongst the water lilies and under the lotus leaves with their young, eating mosquito larvae and other things not wanted in the swamp.

But the beauty of the swamp appeals not only to our eyes. As we break a new trail to see a new flower springing from seed brought to us by some bird, we bruise the stalks and leaves of the mints . . . peppermint, spearmint and bergamot . . . and inhale the richest of delightful odors. Before we can find the clumps of sweet flag, our sense of smell locates them by the sweet odor of their leaves. During the autumn months, and even well into the winter, the dead flowers of bee balm and bergamot give forth a pleasant, pungent, aromatic perfume, thus doubly charming us through the year, for their bright scarlet and pinkish lavender flowers have gladdened our eye during the hot summer days.

Sight and smell, however, are not our only senses that enjoy the swamp. Redwinged blackbirds, the reed wrens, king rails, gallinules, scarlet tanagers charm our ears with their melodies; bob white call from the surrounding meadows and woods; ducks and teal add their chatter to the little noises of the swamp. Then, where will you find more music than in the boom, boom, booming of the bullfrog? If man had vocal chords like unto him, he could command any price he cared to ask! This . . . the deep booming, throaty, basso profundo . . . is good Mother Nature's gift to the bullfrog. Talk about the Anvil Chorus . . . go listen to the nightly chorus of the bullfrogs in the water lily pond.

But still, the swamp is not satisfied with appealing to our eyes, our nose, our ears. It bestows upon us the pleasures of the tongue as well . . . frogs' legs; surplus mallard drakes; leather back and snapping turtles so much in demand for soup; water cress; the mints; the roots of the ground nut, either raw or cooked, whose rich purple brown flowers have given us a double joy during the summer because of their sweet scent and blending colors; crappie and sunfish, also. How delightful to fish in the early dawn and then eat your fish for breakfast, fresh from the water!

Swamps are almost always surrounded by a rich, dense growth of trees and shrubs, back of the meadows that slope slowly down to the shallowing (*Continued on page 48*)

© Marjorie Kellberg.

The mysteries and majesty of that old swamp will long be remembered.

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Victory.

Conscience

The Writer of This Fascinating Story of a Boy Is Essentially a Fisherman. By Way of Profession, He Is a Prominent Jurist Who Prefers to Keep His Identity Unknown. We Believe His Stories Are Among the Best Ever Written for Us

By JOHN W. HICKORY

IN looking backward after many years I feel that I was hardly fair to Buck when I, in my own mind, laid all the blame for the plot to steal the watermelon on his shoulders, when I really wanted part of that melon myself.

I was weeding the garden under the stress of a parental charge that would not be denied. It was late in the summer, the ground hard and dry. The weeds pulled hard, would break off at the surface, leaving the roots intact. It was slow, hard, discouraging work, and all the time the sun beat down on my back with a heat that was suffocating, for no cooling breeze stirred the leaves of the trees; the perspiration ran down into my eyes, and my arms and back ached. Just then Buck appeared behind the whitewashed fence and held up a hand with the first two fingers upright. Instantly this magic signal brought to mind the picture of the cool swimming hole over which a huge elm threw its cooling shade. I could almost feel the cool water on my hot back. I do not need to say that the agricultural duties were indefinitely postponed with the saving thought that not even weeds would grow in such weather.

We wandered down toward the swimming hole, stopping at a bumblebee's nest which had yielded some excitement, only to find that the bees had abandoned the nest. We went down the railroad track, climbed through the fence and were in the shade of the trees in the bend at the end of which lay the swimming hole. We quickly discarded the two garments we wore and were soon in the water, where we swam, splashed each other, varying this with dashing water with our hands on the slide we had dug in the high clay bank of the creek. When it was properly wet we would slide down, hitting the water with a resounding splash. Occasionally a root would show up in the slide with disastrous results to the rather primitive bathing suits we used, and which nature repaired.

Even in the creek we were not able to get rid of the ever present sense of vacancy in our midsection, and as we sat in the sand Buck suggested that over near the edge of the woods Father Thompson had a watermelon patch from which one vine had wandered to the weeds along the edge of the field, and a huge melon was lying within easy access to the weeds. I really wanted that melon, but in the back of my mind there was the fear of the consequences and a great fear of Father Thompson.

He was a retired Methodist minister who was very old. When he was a young man he must have been a tall, powerful man, but some accident had broken one leg leaving it twisted and short. At church I used to dread his prayers, for the old man would shout not supplications, but commands to the Lord in a voice that surely must have reached him. When the annual revival meeting would come around and the sinners stirred up, Father Thompson would preach occasionally. He would hobble about in the pulpit, his grey eyes burning, deep back under his white bushy eyebrows, his powerful voice fairly shaking the little white church, and his long powerful arms driving home the tales of what would happen to sinners. When his discourse would be shouted in my direction the energy with which the lessons were sent, with the fierce old face with the long hawk-like nose, the square jaw and firm mouth used to impress on me the ultimate destination of sinners and many a time I could literally feel my toes curl in my shoes, so near and clearly did I experience the place of eternal punishment.

Of course Buck did not have the same background. He was a boy of parts and standing in our little world. He could wiggle his ears and could spit between his teeth with deadly accuracy, and he did not have to go to Sunday school *every* Sunday, nor to revival meetings at all, while I went to all revival meetings, and could not be excused from Sunday school; even when the livery stable burned, I arrived too late to get any souvenirs while Buck had a nail with some glass melted on the top, all crinkly and full of dark streaks, just like the taffy candy we boys used to pull. It is only fair to say my sister's taffy never used to have the dark streaks. He also had a bit of horsehide from the black and white horse reputed to be a genuine Arabian. It is only

fair to Buck to say that when he sensed my disappointment he divided the horsehide with me.

The fear of the future and Father Thompson were soon overcome and we sneaked along the fence toward where the melon lay. Just as we were about to lay hands on it the weeds parted and all my hair stood on end at a shout from some bushes near the melon. I got just one fleeting glimpse of the fierce old face of Father Thompson ere I turned in panic-stricken flight. Buck was evidently as badly frightened as I, for he went in one direction as rapidly as I went in the other. I momentarily expected to feel Father Thompson's hand on my shoulder. In my panic I forgot his infirmity. As I look back at it now, I am quite sure that even had he been young and active, he would have been left far behind. When I reached home, I took no interest in the meal Mother had ready, and after it was over I had no desire to go out and play any of the games we used to play at twilight. I even tried to read, but not even the stories in "Heroes of the Plains" could divert my mind. I went to bed only to toss on an uneasy bed. I do not want to start a religious discussion, but no modernist could persuade me that there is no real old fashioned Hell, for all night long I could feel its fires searing my body and could feel the cinders in my eyes, and through all my troubled dreams, Father Thompson stalked with big hands extended, almost ready to grasp me and push me back into the devouring flames.

When I finally came down to breakfast I was not interested in the fresh cool breakfast Mother had for me, and had she noticed, as I am sure she did, she must have known something was wrong, for I went immediately and without urging into the garden to resume my attack on the weeds. I kept furtively looking up and down the street, momentarily expecting to see Father Thompson drive along in the low phaeton hitched to the old white horse. I must have relaxed my vigilance for when I looked up there stood his horse and buggy and he was motioning me to come. I was panic-stricken. I did not want to go, but there was no avenue of escape open. I went to the buggy as slowly as I could. I would have preferred to pull weeds in a hot garden, badly as I hate doing that work.

Much to my surprise he said nothing about the melon, but said he wanted some help at the farm for all day and that Father had said I might go. I felt the ogre had me and that I was soon to be eaten. As we drove along, he chatted about various things. I had always thought he never talked about anything but Hell Fire. We reached the farm, drove about doing small duties until noon when we went down to the spring to have lunch. I helped Father Thompson out of the buggy and we sat down on the blue grass under the shade of a red haw tree which overhung the spring. When Father Thompson told me to wade into the brook below the spring and bring him what I found under a little overhanging bank just below the spring, I waded in and with my hands felt under the bank, and struck the cool smooth surface of a watermelon, which had evidently laid all night in the icy water which came from the spring. I felt it was the one I tried to get and I experienced all the pain that comes to one who has coals of fire heaped on his head. I just knew I could eat no part of that melon, and when I laid it on the grass at Father Thompson's feet, I burst into tears and sobbingly told him the story, asking his forgiveness. I was too overwrought to remember just what he said, but I felt his hand on my head and sensed the gentleness and understanding in his voice, which trailed off into some good advice from an old, old man to a young one into whose mind the kindly words found certain lodgment.

Although forty years have passed, the good advice and kindly old voice are still fresh and vivid.

We soon turned to the business of eating the melon. Father Thompson asked for my knife and I had to admit it was lost. He told me that a woodsman should always have a knife handy and sharp; to illustrate this he told a story of a young man in the western reserve, who had been able to kill a hostile Indian who had attacked him, simply because he had a good sharp knife handy. He followed the story by stating that one could keep a knife by merely being careful to close and put it in his pocket when through using it. He then put his hand into his trousers pocket and pulled out a wonderful new knife with just the blade I had wished and hoped to own some day and presented it to me. I did not need such a knife, for when the blade hit the melon it broke before it in a long crisp crack. We were soon deep in the red cool heart of the melon. I only turned aside to put my hand in my pocket and reassure myself that the knife was still there. I kept that knife and have it still, with the broken side and blade worn down by many sharpenings. It is too old and worn to use. I have sought from store to store, from manufacturer to manufacturer for many years to find a knife with the temper and fire of that one, with no success.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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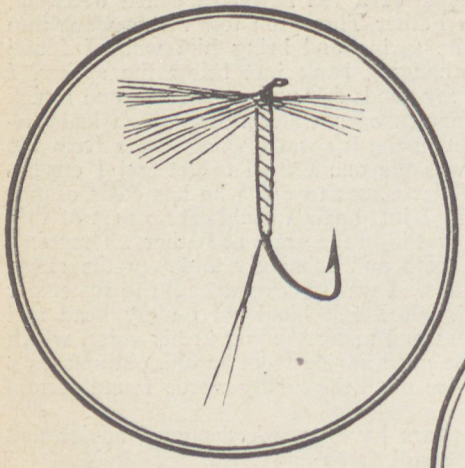
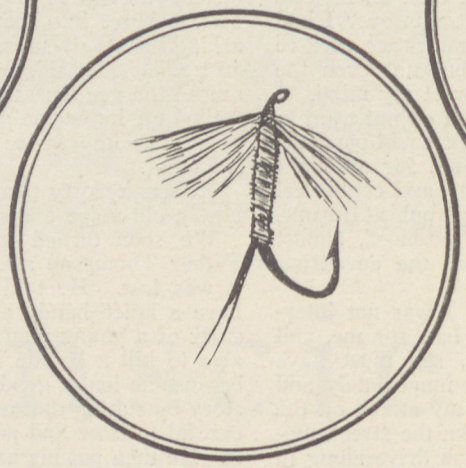
"I've got 'im!"

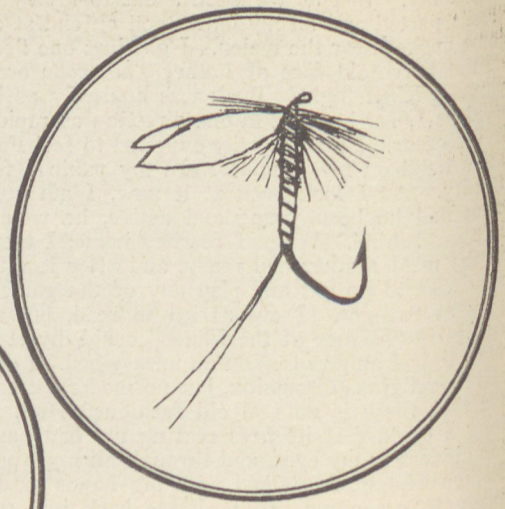
The Metamorphosis *of the* March Brown

Some Good Dope for the Fly Tier.

By RALPH L. MONTAGU







THE March brown *(ecdyurus venosus)* is one of the largest members of the Ephemeridae family. With the exception of the green drake and possibly one or two others it is not excelled in size by any of the ephemeridae.

The name "ephemeridae" was given to this family of insects because of the belief that the life of the fly in its final stage was limited to one day only.

Briefly the life cycle of this insect is as follows: the eggs, which are dropped by the female on the water, fall to the bottom where they eventually hatch out into a small flat nymph. This period of their existence which lasts about one year is passed on the underside of stones and gravel in the river bed. They do *not* burrow into the mud like the nymph of the green drake, and are known as "swimming" nymphs.

Their food is the microscopical matter with which all waters are loaded but which is invisible to the naked eye.

By the time they have attained their full growth another spring has come 'round and they are ready to become flies and complete the term of their existence by reproduction.

It is from this stage on that they become of interest to the fly fisherman.

The fully developed *nymph* rises to the surface of the water, and, emerging into the air, the skin splits down the middle of its back, the wings are unfolded and raised above its back and the fly, the *March brown* appears floating on the surface where a moment before nothing was visible.

But the insect is not perfect yet; it is still in what is known as the sub-imago state; a further transformation takes place; the enveloping skin splits once more and is discarded and the *great red spinner* emerges and rises into the air.

The essential function of reproduction is performed while the flies are hovering and dancing over the water.

The female produces the eggs which are of a pale olive green color. These accumulate and stick to the lower part of her abdomen, and to relieve herself of them she drops down and rests for a moment on the surface and then takes the air again and continues the process.

A RUSTIC CONVERT

"You can't ketch nothin' with them thar things,
With yarn fer bodies, an' feathers fer wings.
You must think trout is terrible fools
Ter be ketched with such outlandish tools.

"An' look at that pole—why, that won't do;
A good, big trout would bust it in two,
An' never think nothin' ov what he did,
As quick as lightnin' away he'd slid."

"Well, I'll be durn, you can shoot me dead
Ef here ain't a windlass filled with thread,
An' the littlest sort ov thread at that—
Why, man, that wouldn't hold a gnat!

"You'll find a good place over here,
Under the rapids deep and clear,
You'd better take worms an' er hick'ry pole,
Or you won't ketch nothin', 'pon my soul!"

* * * * * *

Sixteen beauties, speckled bright,
The basket bore ere the fall of night,
He counted them o'er on the bank of fern,
And all he said was, "Wa'al—I'll be durn."

When reproduction is completed, the flies (both sexes) are worn out, and in this condition, which is termed the *spent gnat* stage, they fall or drop down onto the surface of the stream where with wings spread out flat they are swept away into oblivion.

From personal observation extending over a period of years I have arrived at the following facts as regards these insects in our sunny California climate.

The bulk of the flies "hatch out," that is, emerge from the nymphal stage, in the evenings. During the night they attach themselves to the underside of the herbage that borders the stream and remain in a torpid condition until the next morning when, the temperature having risen to a point that produces vitality, they fly out and commence their nuptial evolutions in the air above the river.

I do not believe that in the sub-imago state the fly even leaves the surface. I think the fly changes from nymph to sub-imago and then to the spinner stage without ever taking the air, because, although I have watched them hatching out and have caught numbers of the flies in the air, I have never caught the March brown. The specimens have always been the spinners; and the flies that I have collected from the herbage in the early mornings have always been spinners, never sub-imagos.

Furthermore, during the actual "hatching out" the flies remain on the surface for a considerable period. If the conditions are favorable for observation, one can watch a smooth, streamy bit of the surface and see it become spotted with the flies as they emerge from the nymphal stage.

They resemble, at a slight distance, a series of exclamation marks inverted ¡¡¡¡. In the early part of the season, while the temperatures are still low, these flies will hatch out at any time during the day when it gets warm enough for them; but the hatch is sparse and quite local. In one part of the river there may be enough flies hatching out to bring the fish on, that is, to make the fish rise; and a couple of hundred yards up or down stream there may not be a sign of a fly.

A cold evening or a cold, frosty night means that the next morning there will be no rise, or hatch, of flies to speak of;

because it was, in the first case, too cold for the flies to hatch out; and in the second case, the flies that did hatch out were killed by the frost while resting on the herbage during the night; but when conditions are normal, namely, fine warm weather, there is a good evening rise beginning about 7 p. m. and lasting until dusk, and in the mornings, about 8:30 a. m., the flies begin to appear in single spies, followed by battalions, and by 9 o'clock the air over the river will literally be alive with the spinners weaving to and fro, up and down, and the big fish will be in position, eagerly feeding on the egg-depositing females. The rise will last until mid-day when the strength of the sun will bring about the end.

Now, during the life of the fly in the air, there are four periods when it is in contact with the surface of the water; and it is during these periods that the fish take them.

They are in the order of their rotation:

1st—the emergence from the nymph.

2nd—the sub-imago resting on the surface.

3rd—the female laying her eggs; and finally the fall of the spent gnat.

Trout that are fished for, and cast over every day by many fishermen, become, in the space of a very short time, either highly educated, or they stop rising and settle down to the bottom and refuse to feed except at night.

They are most particular as to what flies they take, and the larger the trout the more experienced he becomes. The acme of education in a trout is reached when it keeps on rising and pays no attention to the artificial fly that passes over it. The sight of a man does not stop it feeding, it keeps right on, but simply ignores the imitation, no matter how skillfully presented. Such a trout I have heard described by fishermen as an "insulting" trout; and most of our fish of over 1 lb. weight come under this category.

Up until about nine years ago I was content to use standard patterns for these fish. I had the best success with the hare's ear with a woodcock wing. The conventional, or commercial March brown was never very much good.

There was not to my knowledge a really good imitation of the March brown either wet or dry and I have tried them all.

In the course of years I produced a fly that was fairly successful, but still there was something wanting.

Of course, the fault is now apparent. It was trying to evolve a pattern that would be equally efficacious when the insect it was supposed to represent might be in any of three distinct forms, namely, the nymph, the sub-imago or the spinner.

I did produce a very good pattern representing the sub-imago stage. The dressing is as follows:

Wings: medium starling.

Body: brown quill with a flat gold twist.

Hackle: furnace.

Tail: Mallard.

Dressed on No. 14 hook in the conventional dry style, this fly has given a very good account of itself. Dressed on a larger hook and fished to represent the nymph also produced results, but not anything to boast about.

During this last winter, however, I was fortunate enough to be able to enlist the advice and experience of some very skillful anglers.

Mr. G. E. M. Skues, the author of "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream" and "The Way of a Trout with a Fly," was good enough to furnish me with the dressing of the *nymph*.

It is as follows:

Tying silk: Hot Orange.

Hackle: Brown Partridge.

Wisks: Pheasant Tail, two strands short.

Rib: Fine gold wire.

Body: Deep purple brown pheasant tail.

Butt or Shoulder: Hare's ear mixed with claret seal's fur, rather full.

And the spinner dressing, which is something quite new, was the outcome of the experience of Mr. Martin E. Mosely, F. E. S. ("The Dry-Fly Fisherman's Entomology") in conjunction with Mr. J. Henderson. This pattern differs from other types of dry fly patterns in that the wings are represented by some upright hackle fibres which when viewed from below produce a sort of transparent effect that is impossible with the usual type of wing.

The body is made of a dark reddish brown wool, ribbed with fine gold wire. The wisks are ginger colored, a little

© Bert L. Brown

Just that deft flick.

furnace hackle underneath, and the wings, hackle fibres, white; very sparsely dressed.

The final state of the insect's existence, namely, the spent gnat, is obtained with this same dressing, but with the wings, that is, the hackle fibres set on so as to lay flat on the water.

This last pattern in its "wet" form is very popular wherever it has been introduced. It has been my experience that small flies are more killing than large ones. The small hook, if well made with a wide gape, will hold a big fish. Of course, a small hook will not hold as well as a larger hook, and one often loses fish because the hook pulls out; but on the other hand, the larger fly is not so alluring and does not produce the rises that the small fly does.

The longest fish I took this spring was a rainbow of 4¾ lbs. This fish was caught with the nymph dressed on a No. 14 hook, I could not move on account of brush and I had to play this fish to a standstill and then net it out.

This fish was feeding on the far side of the river which at this point was too deep to wade in hip boots; the banks on both sides were lined with thick brush, but a little above the fish, on my side, there was an opening where I could get down to the water, and by most careful management I was able to get out from the bank far enough to enable me to extend my line up and down the river parallel with the bank, but I could not extend my line behind me an inch on account of the brush.

Fortunately, there was very little current so the water did not surge up and over the top of my boots.

The fish was feeding regularly; about every 30 seconds the surface would be gently broken and I could see the dorsal fin and the tail as the fish took down the flies. It was a wonderful sight, but extremely tantalizing, because it looked almost impossible to put my fly over the fish.

© Bert L. Brown

Barbless hooks made from cactus barbs.

At the best of times it would be a long cast, but when the brush behind was taken into consideration it seemed almost impossible of accomplishment.

The only thing to do was to try, so I extended a long line up and down stream and then instead of making the forward stroke straight down stream I made the forward stroke out towards the fish. This sort of cast gets the fly out where you want it, but the line does not fall anywhere near straight; consequently, a longer line is necessary to reach a certain objective than would ordinarily be the case if the line could be extended behind one in the back cast.

Then, again, when picking such a cast off the water, the line must be shortened and allowed to get down stream below before this is done or else you will get hung up in the brush behind.

Your fly *must* get to the fish, because when a fish is in such a position it will not move any great distance to the side for a fly. There is generally a steady stream of flies coming down just where the fish swims.

If you can manage it, drop your fly so that it passes on the far side of the fish; that is, between the fish and the bank under the shade of which it is feeding.

I think it was about the fourth cast I made that finally reached the fish. It fastened, and after some fighting, took it into its head to tear off up stream. Nothing could have suited me better, I moved it out, and called it a day.

I caught more fish on the nymph than on either or both of the other patterns; that is, the sub-imago or the spinner, and the reason for this was that I always began the siege of a fish with the nymph.

My procedure was as follows: First of all, after having located a good fish, get into position to cover the fish; then study the surface currents so as to avoid drag; then present the nymph dry.

I would make three or four casts thus with plenty of time in between them; if the fish took no notice of the dry nymph I would then let the fly get wet and try a few casts.

If nothing happened and the fish kept on feeding, as they nearly all did, I would take plenty of time and change to the sub-imago. This was then cast a few times and fished as dry as a bone, but with good, long intervals between each cast.

If the fish still refused to take I then made my final change to the spinner and in quite a number of cases the first cast with the spinner produced a rise and thus led to the capture of the fish.

This spinner has a very lifelike look when floating on the surface with its hackle point wings standing erect in the air and I cannot blame a fish, no matter how shy and cautious, for being fooled by it.

The fish that I got most satisfaction out of was a 3½-lb. rainbow that I know had been fished for every day for nearly a month by several different men. I had not tried for it for the reason that every time I went after it I always found two or three men ahead of me industriously helping along its education.

But one night some new guests arrived at the hotel and while discussing the fishing and fish they seemed to me to rather doubt the possibility of getting fish as large as 3 lbs. out of our little river.

"Tomorrow," I said, "I will put you on top of a 3-lb. trout that will be feeding on flies with the ease, regularity, and punctuality of a machine."

Accordingly, the next morning we all climbed into the machine and rode about two miles up the road, then got out and walked another half mile, reached the river in plenty of time, sat down on the bank and waited for the flies to appear. They soon began to show up and in a little while our friend began to feed.

The fish was close to some willows on the far bank and in a place with a good lively stream. He rose with a good, heavy splash and kept it up at fairly regular intervals.

"There lies your fish," I remarked, much in the same tone of voice that Horatius used when he indicated the way to Rome to Tarquin. The results were the same in both cases, they would have none of him.

"Let us see you catch him," he replied, and their wives who were along repeated the same slogan.

I tried my best to induce the men to make an effort, but they would not.

The stream was fairly wide with sloping banks covered with forest growth; but one could wade out about ten feet from the bank and from this point by careful back casting reach the fish without any great difficulty; but unless a very slack crooked line was cast, a drag was almost unavoidable.

To cut a long story short, I tried the fish with the nymph dry, then wet, the sub-imago, I (*Continued on page 81*)

JUST JUNE

And the Angler's Notebook

There is a certain indefinable charm about rooting around in the tackle box at this time of year, so let's spend a few minutes with

O. W. SMITH

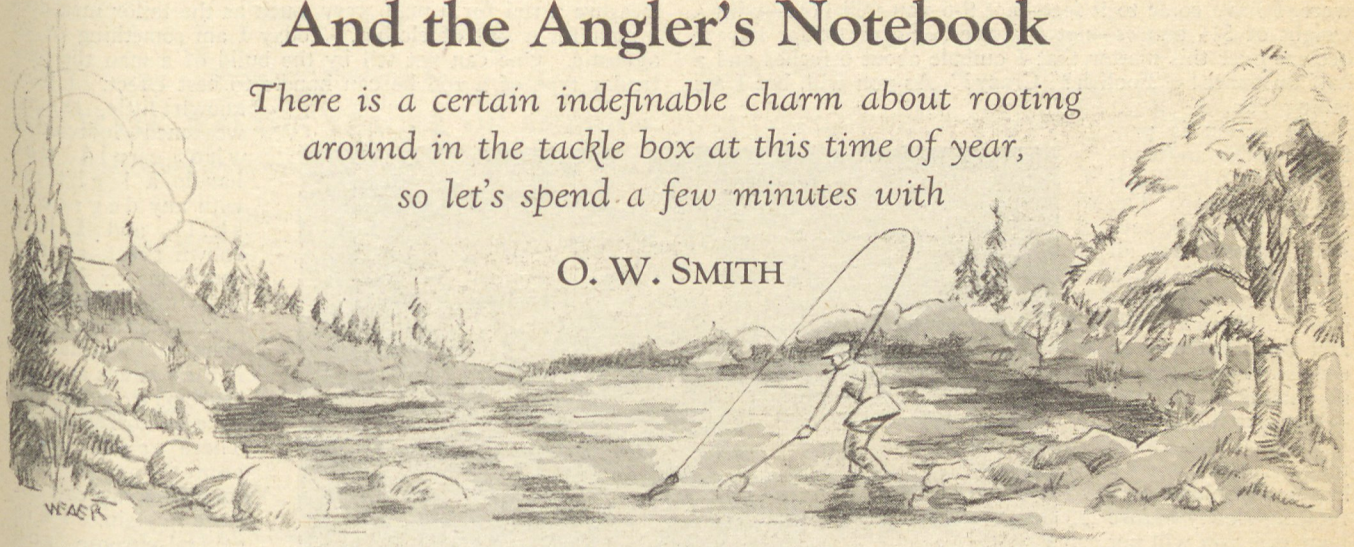


Illustration by Marshall Weaver

So this is June, the month when perfect days, so the poet says, arrive, and mosquitoes, but regarding the latter the poet is silent.

Just the same, it is hard to content ourselves these days. Why sit at a desk, or in an office at all? Let us out and away! That's how we feel. Well, if we can't "go fishing," then the next best thing to it is reading about fishing.

We want the Angler's Note Book to be just what its title suggests, a desultory jotting down of related and unrelated angling topics. In no sense a dry discussion of tackle, though now and then, as this month, we must set forth some matter of the kind. Yet we never want to forget the wind sighing through the pine trees, the singing of the water, and the music of the birds. You can't tell where the notes of a wood thrush leaves off and that of the water-fall begins! So, if we do discuss "rods and reels and traces" now and then, it will be only because we feel we must, and not because we want to. For the most part, our page is to be devoted to the exalted side of angling, if you get what we mean. Tell us how you like the Note Book. Suggestions are always in order, but we make no promises to act upon them. This is not a department, it is, well, just, —THE ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK.

The General Purpose Fly-Rod

MY title for this article is a misnomer. There is no such thing as a general purpose fly-rod, though we are forced to use a single rod for a great variety of fishing. To illustrate: the fisherman desires to fly-fish for "sunnies," the "punkin'-seed" of boyhood days. (Yes, those little fellows will take flies if the angler understands "their tricks and their ways," to borrow an expression from the doll dress-maker, Jennie Wren, in "Our Mutual Friend." But let that pass for this month.) Now, it would be the height of absurdity to employ a 5½-ounce rod, such as one would use for bass. No, for baby fishing one requires a baby rod, 2½ ounces at the heaviest. You see, with such a rod one can get all the thrills out of angling for small fish that he will in casting for bronze-backs with appropriate tackle. There is a sense in which one can say with utmost truth, "It ain't the fish, it's the rod." So, I feel I am right in my assertion, "There is no such thing as a general purpose fly-rod." Just because there is no such thing, I am going to write about it. I love contradictions and absurdities.

I presume that better than fifty per cent of fly-men are trout fishers, perhaps seventy-five per cent would so qualify. Just why anglers generally do not turn to other fish with fuzzy-wuzzy lures has never been wholly clear to me. Almost any fish will, upon occasion, take counterfeit presentments. Every now and then some angler writes of taking a channel-cat on a fly, and knowing this trout of the catfish family as I do, I can well believe it. Now, then, if you should ever happen to connect up with this ornery, black-coated gentleman, e'en though he has enlivened his dress with spots, mimicking the trout, you will thank your lucky stars if you are fitted with a "general purpose" rod instead of an ultra light wand. Think of trying conclusions with one of those "fightingist" cats with a 2½-ounce split-bamboo! You just can't imagine it, that's all, and if it does ever happen to you, here's hoping you save your rod.

So, while there is no rod suited to all sorts and conditions of fish and fishing, one must be able to say, "Here is a rod that can be made to serve, on a pinch, in case of need"; for there are scores and scores of anglers who can't, or think they can't, afford two or more rods. What would the nearest approach to a general purpose rod be like?

I need not enter upon a useless discussion of materials, for somehow we never get anywhere. It is generally conceded by "experts" that there is just one best material, and that, split-bamboo, which may be true for lightest rods and perfect action, and I guess it is. However, there are literally hundreds of anglers wedded to steel rods, and I am not going to start a rumpus with them today, knowing, as I do, some of the high class "iron-backs." If I prefer for my general purpose fly-rod a split-bamboo, because of its sentient action, and Bill Jones likes an "iron-back" because of its sturdiness, and John Smith demands a greenheart, why in the name of Izaak Walton, who was never troubled about these things, should we fuss?

Just because I am an angler, illogical and inconsistent, prejudiced and hard to manage, I am going to say there is no rod material that can equal split-bamboo, in the better and best grades. There is something about a carefully—I almost said "prayerfully"—built split-bamboo that gets me. It may all be a matter of imagination, my "iron-back" using friends say it is, but I own one split-bamboo—never mind the name—so perfect in action, so responsive to my every thought, that I can't tell where my arm leaves off and the rod begins. Some day I may be able to say to that rod, "Eliza Jane, walk down to the Sioux River and catch me a two-pound rainbow," and it will do it. That's how much I think of it, how much I trust it. You don't know the meaning of rod-love until you feel that way about some fly-handler. That rod is a sort of "general purpose" rod, at

least as nearly so as it is possible to make 'em. "How long is it, and what does it weigh?" Fair questions, and I'll tell you.

The length of a fly-rod depends upon the fisherman, the fishing and the fish. For little brushy creeks one should have a short and light wand, while for heavy, tumultuous waters, where trout run large, one should have a longer and more back-bonish fly controller. Casting an average, as it were, I have come to 9 feet—not 9-6 you will note—with a weight of 5½ ounces—not 6 ounces. So particular have I become over this matter that I quibble about 6 inches and a half an ounce! "Foolish? Crazy?" As you will, but I am telling you.

The action is perfect, regular and consistent from hand-grasp to tip-top. The rod has been used several seasons, not all the time, for I am a firm believer in "resting" a fly-rod now and then, but quite consistently; and for all varieties of fishing—bass, trout and pan-fish. You can take that rod in your hands, assembled, and, rotating slowly before your eye, you will not see the tip "dipping" at any point during the whirling. Some test, you'll have to admit. It is strong enough, sturdy enough to do battle with any small-mouth that ever left the water in tackle-testing leap, sentient enough to respond to the miniature surge of a yellow perch hooked through the lips. Of course the yellow perch does not send my heart into my throat, as sometimes an especially obstreperous smallmouth will, but the perch will sure put up a mighty satisfactory battle when hooked on a fly.

Now that rod is not the ideal rod for perch, one should select a 2½ or 3 ouncer, neither is it the rod I would choose if fighting Florida large-mouth, or great-pike of the northern lakes, say; but nevertheless, given even an adventitious gray wolf of cold water, or a bass of the palms passing ten pounds in weight, and I will not feel myself wholly outclassed. What I mean is, this particular rod will stand a lot of abuse if manipulated by an understanding angler, and is light enough, resilient enough, to make "baby fishing" enjoyable. So, am I right in calling it a near general-purpose rod? The reader gathers, I presume, that I have spent more years than I care to admit, studying and experimenting with fly-rods, ever seeking the general-purpose tool.

I am not much impressed with those combination rods in which diverse assembling of joints produce different types and weights of rods. I know one which will assemble into seven rods, from 5½-foot casting to 12-foot fly-rod; but after trying out at length, experimenting with various fish, I am quite firmly convinced it fails as any sort of rod. No, if you think you require a general-purpose rod, you had best invest in something like the rod I have been describing. I warn you that you should not expect too much from it when it comes to fly-fishing for punkin' seeds, though it will not utterly disappoint you even there.

I realize that many experts rather poke fun at the idea of a rod "fitting" a man, asserting that it can all be worked out by rule of thumb. I used to believe that, thinking I could measure a rod for a man, very much as the tailor measures a man for a suit of clothes. Today I am something of an agnostic. One can not tell by the build of a man the particular type of a rod he can handle to best effect. I have known little, skinny, weazened individuals who could not handle a light rod with any degree of skill, and I have known great, sturdy specimens of humanity with a touch so gentle that a 2 or 2½-ounce rod was as safe in their hands as a ten cent piece in the pocket of a Scott. There seems to be something in "fit," something we can not quite explain. This general-purpose rod of mine "fits" me, it might not "fit" you.

Mrs. Smith and the general purpose fly-rod.

In selecting such a rod, try-out until you get the one you like, *that likes you.* I have two fly-rods, in 9½ foot, alike as two peas, but as unlike in my hands as can be. They were built by the same expert, from the same material and to the same specifications. One is not exactly stiff, but unresponsive, inhuman, you get what I mean; while the other is sensitive to a fault, quick to catch my wish, do the thing before I consciously think. Why the difference? I can't for the life of me determine, I only know it is so. I always tremble with anxiety when I have a rod-builder construct a fly-rod for me, fearful lest it will prove to be a "fighter," quarreling with me at every point in the game from inception of cast to netting of fish.

To my mind this selecting of a fly-rod, even a "general-purpose rod," if you please, is quite like choosing a life partner, a compact "not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly." Once you get hold of a rod that likes you, understands you, buy it if you have to mortgage your wife's false teeth. Such a rod is a real joy forever. It may not be true, but I believe such a rod will endure more hard fishing without injury, than will even a better rod that will fight you at every turn. There are such rods, believe me, good only for fireplace ornaments.

I have one of these "general-purpose" rods, 9 foot, 5½ ounces, split-bamboo, which I have treasured for years, treasured and used. The other day a visitor dropped into my tackle room to look about, and (*Continued on page 43*)

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

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EWART H. ROSS
Managing Editor

Can Yellowstone Park Be Sliced for An Irrigation Project?

AMERICA is confronted with a dangerous piece of legislation—the establishment of a precedent that will allow private interests to encroach upon the heretofore sacred recreational areas set aside by a wise government.

It is an attempt to slice a chunk from perhaps one of the best known national playgrounds in the world—Yellowstone Park—for the express purpose of constructing an irrigation reservoir. The Izaak Walton League is unalterably opposed to the passage in Congress of such a proposal as introduced by Representative Addison T. Smith of Idaho.

This League with its thousands of Chapters stands prepared to fight to the last ditch to protect the few acres left in the public domain, against any agency whatsoever that would attempt to control it for any purpose other than that for which it is now used, and Charles W. Folds, national president of the League, has entered formal protest to Congress.

For the past eight years, the national park service has been scientifically studying the boundaries of Yellowstone Park for the purpose of improving its use as a national possession. As a result of this study and investigation the park administration has asked Congress to cut out certain areas and add others to give the park its natural boundaries. The League is in hearty accord with this bill.

Mr. Smith, however, has proposed an amendment to the original administration bill, in which he asks that the Bechler River basin and the Falls River basin, an area of about twenty square miles, in the southwestern corner of Yellowstone Park, be cut out of the park and automatically returned to the national forest.

THEN IT WILL BE USED FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GROUP OF RESERVOIRS TO FURNISH IRRIGATION FOR THE PRIVATELY OWNED LANDS OF SETTLERS IN THAT SEMI-ARID SECTION OF IDAHO SOUTHWEST OF THE PARK.

The Falls River and the Bechler River unite in the south central part of the area desired. These basins are flanked by the high Yellowstone plateau over whose edges many crystal streams cascade in glorious falls. The Bechler River canyon with its lofty precipitous walls is acknowledged to be one of the finest of the lesser canyons in the park system.

Down stream the bottom lands constitute a rich and varied wilderness, partly covered with thick primitive forest through which five beautiful little rivers wind and converge.

Briefly it is one of the most fascinating spots of the park and considered by many to be as good camping ground as is to be found in the west, and the waters now teem with the finest of trout.

The project proposed by Mr. Smith will destroy for all time this wonderful spot which is OWNED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AS A WHOLE.

A place worth millions of dollars in recreation to the taxpayers of America will be gone.

FOR WHAT?

Merely to irrigate a few farms, the total value of which would not amount to the interest at one-half of one per cent on the value of health, joy and happiness to be derived from it by leaving it in its present condition. It is not a question of politics or local sentiment. It is a problem of vital importance. Not only because this particular twenty-mile area is being taken but because it SETS A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT AND OFFERS A WEDGE WITH WHICH TO PUT THROUGH VARIOUS OTHER PROJECTS OF A SIMILAR NATURE.

Former United States Senator Dubois, who for years was chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the Senate, went to Washington from his Idaho home, where he has lived for forty-nine years, to say to the House Committee, that except in the small region of dry farming which will benefit by the proposed reservoir, there is little sentiment in Idaho for biting chunks out of Yellowstone National Park.

In 1920 Mr. Smith wanted to place his reservoir within the park. That, since that time, he has grown in appreciation of national park standards is indicated by the fact that this time he cut out the area before putting his reservoir in.

As Mr. Smith is next in succession to the chairmanship of the Public Lands Committee of the House we hope that he will continue to grow. Before he assumes leadership, he must realize that, in so important a position of public trust, he must represent national as against local sentiment in instances where the two unfortunately conflict.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

LAST month's issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA carried the story of the biggest Izaak Walton League Convention ever held.

I believe that everyone in attendance left for home with the conviction that during the coming year the League, under the leadership of President Charles W. Folds, will make notable headway.

Those who were unfortunate enough not to be able to attend the Convention, and take in the biggest Sportsmen's Show ever staged, have something to plan for in 1927.

One session which did not appear in the accounts of the Convention occurred on the last day of the meeting and was attended by about 36 state and chapter secretaries. This was my impromptu Secretaries' Luncheon and in spite of the fact that it was a last minute call, a fairly full quota responded.

The purpose was to get better acquainted and I think those of us who were there feel that we accomplished that. Speaking for myself, the meeting was all too short.

Gathered around the luncheon table were:

J. B. McCready, Fond du Lac, Wis.
A. P. Lodewick, Williamsport, Pa.
Fred Doellner, Winona, Minn.
Harry L. Erwin, Grand Junction, Ia.
J. E. Boggs, Norfolk, Nebr.
Mrs. J. E. Boggs, Norfolk, Nebr.
Wm. B. Kemp, Joliet, Illinois.
C. Clemson Brown, Baltimore, Md.
Robt. E. Nesmith, Dallas, Tex.
J. A. Cushman, El Dorado, Kans.
A. C. Williams, Mena, Ark.
Don Sherman, Toledo, Ohio.
Hanly W. Cone, Columbus, Ohio.
P. A. Sifferd, Muskegon, Mich.
S. W. Thompson, Devils Lake, N. D.
Art Kade, Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
Dall DeWeese, Canon City, Wyo.
Frank L. Connor, Des Moines, Iowa.
Mrs. Emma Kelly, White Cloud, Kans.
Arlo Deahl, So. Bend, Indiana.
Dr. J. Paul Price, Hannibal, Mo.
Henry Dickenson, Nashville, Tenn.
A. I. Bruckwalter, Peoria, Ill.
H. W. Pripps, Milwaukee, Wis.
W. B. Moss, Roanoke, Va.
Claude W. Kelly, Claremore, Okla.
W. E. Poenichen, Milwaukee, Wis.
A. A. Wenzel, Merrill, Wis.
Tom Toy, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Earl Dutro, Davenport, Iowa.
R. A. P. Holderby, Chicago, Ill.

The exchange of ideas, plans and opinions which resulted, all having to do with organization work, was worth coming to the side-show attraction for and neglecting the main tent for that brief period. Jack McCready, Wisconsin State Secretary, started the "experience meeting" and after that it was step and go during an interesting hour and a half. He said: "Conservation should become a part of the regular school work. While we are going to give the Izaak Walton League credit for what has been done along these lines in Wisconsin, the real credit should go to Angus McDonald, who got John Callahan off on a hunting and fishing trip. When John got back he made a rule that Conservation, from then on, should be taught in the schools of Wisconsin. We, in Fond du Lac, have put the magazine in every school, Old Peoples' Home and Children's Home, and when we don't subscribe for the magazines, we have the members send their old copies, to these places, when they are through reading them."

Mrs. Robert C. Hayes, Deadwood, South Dakota, re-elected national director, and delegate to the last two national conventions, commented favorably on the number of women now interested in conservation. She stated that the resolution passed by the Third National Convention, admitting women to membership in the League, was having a helpful effect.

THE National Executive Committee has authorized the following disbursement of special funds:

Five hundred dollars to the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario.

Five hundred dollars to the National Outdoor Conference.

Five hundred dollars will be placed at the disposal of Will H. Dilg, Past President of the League, on the first of each month.

Dr. J. Paul Price, Secretary, Hannibal, Missouri, Chapter: "Our Chapter has found it a good plan to send their old magazines to farmers when they are through with them. When we show pictures to our chapter, we also allow the schools to use them, for it is very educational for the children."

Earl Dutro, Secretary, Davenport, Iowa, Chapter: "When we had John W. Ruskins the Arctic Explorer in our city, we went to the Board of Education and got permission to have him talk at the schools, and also show his pictures. They made a special arrangement which allowed the children to attend his lectures in the afternoon for a small fee, and this incidentally brought the parents in the evening. The plan worked out very satisfactorily."

A. P. Lodewick, President, Williamsport, Pa., Chapter and State Organizer: "In Pennsylvania we have found it very satisfactory to send League literature and membership cards to individuals who take out fishing or hunting licenses, for we find that a great majority of them will come into the League just as soon as they understand just what the ideals and principles of the League are, and what the League stands for."

A. I. Bruckwalter, Peoria, Illinois: Mr. Bruckwalter quoted from the back of the California Hunting & Fishing License, which he thought a suitable reminder: "Look before you shoot. Be sure it's a legal deer. If you can't see his horns, she hasn't any—or it may be your pal. Respect the property of the farmers—you must retain their friendship. Be careful of your campfires, cigars and cigarettes. Leave a clean camp, and leave the grounds in a spirit of friendship. The farmer is working for you. Get him to join your organization.

"Obey the game laws! There is a bag limit—so many are yours, and no more. Try for the largest fish and not for the most. Respect property rights. Do not leave gates open, or destroy fences. Keep your camp clean, and do not throw away lighted cigarettes or cigar butts. The forests and streams are your play grounds—preserve them. You must exhibit your license and fish to any authorized officer upon demand. It is unlawful to ship fish by parcel post. Meet your warden in a spirit of friendship. He is working for you—report violations to him."

Don Sherman, Secretary, Toledo, Ohio, Chapter: "My subject is different. It is snakes. I cannot understand the attitude of most people regarding snakes—for there are only four species of poisonous snakes in the world—while there are eight or ten species that really are of benefit. I would rather allow my children to play with snakes than with a

common ordinary house cat—for there are few harmful snakes."

Arlo Deahl, President, South Bend, Ind., Chapter: "The South Bend Chapter is so sure that everyone of its members are 'true Waltonians' that we have promised all of the farmers in our vicinity to make good any damage done by any member of our Chapter—and South Bend is sure they will not have to pay out any money."

Don C. Sherman, Secretary of the Toledo (Ohio) Chapter, sends me an account of one of his recent activities. The Chapter received 1,000 trees from the State during Forestry week, and he helped to set them out in the Boy Scout Reserve, which comprises 130 acres. He tells me that he made quite a day of it, having about 100 boys to assist in this good work.

The Marion (Illinois) Chapter has just closed one of the most successful membership drives it has ever launched. Two weeks of strong driving brought in more than one hundred new members and was terminated by a banquet, with Dr. M. W. Ballance, Secretary of the Chapter, as toastmaster. Dr. H. D. Norris was presented with a gold Izaak Walton pin, as a reward for securing the largest number of members during the campaign. He secured 53 members, while Leonard T. Stearns came in second with 38.

Fort Dodge (Iowa) Chapter apparently has a nice little way of making friends with the local poster advertising company. One of the most prominent posting "locations" in the city has been donated to the Chapter to "Help Save Outdoor America." An excellent suggestion—why not see what can be done with your local poster company?

Joliet (Illinois) Chapter recently helped save one of the greatest bread lines in the city's history from death by starvation. One hundred loaves of bread crumbled and deposited were given out to hungry birds in the parks and various clearings throughout the city.

Vineland (New Jersey) Chapter has gone on record as having enthusiastically endorsed the movement recently started by the Department of Conservation of the State of New Jersey to have an appropriation of $250,000 set aside by the state for the purchase of game lands. Thousands of acres of wooded lands will be conveyed to the state by this appropriation. Another question put up by the Vineland Waltonites, at a recent meeting, was one regarding the discovery of rabbit traps throughout Landis Township. The chapter favored immediate communication with the game wardens in this section with a view to having the deputy wardens warned to be more alert.

Colton (California) Chapter sends word that San Bernardino County with its deserts and mountains and immense size has wonderful opportunities for fishing and hunting. "But unless the sportsmen get behind the Izaak Walton League, and do some hard work," writes Secretary E. W. Boerstler, "we shall have no worthwhile hunting or fishing." Colton is whipping up a mighty live membership and is doing good work in organizing other chapters in that vicinity.

Spearfish (South Dakota) Chapter celebrated its second birthday recently

J. B. A. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Okla., former governor of his state, newly elected second Vice-President.

with a "Buffalo Banquet." Five hundred and twenty members were present at the feast, and one of the principal speakers was Chauncey Yellow Robe, a Sioux Indian Chief.

Sandpoint (Idaho) Chapter is going in for some interesting debates these days. One of the recent ones held by the chapter was on Reciprocal State Licenses.

Renton (Washington) Chapter had Sam Rathbun, State Supervisor of Game and Fish, address them at a recent meeting. Mr. Rathbun is considered one of the most noted ornithologists on the Coast, and the Renton members learned much from his lecture on hawks and birds of prey.

Rapid City (South Dakota) Chapter has passed a resolution to endorse Senate Bill 1141 for the establishment of Mena National Park.

Howe (Indiana) Chapter at its recent meeting enjoyed an address by Dr. James Boys, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who showed the Howe members some very unusual motion pictures of a hunting trip he recently took through the Canadian Rockies.

Nebraska City (Nebraska) Chapter at its recent annual meeting heard a very interesting talk by Ignatius J. Dunn, prominent sportsman of Omaha, and Frank B. O'Connell, newly appointed deputy game warden.

Shickley (Nebraska) Chapter staged a very successful banquet recently. Nearly two hundred persons were present. Attorney Grady Corbitt, of Geneva, was the speaker of the evening. Oh, yes! And, before we forget it, real imported reindeer was the *dish de resistance.*

The Anderson (Indiana) Chapter is working on the construction of a sewage disposal plant which will remedy the White River pollution. At a meeting held recently talks were made by F. L. Ray, Secretary of the Chapter; W. H. Downey, James A. Van Osdal, Hugh Hill, George Hitz, W. S. Ellis, J. J. Netterville, Dr. May and Sanford M. Keltner, all of whom spoke forcefully on the need of the sewage disposal plant. At the close of the discussion the meeting voted to refer the matter to their committee with authority to act in conjunction with the local Chamber of Commerce.

The area and capacity of the auxiliary United States fish hatchery at Medina Lake, Texas, will be more than doubled within a very short time, according to an announcement made by Henry O'Malley, commissioner of the United States fisheries bureau, after an inspection of the Medina plant. Commissioner O'Malley and Glen C. Leash, chief deputy commissioner, left Monday for San Marcos. From there the Washington officials will go to Fort Worth, where the government plans to spend $18,000 for the establishment of a game fish hatchery this year. Medina Lake has drawn comment from all parts of America on account of being the site of the first co-operative fish hatchery in the United States, the commissioner said, and the manner in which sportsmen have co-operated in observing the law has been commended by higher officials in Washington a number of times.

The Greensburg (Pa.) Chapter sends the encouraging word that Judge Donald McPherson, of Adams county, recently handed down an order sealing 19 coal company mines in the Indian Creek Valley. The order means discontinuation of operations because the companies had not stopped flow of mine drainage into the headwaters of Indian Creek.

J. A. Cushman, El Dorado, Kansas, State Secretary and Organizer: "Men even go to church to see the women—so get the women interested in the Chapter, and the men will come right along."

C. Clemson Brown, President, Baltimore, Md., Chapter: "The Baltimore Chapter finds it essential to keep its members advised about what is going on in the League, both in their vicinity, and throughout the country, and we therefore adopted a "News Letter" which is sent to every member of the Chapter, weekly or semi-monthly. We have also had a sticker prepared to give to various sporting goods dealers, who are members of the League, and who place these stickers on all outgoing mail. We have received a great many new members as a result of this."

Fred H. Doellner, Winona, Minn., State Secretary: Fred opened with the broadside that he did not agree with all organizers who believe it is necessary to have personal contact in organizing Chapters. "Out of the 217 Chapters in Minnesota, 179 of them were organized by mail. Briefly my method is this:

"First—Write to Postmasters for list of two or three Assistant Cashiers in town whom he would recommend for the work. The reason the Assistant Cashiers are selected, rather than the cashiers, is that they are not quite as busy with the details that the cashier has, and he is more interested in work of this kind (if he is any kind of an out-doorsman) for it gives him an opportunity to get out in the 'limelight.' The response to this letter is generally 75%.

"Second—Write to Assistant Cashier asking him to recommend five or six prospects who he would judge as being the type of men to put the thing across in the right way.

"Third—Write letters to the five names given, and you will get response from at least one. Then send this man all necessary 'dope' for organizing a chapter and keep following this up. Copies of the seven letters I send out may be obtained by writing me at Winona, Minnesota. We

(Continued on page 60)

To You Who Will Buy a Motor This June!

LONGED-for June is here, all of summer is ahead—soon you will say, "I must order that motor today!"

Will you buy on sales floor eloquence, or impulse, or necessity for quick delivery—or will you anticipate, fortify yourself with facts, and choose with discrimination?

You should have the Super Elto catalog—to *know* all about the Super Elto, but in the meanwhile—

***Remember this**—that the Super Elto is the One-Model, All-Use Motor that Meets Every Need!* Gives you generous power for your substantial family boat.

And on the stern of speed boat or canoe the Super Elto gives you foaming, victorious speed—up to 14 miles per hour! Its light weight and extreme compactness enable it to serve you equally well on your long distance fishing trip. And the Super Elto gives you —

Quarter-Turn Starting! Genuine easy starting — the most vital quality you can buy in an outboard motor! No need for spinning the flywheel over compression! No starting devices needed!

Just an easy finger-tip, quarter-turn flip of the flywheel starts the Super Elto. And let it rain! Let the water splash — the Super Elto is an *all-weather* motor. Entire ignition is waterproof. Can be submerged for days with no effect on operation.

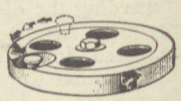
Rudder Steering makes absolutely certain of *safe* turning at all speeds—on all boats! Provides vibrationless tiller-line control. Your hands are free for rod or gun!

Steer, Speed Up, Slow Down or Stop Motor from Any Part of Boat! Another exclusive Super Elto feature! You balance your boat on an even keel for speed and safety, because you sit where you choose. Enables you to keep bow *in* water—not swinging wildly in gusty head winds.

Silent, Odorless Underwater Exhaust! An exclusive, new fishgill principle of underwater exhaust silences the Super Elto for those in the boat and near it! The Super Elto is amazingly silent—and never again will you sit in a cloud of motor fumes when there is a following wind.

***Propello-Pump** — Not a Pump At All* because there are no moving parts — no valves, no springs, no packing — nothing to wear out! Proved in service on all the waters of the world, the Propello-Pump means a great saving in trouble the instant you choose the Super Elto!

"Starts with a quarter turn"



Elto easy starting means *genuine* easy-starting. Elto's full battery ignition *with Atwater-Kent Unisparker* gives positive starting on the quarter-turn flip of the flywheel.

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"Starts with a Quarter Turn"

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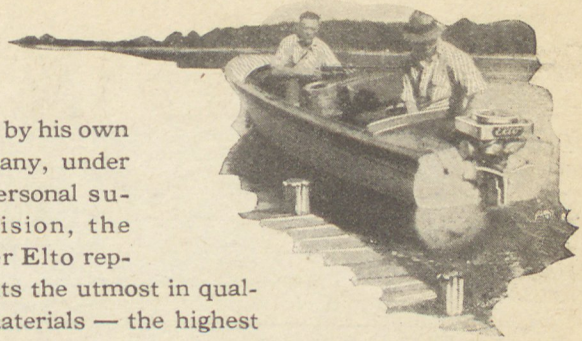
Big Bearings! The service life of any motor is in the bearings. *The bearing area of the Elto is outstandingly large for a motor in its power and weight class!* And this, together with the fact that the Elto develops its power without speeding motor to the utmost, is your positive assurance of trouble-free, long service life!

Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude, the Super Elto is the climaxing achievement of the man who built the first successful outboard motor — and the first successful "Light Twin" — the Elto that revolutionized the industry.



Built by his own company, under his personal supervision, the Super Elto represents the utmost in quality materials — the highest degree of exacting precision in workmanship.

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Send for the Super Elto catalog—we will hurry it special delivery if you like. ***If time is short, wire at our expense!*** To buy on information, to go to a dealer forearmed with positive knowledge of outboard construction and value, you ought to have this catalog. Tells you in detail about outboard motor construction and values. But if there isn't time, *be sure of this*—that you can buy a Super Elto and know that *this* summer, *next* summer and for *many more* summers, you'll have maximum service—ability—durability and value.

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OLE EVINRUDE, President
Dept 42, Manufacturers Home Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

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Light Weight. Amazingly compact, really portable.

Thrilling, Foaming Speed! Up to 14 miles an hour on light hulls.

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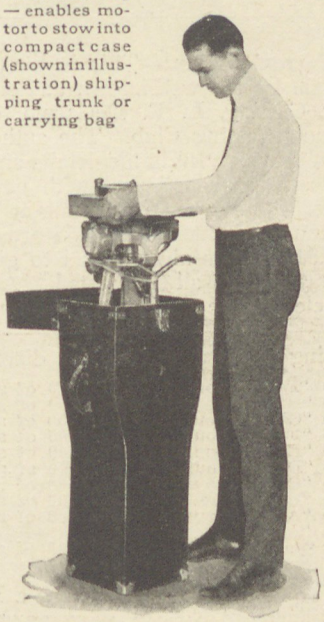
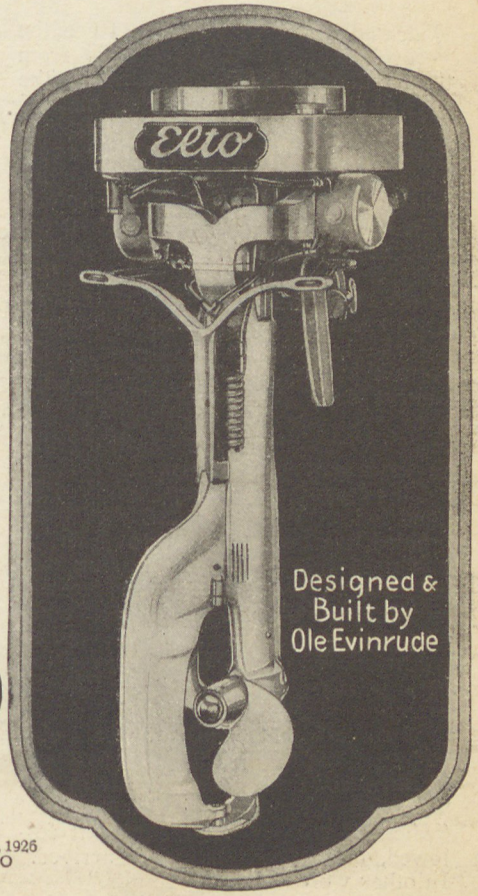
New Control. Full motor and rudder control from any part of boat.

Big Bearings—positive assurance of long service.

Safety Shoe—Protects propeller. Keeps pins from shearing.

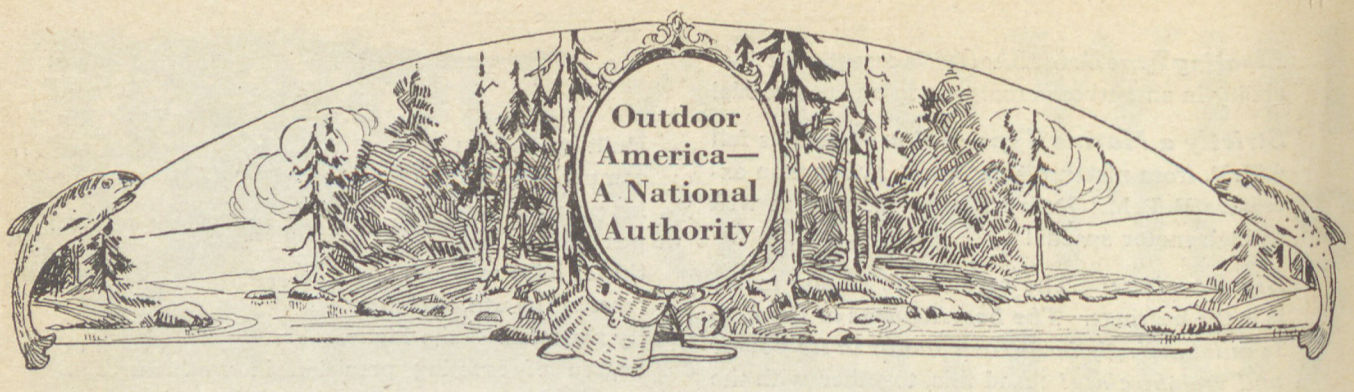


The Elto rudder folds snugly against shaft housing — enables motor to stow into compact case (shown in illustration) shipping trunk or carrying bag



Elto

© E. O. M. Co., 1926
A 3295—DP-O



Scientific Angling

Angling is an Art, a Science. Outdoor America is the Official Publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, and Consequently a National Authority on the Subject

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Tournament Fly Casting Lines

By L. E. DE GARMO

IT would be interesting to trace the evolution of fly casting lines from the fly lines of twisted horsehair in the days of Izaak Walton to the fly lines of the present day. Our earliest information of fly lines is that they were made of twisted horse hair beginning with two or three white hairs for the tip and then built in sections, the next section following the tip being of three or four hairs for several lengths and then five or six hairs in several lengths running up to seven or eight twisted horse hairs for the body of the fly line. These horse hair lines were not used as in the present day. They had no guides on their rods nor did they possess any reels. These lines were something like twice as long as their rods.

This type of fly line was followed by hand twisted linen or possibly of hand braided lines, waxed, either of linen or silk until the advent of braiding machines with which we get the present silk braided lines. The double taper silk casting lines with their vacuum treatments of double boiled linseed oil, hand polished, are the last word in the evolution of fly lines.

If space would permit, it would also be interesting to dwell upon fly rods and fly lines for fishing simply, but in this Twentieth Century most folk care not "whence" it came nor the trail it followed, but "where have we arrived." In other words give us "results."

To be on common ground in regard to the concept of size of fly lines, the following tables are given for diameters:

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second article by the well-known authority on Fly Casting, L. E. DeGarmo, of the Illinois Casting Club. The author has been very careful in his details and they can safely be followed with good results. He can be seen casting at Washington Park most every Saturday and Sunday and is always glad to give information to all interested. Another article will be published later on.

Size "I" is about.....21/1000 of an inch
Size "H" is about.....26/1000 of an inch
Size "G" is about.....30/1000 of an inch
Size "F" is about.....34/1000 of an inch
Size "E" is about.....38/1000 of an inch
Size "D" is about.....45/1000 of an inch
Size "C" is about.....52/1000 of an inch
Size "B" is about.....56/1000 of an inch
Size "A" is about.....60/1000 of an inch
Size "AA"
or "00" is about.....65/1000 of an inch
These are micrometer measurements.

For investigators who have a Brown & Sharpe American wire gauge, the following table is given:

Size No. 14 is about....64/1000 of an inch
Size No. 15 is about....57/1000 of an inch
Size No. 16 is about....50/1000 of an inch
Size No. 17 is about....45/1000 of an inch
Size No. 18 is about....40/1000 of an inch
Size No. 19 is about....35/1000 of an inch
Size No. 20 is about....31/1000 of an inch
Size No. 21 is about....28/1000 of an inch
Size No. 22 is about....25/1000 of an inch
Size No. 23 is about....22/1000 of an inch
Size No. 24 is about....20/1000 of an inch

Fly lines do not run as accurately as drawn wire. First they are of silk, braided, and then in the treatment of waterproofing they are more or less drawn out of shape in the hand rubbing which follows on all well made lines, but for practical purposes both measurements will suffice.

For the Tournament game of "Accuracy Fly," the fly lines necessarily must balance to the rod and a stiffer rod will take a heavier line. The writer would classify them, for instance, for a very stiff rod an "A" line, for a medium stiff rod a "B" line and for one adequate, yet a little softer, a "C" line. The writer also likes to splice on to the forward end three or four feet of a smaller size. For instance, splicing on an "A" line a "C," and splicing on the "B" or "C" line a section of "D." This tends to partly overcome this "side kick" of the fly at the end of the cast.

Just a word in defining the power of a fly rod. It is very largely a matter of the "second joint," and a rather stiff second joint, in the restricted rods of Tournament casting, will carry this size "A" line adequately. The same idea would follow for the other two types of rods.

In the Tournament game of "Dry Fly Accuracy," the type of rod usually is not as stiff as for the "Accuracy Fly" and the writer's experience is that the best results for the "Dry Fly Accuracy" is a double tapered "D" line tapering to "H." It is really quite a good plan to have one end taper "D" to "G" as one gets better results in the wind.

Usually the "Dry Fly Accuracy Unknown Distance" game is played with

This 168 Pounder is only one of 34 Tarpon that were attracted by a Pflueger Record Spoon and landed with the aid of a Pflueger Templar Reel, by H. L. Porter of Lynn Haven, Fla.

A Pflueger Pal-O-Mine Minnow was used by Edward Doane, West Palm Beach, Florida, in landing this 16-lb. Robalo and 4½-lb. Speckeled Trout.

Here is the result of a battle to the death between A. H. Hudson and 50 lbs. 3 oz. of raring, tearing musky. Hundreds of spectators witnessed this triumph of Lowe Star Bait and a Pflueger Reel.

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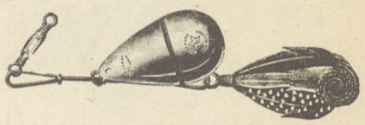
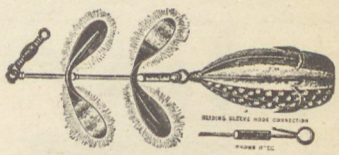
Here's a real book teeming with interesting information for both veteran and beginner. It not only describes and illustrates (many in actual color) bait and tackle for every fish and style of fishing, but gives real practical hints from successful fishermen. It is also a real encyclopedia of game fish and describes the best methods proven by test, of bait and fly casting, surf fishing, trolling, etc.

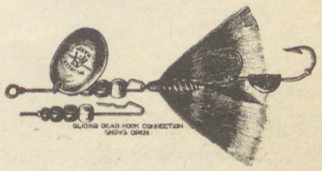
If there's fisherman's blood in you, you'll want this free book and we want you to have it.



Lowe Star Bait



Pflueger Luminous Tandem Spinner



Pflueger-Harp Pork Rind Spinner

Pflueger Record Spoon

Pflueger Pal-O-Mine Minnow

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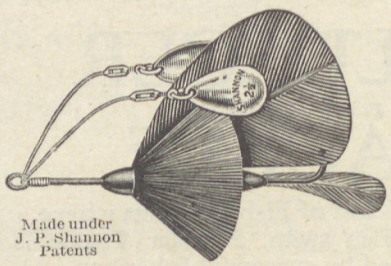
HERE IS THE PROOF

These Photographs of a leaping 9 pound Bass are taken direct from a moving picture film, showing the capture of the bass. These are the most remarkable pictures of a leaping bass ever taken. They clearly demonstrate that fish do not necessarily get off a **Jamison Barbless Hook** on account of a slack line. This fine bass was taken by the man in the rear end of the boat. A close inspection of the first four pictures will show his rod is straight, indicating slack line. The last two pictures show the rod slightly curved, indicating a tight line. Although it required only 2/5 of a second to take these 6 pictures, yet the fish is in 6 different positions. In spite of this amazing speed and the great power of this big bass, he was unable to get rid of the hook, although he had slack line.



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USE JAMISON BARBLESS HOOK

No matter whether you do still fishing with worms or minnows, or whether you are a bait caster or a fly caster you can use the barbless hook to advantage for we have a hook or bait or a fly for every kind of fishing. It holds any kind of fish taken in any way and does no injury. Small fish can be shaken off without touching with the hands. Start in now to help save the fishing by using the Barbless.

All leading experts and authorities recommend the use of the Jamison Barbless from personal experience. Get our catalog and read their letters.

Our catalog lists Trout and Bass Flies, Artificial Baits, Plain Ringed Barbless Hooks and Hooks tied to gut. Also Casting Lines, Weedless Hooks, etc.

Show these pictures to your friends.

The W. J. Jamison Co., 739 So. California Ave. Dept. W, CHICAGO, ILL.

the same tackle and hence the same line sizes apply.

In the "Delicacy Fly" game the writer has found the best results from a line tapered "D" to "F." This is a trifle heavier forward and will uncoil faster on the long cast in the game.

Tournament casting lines for the "Distance Fly" are still a matter of much discussion. In the writer's experience there are two types of lines for the average distance fly rod that are desirable.

For a distance fly line to suit most weather conditions, the following formula will be found adequate. Splice the sizes as noted:

Beginning at the forward end of the line, start with 10 feet of size "H," splice on 10 feet of "F," 10 feet of "D," 10 feet of "C," 10 feet of "B," and 10 feet of a special size of 75/1000 diameter, 5 feet of size "B," 5 feet of "D," 5 feet of "F," and the balance of the tail of the line of "I," say 60 feet. This will give a contestant a line with a 10-foot leader attached, to make an 85-foot lift.

You will note the taper following the heavy middle runs down sharply and the "line hand" should hold this line in about the "F" section when extended for the "Shoot or Drive."

For contestants who cannot lift a long line from the water and also a line which is quite adequate for windy days, the following formula is given:

Ten feet "H," 10 feet "F," 10 feet of "D," 5 feet "B," 10 feet of a special size 80/1000, 5 feet "B," 5 feet "D," 5 feet "F," and the balance for tail about 75 feet of "I."

This the writer designates as a "Shooting" line and with a 10-foot leader will permit of a 70 to 75-foot lift. The delivery on the forward cast in using this line should be at least two feet higher above the water than the forward drive of the ordinary distance line, as given in the first formula.

Fly casting lines for the Salmon event the writer has also developed along two formulas. The first or regular formula consists of as follows:

Ten feet "E," 10 feet of "D," 10 feet of "C," 10 feet of "B," 10 feet of "A," 25 feet of a special size 85/1000, 10 feet of "A," 5 feet of "B," 5 feet of "C," 5 feet of "E," and the balance of about 75 feet for the tail of size "H."

This line will give a contestant from about 105 to 110-foot lift (with about a 12-foot leader attached), and is the most practical for all conditions.

For a contestant who cannot lift cleanly 100 to 110 feet and for also a line that is quite satisfactory for wind conditions, the following formula is given:

Ten feet of "F," 10 feet of "E," 10 feet "D," 10 feet "C," 5 feet of "A," 25 feet of 85/1000, 10 feet of "A," 5 feet "B," 5 feet "C," 5 feet "E," and 75 feet of "H," for the tail.

This will cover about a 100-foot lift, but being lighter forward is more easily lifted. The drive or shoot also should be made higher.

Relative to the care of Tournament lines during the winter season. A sim-

ple method is to take a paper carton, say about 12 inches square and 6 or 7 inches deep and uncoil the line and throw it in small loops in this container. One can have cardboard partitions upon which the kind of a line is noted and a container of this sort will carry practically all of a contestant's different types of fly lines. They should never be left on reels during the winter but should be thrown loosely in a container of this sort, which the writer likes better than throwing in long loops and hanging up on pegs.

Relative to the treatment of fly lines that grow sticky during warm weather, the writer finds about the simplest way to handle this is to wash your sticky line thoroughly in as hot water as is comfortable, wiping it off with a cloth and then dampening a cloth with alcohol and going over the entire length of it, not too heavily, but with a firm touch. Then moisten a cloth with white shellac and treat the line in about 5-foot sections, as shellac will dry quickly. After treating, throw in loose coils on the floor or a table and in two hours it will be thoroughly dry. This applies very well for lines for fishing. The writer has found for lines used in Tournament Casting where they have to be treated in this way that just after treating a five-foot section with shellac you follow immediately with graphite. This will rub the graphite fairly well into the shellac and when it dries it has a hard, smooth surface.

The writer dwells just a moment in reference to balancing lines and rods. He has no patience with the idea of balancing a reel to the fly rod. A moment's thought would convince anyone that given a rod and reel balance for a 30-foot cast if you shorten the line to 20 feet you would disturb the balance, and if you lengthen it to 40 feet you would disturb the balance. In the writer's judgment the proper thing to do is to balance the rod and the line. (Any reel will do.) A reel is simply a "warehouse" or a "storage place" on a fly rod. In any event to balance a line and a rod is an individual characteristic. One must try one size of line or another until he gets the "feel" he is looking for. The writer has found that as heavy a line as a rod will comfortably carry is the easiest to cast and will require less force than a lighter line.

To splice a line, unravel or "fray out" about ¾ inch of the ends of the splice. A fine awl or a good heavy pin will spread the fibers about as well as anything. Then cut away about ¼ of the frayed portions and spread the remainder in three or four sections and then bunt them, or place them together. This overlaps the frayed sections of each splice over the line of the other. Roll them between your fingers to smooth them down and then apply a little white shellac. This will hold them together while you wax about three feet of sewing silk with beeswax. Then, much in the same manner as you put the windings on the rod, wind these spliced ends together smoothly as possible, fully covering all of the spliced fibers. The ends of the silk can be

1,500,000 *Bass-Orenos Sold*

Since its origination, 11 years ago, *one million and a half* Bass-Orenos have been sold . . . a record no other single bait can equal, or even approximate. This, indeed, is evidence of the popularity of the Bass-Oreno as *the greatest fish-getter* made.

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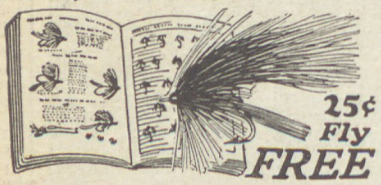

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Only authorized makers of DR. HENSHALL'S own design Fly Rod Lures — trout and bass.

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In round metal carrying box with moistener.

6 Trout, 6 ft. - $2.00
6 Bass, 4½ ft - $2.00
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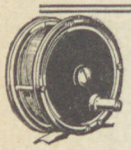

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Exclusive design—perfection from every standpoint. Black composition. Bronze bushed, adjustable click. Each, $7.00.

Henshall Vacuum-Dressed Line

Most satisfactory fly line made; dressed all through. No kink breaks. Should last years. Brown color. Only in 100 foot lengths (good idea, that!) English standard sizes, C — $5.00, D — $4.50, E — $4.00.

Deer-Fat Line Dresser

Genuine deer tallow preparation saturated in felt pages of neat leather-covered book. Floats line; indispensable for dry fly — fine for bait casting. Preserves line as only deer-fat can Prevents water-logging; line runs more smoothly and does not carry water, keeping hands dry. The slickest little gadget ever tucked into your kit. Each 50¢

All goods prepaid.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY COMPANY
STEVENS POINT, WIS.
"If Weber makes it, a fish takes it"

drawn in with a loop the same as we used for putting windings on a rod and an occasional half-hitch during the process is advisable. When you have the silk wound on, again apply, lightly, some white shellac. Roll splicing between the palms of your hands and then treat with graphite.

The writer presents the foregoing data on Tournament Fly Casting Lines as a result of nearly a score of years in experiment.

L. E. DeGarmo.

OPENING SCORES OF ILLINOIS CASTING CLUB

May 1 and 2, 1926

Illinois opened its season with exceptional weather and good attendance. The boys were in excellent condition for the ½-oz. Distance as the scores show. Walter Wilman, with 295 feet, passed Arbogast's longest Tournament cast by 2 feet, while "Bill" Eberman equaled it. Howard Chatt won three of the events.

Following are the scores in detail:

SATURDAY

5¾ oz. Accuracy Fly	Per cent
H. Chatt	99 9/15
Vong	99 6/15
Willman	99 6/15
DeGarmo	99 6/15
Bornholt	98 14/15
Cook	98 14/15
Fridenberg	98 12/15
H. B. Eberman	98 11/15
Allison	98 7/15
Cooley	98 5/15
W. A. Eberman	98 4/15

½ oz. Accuracy Bait	Per cent
H. Chatt	99.5
W. A. Eberman	99.3
Bornholt	98.9
Willman	98.9
Williams	98.8
Cook	98.5
Fridenberg	98.3
DeGarmo	98.1
Allison	97.5
Vong	97.5
Mathie	97.2
Young	96.9
Bennington	96.7
Randle	96.5
White	96.3
Cooley	95.9
Lloyd	94.8

SUNDAY

5¾ oz. Accuracy Fly	Per cent
Fridenberg	99 9/15
Vong	99 5/15
Bornholt	99 4/15
W. A. Eberman	99 3/15
H. B. Eberman	99 3/15
Allison	99 2/15
Cook	99 1/15
Cooley	99 1/15
Willman	99 1/15
H. Chatt	99
DeGarmo	98 6/15

½ oz. Distance	Avg.	Long
H. Chatt	271 1/5	290
W. Eberman	255 4/5	293*
Bornholt	233 2/5	266
H. B. Eberman	228 3/5	248
Stanley	215 4/5	279
Willman	211	295†
Cook	210 3/5	249
DeGarmo	197 2/5	217
Fridenberg	188	246
Mathie	178 1/5	266
Cooley	162	237
White	148 2/5	285
Bennington	127 1/5	198
McCombs	114	187
McCandless	107 1/5	209
Williams	87	236
Kromphardt	33 2/5	167

* Equals National Record long cast in half-ounce distance.
† Breaks it.

⅝ oz. Accuracy Bait	Per cent
Cook	99.6
Stanley	99.6
Schroeder	99.4
Stoltz	99.3
DeGarmo	99.2
H. Chatt	99.2
White	99.1
Willman	99.1
Mrs. Williams	99.0
Mathie	99.1
Williams	98.7
H. B. Eberman	98.6
Cooley	98.6
Mrs. Willman	98.6
Bornholt	98.5
W. A. Eberman	98.3
McCombs	98.2
Young	97.7
Fridenberg	97.6
Randle	97.5
Miller	97.1
Bennington	96.6
Clapp	96.4

½ oz. Accuracy Bait	Per cent
Willman	99.2
Cook	99.1
W. A. Eberman	99.1
H. Chatt	98.8
Stoltz	98.8
Mrs. Williams	98.7
Lloyd	98.6
H. B. Eberman	98.6
Bornholt	98.5
Vong	98.4
Schroeder	98.2
Mrs. Williams	98.2
Mathie	97.8
McCombs	97.7
Cooley	97.4
Kromphardt	97.4
DeGarmo	97.3
Fridenberg	97.3
Randle	97.2
Bennington	96.6
Armstrong	95.5

ST. PAUL FLY AND BAIT CASTING CLUB

Casting Club Has Largest Turnout at Meet

All records for number of competitors were broken Wednesday evening when the St. Paul Fly and Bait Casting Club opened its session at Phalen park.

Twenty-one members competed in the first event of the season's program, the five-eighths ounce distance bait casting, and many of them made excellent showings, considering the fact that it was their first opportunity to cast since last season.

Several new members competed for the first time, and some of them give promise of developing into experts, according to Coach Fred W. Kuesel.

Ben Wittick, with an average of 170 2/5 feet for his five casts, won first honors, with Fred K. Kuesel second, Paul Schilling third, Ed L. Steidel fourth and Roy Wittick, winner of high average last season in fifth place.

Following are the averages:

⅝ oz. Distance

Ben Wittick	170 2/5
F. W. Kuesel	149 1/2
Paul Schilling	144 1/10
Ed Steidel	143 9/10
Roy Wittick	130 9/10
H. F. Dodge	130 23/100
J. Kiedash	128 3/5
Paul Feist	123 1/5
E. A. Hill	119
A. C. Peterson	116 5/12
Wheeler	113 2/5
H. W. Roberts	112 0/6
M. J. Mickelson	103 17/25
William Sinclair	100 71/100
Ed Tischler	97 0/3
C. H. Edgreen, Jr.	96 2/5
M. T. Caine	95 7/8
A. E. Schilling	81 4/5
Knutson	71 14/25
A. C. Brockwell	66 4/5
T. Zabel	31 4/5

½ oz. Distance

Paul Schilling	162 3/5
Paul Feist	154 2/3
Ben Wittick	153 2/5
Roy Wittick	145 9/10
Ed Tischler	142 1/5

Fred W. Kuesel	135 2/5
A. C. Brockwell	133 2/5
H. F. Dodds	114 3/10
J. Kledaisch	111 4/5
D. Michaud	110 1/10
E. L. Steidel	110
Harry Hedlund	105 9/10
M. J. Mickelson	104 4/5
A. C. Peterson	98 3/5
W. H. Roberts	98 1/10
M. T. Caine	97 3/10
W. H. Sinclair	95 4/5
A. Knutson	88 4/5
J. L. Wheeler	85
T. Zabel	58 1/5

Fred Lane, Editor of Scientific Angling, will answer all queries to this department

The Body Cast

(*Continued from page 11*)

right you should get a distance of from two hundred to three hundred feet, depending how much pep there is back of it. The idea is like throwing a baseball.

After you have cast a few times, and snapped off a half dozen baits that landed so far out in the lake you couldn't see them land, but you could hear them hit the water and make a noise like a rifle bullet, or maybe the bait shot straight up to the sky, and after you have listened and given up all hopes of ever seeing or hearing it again, and you are trying on a new one, and while you are remarking to your friend, "Well, that's another one gone." Then you hear a thump like on a bass drum, you will then know your bait has returned from its skyward journey, and landed on top of your friend's head or your own, then you will start getting the idea I am trying to convey to you—How the Body Cast is made.

Anyone can learn it with a little practice. This is the Cast I use to catch ducks with in the air.

The Angler's Notebook

(*Continued from page 32*)

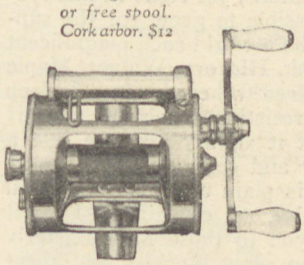
requested he be allowed to take "Betsy Jane" outside for conference. I let him take her, e'en though she loves me, I know. He was gone for an hour or more and when he returned it was to ask laconically, "How much?" Of course, I wouldn't sell her. Would a man sell his wife? So much in love was he with "Betsy Jane" that he offered twice the original price, and she a bit gray about the temples. It's confusion and all when a fellow falls in love with another man's wife! Well, if there be no such thing as a general-purpose rod, and there's not, I think I have come as near it in this type as it is possible to come. By all means, have a light, whimsy, baby rod for baby fishing, and a good, sturdy companion for day-in and day-out angling.

The Rolls-Royce, not the Ford, of Fishing Reels

IF you've reached the stage in fishing progress when you want only the best tackle, you'll be wanting one of the famous Meisselbach Reels. If your dealer shouldn't have them, don't let that stop you. There isn't a Rolls-Royce sales room in every block, is there?

The Meisselbach is made for the particular, the critical fisherman. Every reel that leaves our factory —*every one*—has successfully passed 117 inspections. Every one is made of the finest nickel silver and bronze, with phosphor bronze bearings and specially cut gears. The frame is cut from one piece to prevent vibration. The spool is smooth running but under perfect control. And every reel has the famous Meisselbach "takapart" feature for easy cleaning and oiling.

Meisselbach "Okeh"—level winding. Fixed or free spool. Cork arbor. $12



These are some of the reasons why Meisselbach Reels have been preferred by experienced fishermen for almost 40 years. They cost a little more than the quantity-production kind but they're worth far more.

Guaranteed forever against defective material or workmanship.

Write for the helpful "Bite Book" of all kinds of fishing information. There's no obligation.

The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Sales Offices and Factory: Elyria, Ohio
13 Taylor Street

Meisselbach

The Veteran Reel for Veteran Fishermen

"The Graham No-Lash gets 'em and there CAN'T be a back-lash"

Anything you can expect from any other reel, PLUS the fact that it CAN NOT BACK-LASH—that is the story of the GRAHAM NO-LASH REEL.

Distinctly not "just another" big type reel. Constant *control by governor* does away with back-lash, without any adjustments or springs whatever. You don't even thumb the GRAHAM NO-LASH! Based on this feature, finest quality materials and the most careful workmanship give you an extremely light, free-running reel of great beauty and all around utility.

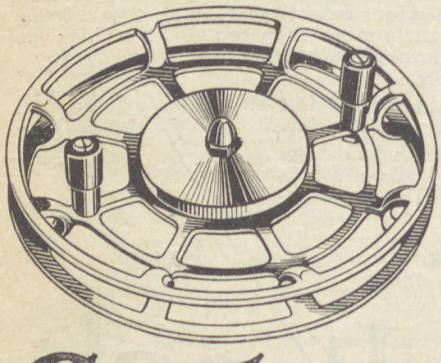
Ask your dealer about our special introductory price, or write us for details.

DEALERS! Write for attractive proposition.

WRITE!

This new illustrated Graham booklet will tell you all about this superlative reel and its GOVERNOR CONTROL. It's FREE—write today.

GRAHAM REEL CO.,
WINDFALL, INDIANA



Graham No-Lash

"THE GOVERNOR DOES IT"

The Tree People

(*Continued from Page 17*)

means short growing seasons and much wind wrenching, and it further means that the water supply is uncertain, variable and inclined toward shortage which makes the trees send out low limbs of great length to shade the ground about their base and thus help to retard evaporation by cooling the ground under the branches which is the tree plan of moisture conservation that the tree must practice diligently or perish if it is a tree growing *East* of the mountain summit.

If it grows on the *West* side it has plenty of moisture, but its fellows crowd it, and thus the whole forest shades the ground underneath, which condition makes the tree fight for air and sunshine, so the individual tree promptly reverses its eastern relatives' habits by discarding all lower limbs and climbing up for air and sunlight and thus produces a tall, clean trunked, calm growing tree that is straight grained and fine lumber stock.

Now, having set forth these moisture-mountain-timber facts as I've found them in thirty years of close, personal study, there is another thing I must add that has to do with the water supply of the lower country, miles away Eastward from the mountains, and which vitally concerns every tree that grows to Eastward beyond the direct influence of the mountains, or beyond the condensing radius of the Great Lakes, or the Gulf, or adjacent to the Atlantic.

The territory I mean embraces the great plains area, also the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio River valleys, but more particularly the country *Westward of the Mississippi*, where the stream flow is *Eastward* from the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

This is not a timbered country and never was, nor will it ever be under present conditions, yet right in this section it is possible to grow for the supply of the whole world such magnificent timber as Oak, Hickory, Walnut, Maple and a hundred other kinds of deep rooted, cold resisting, hardwood trees if we go about it rightly and use just a little energy and common horse sense.

The way is plain and it is not at all impossible, but to explain it I must again take you to those high Easterly slopes of the giant Rockies and there introduce to you my little friend who is the original dyed-in-the-wool hydraulic engineer, a conservationist and logger, namely, the humble beaver, who knows and practices a lot of things that will make us sit up and notice if we get well acquainted with him.

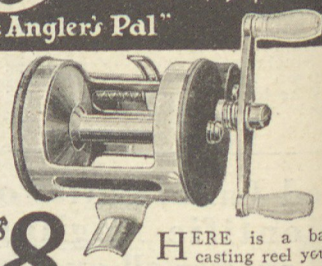
The beaver feeds on the bark of certain kinds of water-loving trees, cottonwood, willow and kindred trees being the favorites.

To have these trees within reach the beaver must live near an abundant, steady water supply, so he goes upstream toward the source to find his location.

He finds it among the mountain val-

Announcing the NEW LEVEL-WIND STRIKER REEL

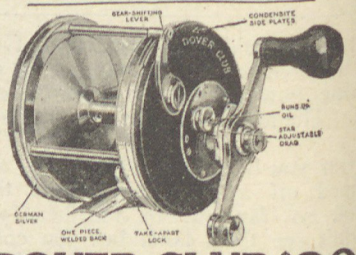
"The Angler's Pal"



$8

Scientifically made, Bakelite discs. Patented Oil Cups, Phosphor Bronze Bearings, Positive Level-wind mechanism. 80-yard capacity.

HERE is a bait-casting reel you'll just love to touch. A "level-winder" that can be taken apart without aid of tools. Beautiful to look at, strong, efficient! Simplicity itself. Old Big-Mouth Bass, Muskie or Pike will give you a game battle full of thrills, but he'll be yours in the end.



DOVER CLUB $20

The Surf-Casting Reel

That Can Be Taken Apart

Will land anything from Tarpon, Tuna, Red and Black Drum, down to Croakers. The biggest Tuna fish caught off Jersey and Florida Coasts were reeled in on Dover Club Reels. Adjustable one-way Drag, tires fish, not angler.

If your dealer is unable to supply you with these Reels, we will mail one or both, insured Parcel Post, on receipt of price.

Send for Reel Catalog C

Made by the manufacturers of Ocean City and Fortesque Surf-casting; E-Z-2-Part Bait-casting, Wanita Fly Casting and other high quality reels that have met the tests of critical sportsmen.

Ocean City Mfg. Co.
1347 Noble St. Phila., Pa.

FREE

For THE DAY YOU CAN'T GO FISHING

"Fish Stories," a book for you to read on the day you can't go fishing, will be sent you FREE. Facts about fishing lines, how they are made, what line to use, what features to look for when buying a line for your favorite method of fishing. Pictures of record fish. Pictures showing the making of hand-made lines that catch record fish. All these inner secrets that experienced anglers know are told in this book that will be sent you free. The edition is limited, so send the coupon to-day and get your copy

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG CO
446-6 Ashaway, R. I

Please send me a copy of "Fish Stories"—Free

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50 Lovely Paneled Visiting Cards, Beautifully Printed in Type Old English Text, sent to you for 60c. 100, $1.00. Correct sizes for Mrs., Miss, Mr. Send cash, check or P. O. Order. S. C. Longwell, Longwell Bldg., Fresno, California.

leys where the streams are small, but of constant flow from snowbanks, and where the temperature conditions are right to grow the trees he wants.

Here, near the source, he builds a dam across some little creek that may be one of the very headwaters of the Missouri or some other large river.

The beaver dam makes a pond, by part-stoppage of the creek flow, but a beaver dam is always a leaky affair, so the water is not held but simply checked and deepened into a pond, the creek flowing in at one end and out at the other.

This pond gives the beaver depth of water for his logging operations and at the same time it does something else that the beaver never thought of, because it does not concern his scheme of life. What it does is this: It checks the rush of flood waters by impounding them and spreading them out into a quiet pond instead of a rushing stream, so the flood has to begin over again to travel at a point below the beaver dam.

This pond thus checks flood action and at the same time makes a settling basin where all silt, sediment and debris carried by a flood has a chance to drop to the bottom, which it promptly does, thus clearing the water and building up the pond-bottom with the finest of soil-making materials.

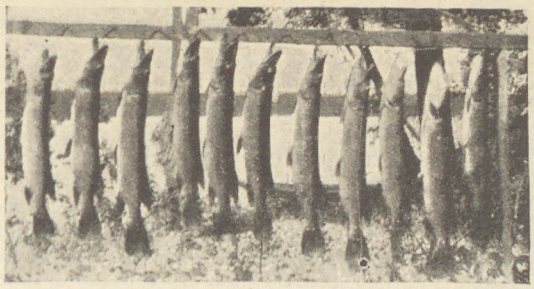
The beaver builds his dam higher to deepen the water as the sediment fills up the bottom, and if a beaver colony is undisturbed for years they will thus build up a fine acreage of level land in the valley bottom, and remember, please, that it is built up of *eroded material from the hills* and that *this is what fills river channels and harbors when it gets to the sea coast.*

Clearly, then, the beaver accomplishes at least two definite things: he checks erosion by stopping the carrying power of moving water and he stops the damage-producing power of flood-water by spreading it into a wide pond instead of leaving it in a narrow, scouring channel.

At the same time, and by no added work, he produces a fine piece of land which is productive as soon as the beaver dam is broken and the water drained out. Mountain "meadows," everywhere among the mountains, some of them many acres in extent, were 99 per cent built just that way by the beaver colonies before the great demand for fur for milady sent the trappers to kill these valuable animals off, but that, you know, was before these blessed (?) days of conservation as we practice it now.

All of these things which the beaver accomplished were, however, merely by-products compared with the one big thing he unwittingly did for the streams miles away to Eastward.

The thing he made when he made his little pond up there on the hillside was just this, *a reservoir that supplied an underground water flow below it by seepage* and *that* was *real conservation of water*, because it dealt water out slowly, it placed it underground where there was no evaporation and it was a constant, equalized supply of moisture



11 Northern Pike, 6 to 9 pounds in weight, taken by J. F. Zufall and Dr. MacIntosh, of Spring Brook, Wis., using Osprey Dardevle lure.

Bass, Pike and Pickerel can't refuse Lou's Lures!

The tremendous success of the original Osprey Dardevle eight years ago, has gradually compelled its being made in several sizes, and a great range of color combinations.

If you are still one of the "doubting Thomases"—don't go away this year without enough of these lures to try out. Don't gamble away the chance for the most successful trip of your life by refusing to try lures which are making good for thousands of anglers. You owe this to yourself.

If you are confused by the many sizes and color combinations in which the Dardevle family comes, here's a couple of tips:—

If you are new at the casting game, take the Dardevle size (spoon 3½" long, 1 oz. weight, 95c.) You'll be delighted at the ease with which it casts and the absence of trouble-some back-lashes. The average steel or stiff bamboo rod will do nicely.

For more accomplished casters, the Dardevlet (spoon 2⅞" long, ⅜ oz. weight, 85c); or the still smaller and lighter Imp (spoon 2⅛" long, ⅜ oz. weight, 75c) will be found correct on the lighter tackle you are doubtless using.

Then there is the Husky Devle (spoon 5½" long, made in 2 oz. and 3½ oz. weights, $1.50) for Muskies and Lake Trout. If you are going after these big babies, don't overlook old "Husky."

Now, as to color—every one of the nineteen available color combinations has been found a killer. We would discontinue any one of them for which there was not an active call. But the very best for all round fishing seem to be the red-and-white striped and the black-and-white striped models. So, if you just want a few to try out, these are your best bet.

Send for handsome catalog illustrating these in colors; also my Notangle Spinners and Nostealum Insect Hooks, a few of which are shown here. They're worth their weight in gold when 'live bait is all they're rising for.

Osprey Dardevle lures and lines are handled by all good dealers. Send for catalog. If your dealer can't supply you, send his name with your order and we'll supply you direct, postpaid.

"Osprey" Lines

are waterproofed so they won't rot, are braided so they shoot through the guides like greased lightning, and are guaranteed to stand anything excepting rough or cracked guides. "Osprey" lines have stood the test for fifteen years.

Canadian Distributors:

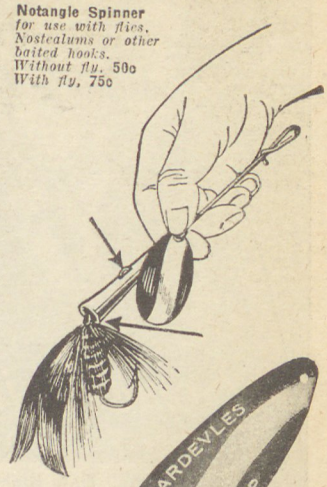
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger

"Outfitters of Sportsmen"

Dept. W, 131-135 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.

"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game."



Notangle Spinner
for use with flies, Nostealums or other baited hooks.
Without fly, 50c
With fly, 75c

Dardevle's Imp
"The Little Devle"
2⅛" long.
2-5 oz.
Price 75c

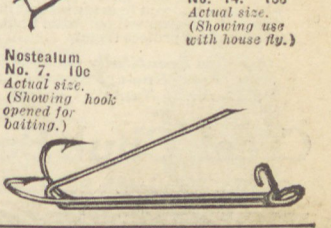
Dardevle
"The Old Boy Himself"
3½" long,
1⅛" wide,
1 oz.
Price 95c

Nostealum No. 3. 15c
Actual size. (Showing use with minnow.)

Nostealum No. 8. 10c
Actual size. (Showing use with grasshopper.)

Nostealum No. 12. 15c
Actual size.

Nostealum No. 14. 15c
Actual size. (Showing use with house fly.)



Nostealum No. 7. 10c
Actual size. (Showing hook opened for baiting.)

GET READY!

With the season toeing in on the fifteenth, you'll again want to try that castin' arm o' yours! For those big HE Bass, Pike, Pickerel and Muskies are waiting for you!

But to ketch 'em, you gotter be smarter'n they are! Remember those big, old, wise, fish have passed up many good looking lures in their life-time—that's the reason you've got to fool 'em with real fish foolin 'baits!

The New Jointed Pikie is the Champion of all foolers! It's just like the Famous Pikie Minnow—but even more graceful, life-like, and deadly—so smooth, so sensuous is its wicked, wiggling, swimming movement that even the big, cautious fish can't tell it from a real live Pikie Minnow and they strike it—HARD—to kill it!

Be sure to get one at your dealer's or direct—so you too, will Catch More and bigger Fish on that first trip!

NEW 1926

FLYROD "POP-IT" LURE

Length 3¼ in. No. F-100 Price 75c

A very light little lure with Cork body, buck tail and mallard feathers! Jerking makes it pop around on surface—with lots of fuss which Bass can't resist! Fast pulling makes it wiggle like minnow hustling for its life! We guarantee it to be a deadly killer!

Floating Injured Minnow

Weight ¾ oz.
Length 3½ in.

No. 1500
Price $1.00

A great surface lure—represents an injured minnow—laying on its side—about all in—short jerks makes 'em all strike.
Get any of these real fish getters from your dealer or direct from us! Every one guaranteed to be satisfactory to you in every respect or money refunded! Dealers sell our baits under this guarantee and we protect them!

Our New Beautifully Colored Catalogue Sent Free Upon Request! Also our "$100 for a Name" Contest Circular.

Creek Chub Bait Co.

326 So. Randolph St., Garrett, Ind.

that seeped along bedrock slopes and gave life to all vegetation below the beaver dam by slow percolation directly through the soils themselves, following bedrock silt.

It was the source of supply for fine springs that came out, sometimes a long distance from the beaver dam, to furnish water for another brook which was in turn probably dammed and used by another beaver colony.

The big lesson for us all in this beaver work is this: If we were to go about it rightly we could stop floods almost entirely and at the same time stop, to a very great extent, erosion and consequent filling of river channels and harbors and also, with no extra work, trouble or expense, we could supply plenty of moisture *on nearly the entire acreage West of the Missouri River to the Rockies* to raise almost any kind of deep rooted crops and trees that winter would not kill, including Oak, Hickory, Black Walnut, Hard Maple and many others.

To do this we must *cut out the idea of big dams low down on streams* and we must go high up and *build many small, leaky dams,* each one designed to retard stream flow and furnish a settling basin and a seepage reservoir all at one and the same time.

When we do this we shall apply common sense to the problem and that will point out to us that just the thing we want is low earth dams in series all along the "draws," coulees, depressions and upper drainage channels all over the country between the Missouri and the Rockies. On the creeks along the upper reaches we must follow the beaver plan and build our dams of brush weighted down with earth matter. We do not want cement or masonry dams, but just little low, leaky dams to check the flow of water, spread it out and form settling basins and seepage reservoirs—nothing more.

Two men, one plow, one team and one common scraper can make one or more of the dams we need across any prairie "draw" in one day; now, let every farmer build one or more each year on his own land, if he is a wise man, for that alone will increase his underground water supply to a very valuable extent in a short time and he can plant Black Walnut trees around every pond margin and he may be sure they will grow into short, but valuable, logs; the more ponds he makes and more trees he plants the better for him, because the water supply for his trees is sure then, and nature will attend to filling his pond with water from winter snows each year by having the winds sweep the snow off of the level places and piling it in big drifts in the draws.

This isn't theory, it is applied fact, for it can easily be done without much cost and the supply of water and fine hardwood timber would amaze us all after the system was once started, just because it would work out as certainly as time.

Build dams! Build lots of them! Build them wherever they will stop enough water to make even a prairie pond hole. Build more, and still more!

Oh you Luckie!

A quality Rod at a moderate price

We defy you to find a better rod than the Luckie at so low a price. Luckie Steel Fishing Rod is everything the name implies—it's lucky when it comes to catching fish. Made by the makers of the famous Bristol Steel Fishing Rod. Exceptionally strong. A style for every kind of fishing.

Luckie Bait Caster — $2.75

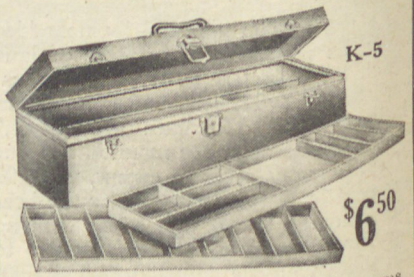
No. 400 Luckie Jointed Steel Bait Casting Rod—3 joints—4 to 6½ feet long. Cork grip handle. Nickel casting guides and stirrup tip. Weight 6½ to 7¾ ounces. Price $2.75. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct enclosing price. Specify length.

Write today for free catalog describing all models.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
56 Horton Street Bristol, Conn.
Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

LUCKIE
TRADE MARK
Steel Fishing Rod

HOBART WATERTITE TACKLE BOXES



$6.50

Durable, rigid box, 22"x6"x6½". Double seams, soldered corners, electrically welded partitions, all metal handle, attractive baked enamel finish. Strong Corbin lock. Absolutely watertight.

By mail postpaid or at your dealers. Catalog on request.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave., and 8th St., S. E.
Minneapolis Minnesota

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS

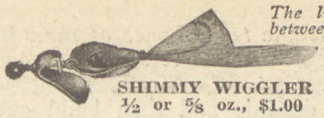
Have you read Hildebrandt's new Hints with a lot of ideas on using Hildebrandt baits that "hook and land 'em?"

It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 665 High St., Logansport, Ind.

Then we will not worry about dry spells on our farms, nor about the supply of Oak or Black Walnut, for those trees will grow steadily and make the finest of timber if we just plant them around the margin of every pond where they can send their long roots down to get the water and retard evaporation by shading the water in the ponds.

We don't need to set aside miles of land for forest reserves so some disgruntled ex-settler who has had to get out when the Government stepped in, can wait for a fine hot summer day to drop a careless match into a bed of pine needles and so burn up a few thousand



The lure—and the lady—that between them did the trick!

SHIMMY WIGGLER
½ or ⅝ oz., $1.00

45 minutes to land this 34¾-lb. Musky on a Shimmy!

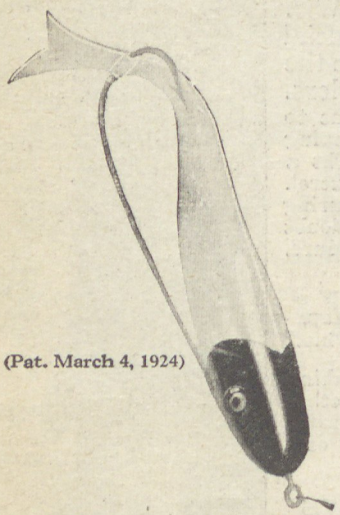
"I enclose picture of a 34¾-pound Musky landed after a 45-minute fight by my wife, with some slight assistance from me. He was taken on a Shimmy Wiggler.

"My wife and I were fishing for eight weeks this summer near Eagle River, Wis. The rest of the crowd were using artificial

"IT CATCHES the BIG ONES"

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

The Artificial Bait With Live Minnow (Body and Tail.) Action



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

Metallic head and rubber body.

Equipped with swivel which prevents twisting of line.

Standard casting weight, weighs 5-8ths of an ounce and is equally efficient as a trolling bait.

Swims in one position only, right side up, being properly balanced and is practically weedless.

Hook is detachable and can be replaced at a cost of five cents each.

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

PRICE $1.25 EACH

Made in 3 styles:

"A"—Red head and white body
"B"—Copper head and white body
"C"—Nickel head and white body
"D"—Brown head and dark gray body

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Or your order, accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each, will receive prompt attention.

STREICH MANUFACTURING CO.
423 N. Chicago St. JOLIET, ILL.

need is to go up there and build a series of snow fences to deflect the wind and so make it pile *ten volumes of snow* in a given gulch where it *only piles one volume now.*

If we do this and then build our small, leaky dams and ponds high up, as above, we need never worry about our future water supply, and in natural sequence, we need never worry about the shortage of Oak or Black Walnut thereafter, for we can build all the Oak and Walnut trees the world may happen to need; all we require is time plus the soil which we already have, plus the water we *can have* if we use just a little sense and judgment, of the plain, or garden, variety and close our ears to the prattle of *theorists* whose *theories don't fit the facts as they exist.*

If you care to take the trouble and time you can verify anything I've written about nature's ways here, for it isn't new, it's been as I describe it since time began, but you hadn't noticed it, that's all.

In my next article I shall tell you how the individual tree manages to face and outlive its enemies, mischance, accident, fire, flood and deliberate attempts of man to murder it.

It is always on the job and never loses sight of the main issue.

I'll tell you in the next paper how the tree manages all of these things.

Write to El Comancho and tell him what you think of this tree series. He wants to please you.

If You Have a Swamp

(Continued from page 25)

shores. Thus is formed a pocket of air protected from cooling winds, enabling the sun's rays to pour down a terrific stream of growth force on the vegetation in and about the swamp, that is exceedingly beneficial to the flowering plants and bushes because they are well protected by their great root moisture. Vegetation on the higher, dryer land would be injuriously affected by such strong growth force, as they would be withered and burned, having no such beneficial protection.

Only by going to the swamp and its surrounding fields can our sense of color and form be fully appreciative of the many shades of green, the great variety of ferns, the varied forms of animate and inanimate life. From where the wild rice grows in the midst of the swamp to the sloping meadows round about, where grow the purple fringed orchid, ginseng, yellow and pink ladies' slippers, the wild grape and climbing bitter-sweet, every space is full of interest, charm and pleasure.

Trees, too, grow in swamps and in and around the marshy land . . . trees that produce valuable wood, such as arbor vitae, tamarac, hickory, while near

absolutely Weedless Automatic Bait

When the fish bite it, it looks like this

The WAB

fascinates every bait caster. They are carrying it in their vest pocket to show their fishing fan friends.

Everyone Wants It

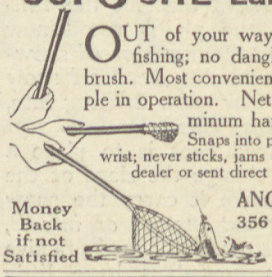
Slam it into the weed bed, rushes or lily pads anywhere. Smooth as a plug without hooks. Tested for two years catching Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskies and even Sunfish. Price $2.00

Send for description.

FENNER WEEDLESS BAIT CO.
Dept. O. A. Oxford, Wis.

When cast it looks like this

OUT O SITE Landing Net



OUT of your way while wading and fishing; no dangling net to catch in brush. Most convenient, compact and simple in operation. Net telescopes into aluminum handle. Weighs 8 oz. Snaps into position with a flip of the wrist; never sticks, jams or fouls. Through your dealer or sent direct for $5.00.

Money Back if not Satisfied

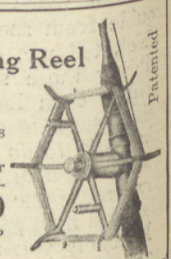
ANGELUS MFG. CO.
356 Bradbury Building
Los Angeles, Calif.
(Agents Wanted)

Kiest's Aluminum Casting Reel

The King of All Large Type Reels

Valuable to Amateur Anglers
NO BACK LASH
Seven inches in Diameter
This Reel is Line-Drying, Ball-Bearing and Level-Winding ---------- $6.00

If your dealer cannot supply you write to
HENRY A. KIEST, Manufacturer,
Box J KNOX, IND.



Patented

SPEAKING OF FISH

No use going fishing without **Brown's Guaranteed Fishing Calendar.** Figured out on a scientific basis after 17 years of observation and tests. Tells when fish bite or strike.

Write for free folder.

BROWN'S FISHING SERVICE
Prairie du Chien Wisconsin

FISHERMEN!

If you want to land your fish after you hook him, ask your dealer for "MYSTIC" Orange Loop leaders—The best that can be made—tested—guaranteed.

If your dealer cannot supply them, write us for sample and price list.

NORTHWESTERN TACKLE CO.
P. O. Box 955, Tacoma, Washington

at hand, but farther back, are the butternut and black walnut, so interesting to boys and girls because of their great crops of nuts. Among the shrubs that delight in boggy or damp ground are the elderberry, the spicebush, the sweet scented white flowering pepperbush, the blue and white osier dogwoods, the high bush cranberry, high bush huckleberry, the black alder, and the serviceberry, all of which, except the pepperbush, provide foods beloved of birds. Round about the swamp we find the hackberry or sugarberry tree, whose berries are also the special delight of birds.

Of course, as the city lady remarked, the swamp will attract water snakes and snapping turtles, muskrats and mink, and similar animals and vermin. The boys will find great sport in exterminating the water snakes and snapping turtles, finding a market for the turtles; in constructive breeding and trapping of the muskrats; and in the trapping of mink, skunk and other animals, particularly in the winter months, for their fur.

Therefore, if you have a swamp, why drain it, or, for that matter, why leave it as it is? Why not use it? Clean out what is not beautiful and useful and increase its attractions by bringing in the many other beautiful and useful things it lacks. If you desire it, your swamp can be made of great importance to your pocketbook . . . swamp flowers can be sold on the market. I saw a woman in one market selling Dutchman's breeches for forty cents the pot. Any swamp will grow Turk's cap lilies and other flowers, as well as flowers that have been cultivated for generations. Another woman was selling native lotus from her swamp at a dollar a blossom to people who motored past her door. So, why do away with the most interesting part of your farm or garden? Any astute owner of a swamp could make it profitable, a matter that should make him pause and think before draining it. Love of nature and sense of ownership should make him satisfied that a swamp has its uses as it is, even more so than when it is dried.

A drained swamp, cultivated for the first two years, yields enormously. Then it goes to pieces, becoming a terrible disappointment to its owner who succumbed to the entreaties of the swamp-draining promoters. Of course, the owner of a small lake could suction-dredge the humus from the bottom of his lake because an enormous quantity of such humus is going to waste in such places, whereas it could be rescued and spread on the nearby fields which are cultivated for crops and to which it would be of great benefit. Or it could be used on nearby eroded land. Such humus has been drained from the higher adjacent land for hundreds of centuries and there it lies, awaiting the suction pipe and usefulness on the land from which it was swept so long ago.

Of course, like the city lady, some of you may suggest mosquitoes as soon as a swamp is mentioned. But you do not need to have such pests about a swamp.

Meet "Jerry" The ACE of Tackle Cases!

Born at the 1926 Outdoor America Sportsmen's Show

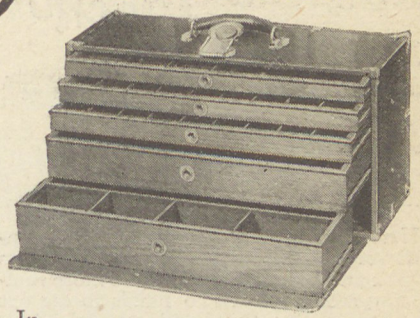
At the Outdoor America Sportsmen's Show, held in connection with the 1926 Izaak Walton League Convention, many veteran fishermen hailed "Jerry" as the ideal tackle case. In fact, "Jerry" is the direct result of their composite suggestions and recommendations—and has all the fine points and practical features experienced fishermen want.

Like all Green Line tackle cases, "Jerry" is wood-lined and metal-covered. But in every other way, "Jerry" is radically different from any tackle case on the market. Opens from the front; has five roomy, well-designed sliding drawers with removable partitions to accommodate unusual equipment, drawers compartmented for rods, reels, bait bottles, plugs, etc. There are no trays to be lifted out.

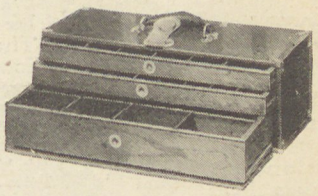
We're sure you'll want "Jerry." If your dealer can't supply you write us.

GREEN-CASE, Inc. RACINE, WIS.

Manufacturers of

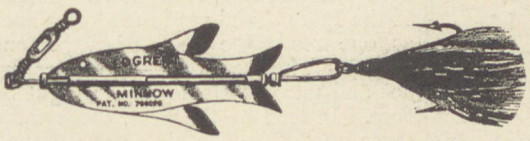


"Jerry" has 5 sliding drawers, with handy center ring pulls, and opens from front. Drawers are all 19" x 5¼" but vary from 3⅛" to 1⅛" in height. All drawers except one are compartmented and all partitions are removable. Bottom drawer compartmented for reels, rods, pork rind bottles, etc. Next drawer above, for camera, revolver, etc., is not compartmented. Top drawer has 8 handy compartments for leaders, spinners, swivels, hooks and small flies. Entire case is wood-lined, metal-covered; finished in attractive olive green baked enamel. Sturdy leather handle, heavy brassed lock. Overall size, 21" x 11¾" x 7". Shipping weight 18 lbs.



"Jerry Junior" is just like "Jerry" only smaller. Same sturdy construction, three drawers, same as top, middle and bottom drawers of larger case. Overall size, 21" x 7¾" x 7". Shipping weight, 13 lbs.

The GREEN Line



The EDGREN SPINNING MINNOW

Spins rapidly when drawn through the water. Its minnow shape makes it a natural fish lure.

No. 0—Length of spinner part 1½ in. (For Pike and small game fish.) Price.....50c
No. 1—Length of spinner part 2¼ in. (For Bass and Salmon.) Price.....75c
No. 2—Length of spinner part 2¾ in. (For Muskellunge and Pickerel.) Price.....85c

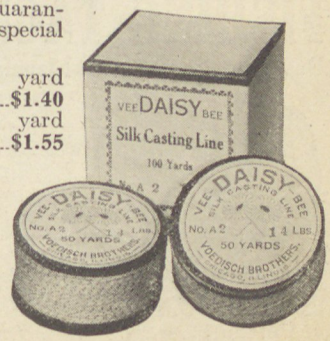
Made of high-grade cold-rolled steel, heavy copper-plated and highly nickeled.

Over 45,000 sold in the past six years (without advertising). Why?—Because it is a wonderful fish-getter.

The Vee Bee Daisy Oiled Silk Casting Line

Made of the purest A-1 Japan unspun silk and is guaranteed to test accurately as labeled. Oiled by our special process. For lasting quality cannot be excelled.

A-2—White and black—test 12 pounds—per 50 yard spool.....$1.40
A-3—White and black—test 18 pounds—per 50 yard spool.....$1.55
C-2—Black and white—test 15 pounds—per 50 yard spool.....$1.55

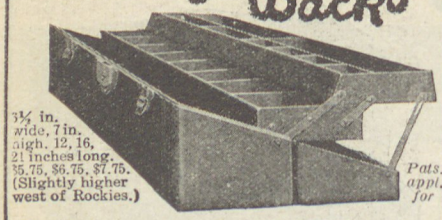


Write for our 116 page free catalog showing all the latest in fishing tackle.

We cannot handle all the fishing tackle and sporting goods in the world so we aim to handle just the best of it.

VOEDISCH BROTHERS
3313 North Clark Street CHICAGO

The Trays Swing Back



3¼ in. wide, 7 in. high. 12, 16, 21 inches long. $5.75, $6.75, $7.75. (Slightly higher west of Rockies.)

Pats. appl. for

Here's a new one—made by Outing—cantilever construction that swings the trays back and *then holds them up.* No more fumbling around with two hands to dig out what you want. One hand—open the lid—there's your whole assortment.

It's husky—built of auto body steel. And it has the looks—rounded corners and edges—enamelled brown-green—a beautiful job. You'll say you never saw one that's in its class for convenience, looks or construction, and you'll want one at $5.75, $6.75 or $7.75 depending on length.

The Real Shape Here

Wt. ⅝ oz. Price .95

Bassy-Getum

Just look at the shape—you can't beat it for life-likeness. That's because they are made out of hollow bronze.

Both have that crippled, hurt minnow action that makes them look like a real lunch to a rod-smasher.

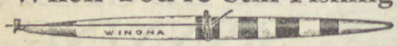
Piky-Getum

Wt. ½ oz. Price .95

A Casting Reel That Spools Itself

No complicated mechanism. Sturdy but light running—noiseless. And you *thumb the hub*—not the spool. Fits any casting rod. 100 yd. 15 lb. test capacity. A Winona product.

When You're Still Fishing



This Winona float will catch your eye. Line clips take line without threading. Hollow—light—yet durable. Finished in five colors.

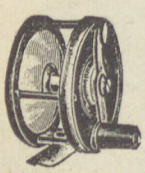
The Outing line also includes steel rods, landing nets, lines, lures, folding metal decoys, and other outing equipment. We'll gladly send you literature on the complete line. It's yours for the asking.

Outing Mfg. Co.

558 Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Indiana

FISHING TACKLE

Deal Direct with the Manufacturers



Security in buying tackle comes from the honor of the house that builds it. We serve a multitude of anglers who insist upon "value received" for the money they spend and we have no comebacks. Our name on a rod or reel symbolizes the highest achievement of this highly developed art. Since 1867 we have made and sold Tackle. This is surely a recommendation in itself.

2c stamp for 178 page catalog.

EDWARD VOM HOFE & COMPANY

97 Fulton Street New York City

Stock your swamp with fish, with ducks and teal and swans that eat more or less insect life. They will clear the place of pestiferous insects, just as peafowl, guineafowl, pheasants, quail and grouse will keep the uplands clear of grasshoppers, crickets, beetles and caterpillars so injurious to our woods and fields and agricultural crops. Make the swamp a thing of profit if you like, as well as of beauty by increasing its beauties, thus making it more enjoyable for eye and ear and tongue. To say nothing of our nose! But do not drain it. You will find it will produce as well as any other section of your land in health and wealth. Perhaps more so. Who knows? Then, too, you will want to make your swamp and the nearby fields and meadows a safe place for the song birds and for the game birds, so that they will have a resting place from the hunting fields, from the hunters, and from the animals and other birds that cause so much destruction in their ranks.

Conscience

(Continued from page 27)

The story of the Indian led to others and I learned that he had taken part in the border warfare in Ohio and Kentucky many years ago. As on a magic carpet we were transported back to the Ohio hills and I heard first hand stories of Simon Kenton and the Wetzels. I could see old Father Thompson's eyes kindle as he told of creeping through the forest with his old long barreled flint lock rifle, could hear its whip-like crack and see the Indian leap and fall back with his life blood staining the leaves. During the time Father Thompson was telling the stories I sat, hardly breathing. When I got home at night, I took down "Heroes of the Plains" and read the stories anew as one reads the deed of a personal friend. The bed that night was not hot and uncomfortable as the night before. Instead of the heat, there was a sense of chill in the air as one thought of the stories of the afternoon and listened in the darkness for the shrill war whoop. I drew the covers about me, feeling under my pillow for the assurance that bright, keen bladed knife gave me, and soon drifted into a dreamless sleep. From then on I managed to be on hand when Father Thompson wanted his horse harnessed. We had many trips to the farm together. He had a fund of stories which he never tried telling, nor I of listening. I was allowed to handle the old flint lock rifle, and later under his direction we ran some bullets for it, cut and greased the patches, filled the old powder horn and drove into the thick walnut grove. We sat quietly in the buggy until he saw a movement in the trees.

I ran toward it carrying the heavy rifle, a big load, and he hobbling excitedly along after. We saw the squirrel flattened along the branch. I rested the rifle across a branch and when the knife bladed front sight was on his eye,

Fishing Tackle

Write for This Catalog

Written by real, dyed-in-the-wool anglers, in an easily read style that you will literally "eat-up". Don't wait until summer—get a copy of this "guide to better fishing" today, get out your tackle box and check up your layout.

Lot's of new equipment—144 pages, all dependable merchandise when guaranteed by VL&A—the sportsman's own store.

No obligation—a postal will do.

Write Today—Ask for Catalog No. 68P

Von Lengerke & Antoine

33 South Wabash Avenue

CHICAGO

Every Need for Every Sport

KING MINNOW NET

Gets Live Bait for the Big Ones—always ready to serve you with fresh live bait for a wonderful day's fishing. Easily carried. 3 sizes—4'x4', $3.25; 3'x3', $2.75; 2'x2', $2.25. At all dealers and guaranteed unconditionally for one year, all broken parts repaired or replaced free. Get one today—you'll be ready to go fishing anytime.

The W. H. Reisner Mfg. Co., Inc., *Mfgrs.*
Hagerstown, Maryland

Peck's Nipigon Parmaketch

Nipigon Parmaketch

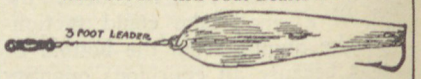
The mushy, grublike body makes this the most killing large trout and bass fly of the century.

Order quickly. Price, 35c each.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It



L. B. HUNTINGTON ANNAPOLIS, MD., P. O. Box 406

Fraser Butt Pad

FITS ANY ROD

1⅜" 35c, 2" 50c

Sportsman's Specialty Co.
448 E. Water St.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

GOV'T. POSITIONS

Men wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk, internal revenue agent, postoffice clerk, carrier and field clerk positions. $1500 to $2700 year. Write for free particulars.

MOKANE DEPT. 227 DENVER, COLO.

pulled the fine trigger with its whip like crack and like the flash of the pan the squirrel came tumbling down. I am not sure which of us was the most excited. Later in the fall we saw a flock of geese settle into the river. Under his directions I crowded up behind some willows, noiselessly pushed the long barrel through the thick willows and when one of the geese on the bar faced me I drew on his breast and fired to see a few feathers fly, saw the goose beat its wings and fall limp into the shallow water. It was a Saturday late enough in the fall to make the water chill, but I waded for the goose without knowing that the water was cold. Father Thompson prayed in church the next day but I did not know it was a long prayer, for as I leaned my head on the pew in front, my hand could feel in the corner of my pocket amongst my other treasures, a round bullet with a nick on one side where it had hit a goose bone. It was a fine prayer.

Father Thompson came home with us to dinner. Mother brought in the goose roasted brown savory. Father Thompson asked the blessing and as he expressed thanks for the food and those who provided it, I wiggled happily in my clothes.

Father Thompson did not long stay among us. He had lived much longer than is usually accorded to man and when he dropped quietly asleep no one mourned for him more than a small boy who sat in the pew of the church weeping bitterly and holding tightly to a big jack knife. I do not pretend to look into the future but I do know that if the eternal fitness of things are observed in the country to which he journeyed, that he will be put in charge of small boys.

Buck and I have drifted apart. I do not know where he is, but at this late date, I want to gratefully extend to him my thanks for suggesting to me that we steal that melon.

Pollution and Law

(*Continued from page 22*)

Richmond v. Test, 18 Ind. 482). If there is a material change in the use of a stream, from the beginning of the right by prescription to the date of the action against pollution, the defense founded upon prescription cannot be established (Prentice v. Geiger, 74 N. Y. 341).

This right by prescription can be acquired only as against a lower riparian owner and does not avail as a defense where the pollution amounts to a public nuisance (30 Am. & Eng. Ency. of Law, 2nd Ed.), and it appears that where action is brought by an individual who has suffered a special injury in consequence of a public nuisance, a prescriptive right cannot be maintained (Nolan v. New Britain, 69 Conn. 668). There is no such thing as a prescriptive right to maintain a public nuisance,

Talk about fish—*remember this?*

PFUT!—the line tightens—Shoosh! He's in the air. Kersplat! He's down again. Now he's sawin' the line on a sharp rock. Not a chance, beauty—that line's been in my Kennedy Kit—it's right.

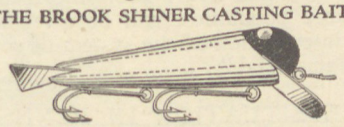
Depend on your Kennedy Kit. It will keep your tackle right for that big moment. It's waterproof and rust-resisting. Electrically welded steel—finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Carries all your bait, sinkers, rods, reels and line. Can't spill. Moderately priced.

All good hardware and sporting goods houses have them

Kennedy Manufacturing Co.
208 Harrison St., Van Wert, Ohio

Kennedy Kits

Something Entirely New!
THE BROOK SHINER CASTING BAITS



PATENT PENDING

Two Casting Baits for $1.00
Special Introductory Price for this Month
REGULARLY PRICED AT $1.50

LARGE BAIT for pickerel, wall eyed and great northern pike—muskies.

SMALL BAIT for large and small mouthed bass—white bass.

We guarantee the Brook Shiner Baits to catch more fish than any bait you ever owned. Money refunded and $5.00 for any fishless Brook Shiner Bait—Tried out and O. K.'d by old timers.

Exclusive Features—adjusting aluminum tongue and tail will make baits shimmy—wiggle, dart or imitate a shiner in fear and distress. Every strike a fish, because of unique hook attachment.

DO IT NOW! Remember our absolute iron clad guarantee. You want this bait at any price. SLIP US A DOLLAR BILL--NOW!

THE BROOK SHINER BAIT COMPANY
629 Sixth Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

$100 for a Name

For This New Wiggling Spoon!

Length of body, 2¾ in.
Weight, ¾ oz.
Price, $1.00

Made of brass—highly nickel-plated. No. S-1 with feathered treble. No. S-2 with hook for Pork Rind.

We will pay $100 to the person sending us the best name for this lure! In addition, tell us why it is a good lure and why fishermen should use it! Try to keep descriptive paragraph within fifty words. In case of tie, the paragraph submitted will be the deciding factor. Contest closes July 31st, 1926. For full information, write Contest Manager,

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY
1326 So. Randolph Street, Garrett, Ind.

Established 1822

William Mills & Son

25 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK

Fishing Tackle Specialists

(OVER 100 YEARS)

Sole Agent for

H. L. LEONARD RODS

The Rod You Will Eventually Buy

Our CATALOG contains not only descriptions and prices of goods but also COLOR PLATES of FLIES; FISHING MAPS of MAINE and NEW YORK (nearby); ANGLER'S KNOTS; FLY COLORATION DESCRIPTIONS and a "NOVEL INDEX" describing outfits for angling for various Game Fishes. COPY MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 10c IN STAMPS.

BARBLESS HOOK FLIES

SHOWS WET FLY on ORIGINAL (SETH GREEN) NEEDLE POINT BARBLESS HOOK.

SHOWS DRY FLY on JAMISON "HUMP BARB" BARBLESS HOOK

WET FLIES (on NEEDLE POINT Hook—with Gut) ..... $1.75 doz.
WET FLIES (on JAMISON Hook—with Gut) ..... 2.25 doz.
DRY FLIES (on EYED JAMISON Hook—no Gut) ..... 2.50 doz.

WILLIAM MILLS & SON'S EXTRA QUALITY TROUT FLIES

(Finest Possible to Make—Barbed Hooks)
Wet Flies, Regular Tie—on Gut..... $1.50 per doz.
Wet Flies, Light Tie—on Gut..... 1.50 per doz.
Dry Flies, Double Wing-Eyed Hooks.. 2.00 per doz.

DOUBLE TAPERED LINES

INTRINSIC — THE WORLD'S BEST QUALITY SOFT FINISH
Dark Brown or Green. For Dry Fly and Wet Fly.

Sizes	C	D	E	F
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Sizes	C	D	E	F
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Size C is for Rods 8 ounces in weight. Size D is for Rods 5½ to 8 oz. in weight. Size E is for Rods 4½ to 5½ oz. in weight. Size F is for Rods under 4½ oz. in weight.
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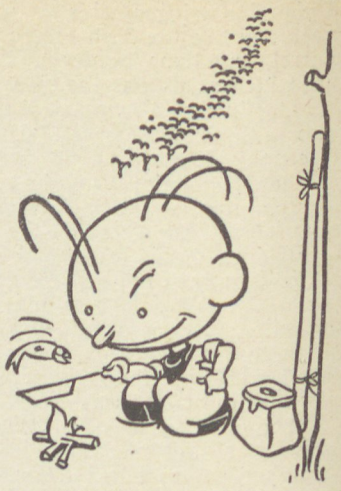
and hence prescription is no defense to a proceeding to abate a public nuisance, either by the public authorities or by a private individual for damages for the injury which he has received, or to an indictment against the person maintaining the nuisance (29 Cyc. 1207). The defense can avail only against a private nuisance and for individual damage. "No person is entitled on the ground of ancient custom to the privilege to collect a mass of sewage matter and pour it at one point into a stream in such a quantity that the river cannot dilute it on its passage down to the lower riparian proprietors, as the effect of such an act is to create an evil which must be illegal, being such as no custom can authorize." (Attorney General v. City of Grand Rapids, 175 Mich. 503.)

MUNICIPAL SEWAGE

What has been said before with regard to pollution by sewage and industrial wastes applies with equal force to municipalities. The discharge of sewage by a municipality into a stream is in effect an appropriation of the bed of the stream as an open sewer. It may be necessary for a municipality to send its sewage into a stream, but it is not necessary to pour it in without purification. Methods of treatment are known, and the element of cost is the main factor which has retarded its universal adoption (Platt Bros. & Co. v. City of Waterbury, 72 Conn. 331). In the case of Harper v. Milwaukee (30 Wisc. 365), the court said, "The general rule of law is that a municipal corporation has no more right to erect and maintain a nuisance than a private individual possesses." There is also a direct parallel between municipal sewage and what I have heretofore said with regard to mine water. The filth of a city does not flow naturally, as surface water finds its level, but is carried to the stream by artificial arrangements prepared by the city (Chapman v. City of Rochester, 110 N. Y. 273). It therefore follows that the discharge of sewage by municipalities into streams is simply a convenient and economical method of disposal and not a natural use of the stream. In enjoining the construction of a sewer (Village of Dwight v. Hays, 150 Ill. 253), the Illinois Supreme Court said, "the fact that a large population will be affected by the interruption of the system of sewers is immaterial."

THE SITUATION IN PENNSYLVANIA WITH REGARD TO MINE WATER

The doctrine that pouring mine water into a stream is in effect a natural use, had its origin in Pennsylvania (Penna. Coal Co. v. Sanderson, 113 Pa. 126). The doctrine has not been followed by any state except Indiana. The decision rests upon two grounds: first, that in pumping water from its mines so as to cause it to enter a stream the defendant was making a natural use of the stream; and second, that the vast importance to the community and the state of the coal mining industry required the



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plaintiff, an individual, to give up a less important domestic use of the stream without compensation.

That the doctrine established in this case is not wholly sound is best evidenced by its rejection by the courts of other states and its continual modification by the courts of our own state. Thus, as before noted, the courts have said the case was authority only for the discharge of pure mine water (Hudson v. Markle, 171 Pa. 138); that the damage was unavoidable (Clouse v. Crow, 68 Super. Ct. 248); and could not be prevented by reasonable care and expenditure (McCann v. Baltimore Coal Co., 238 Pa. 83); and that by unreasonable expenditure was meant such as counter-balanced the expected profit or benefit. The fact that the expenditure involved a large amount, which was small in proportion to the gain, was no excuse (Collins v. Gas Co., 139 Pa. 111), nor can mine water be pumped to a higher level than that which forms the natural channel (McClure v. Pittsburg C. Co., 238 Pa. 83); and finally and most important of all, it has been definitely settled that the doctrine in the Sanderson Case cannot be successfully pleaded where the public interest is involved, for in a late case (Penna. R. R. v. Sagamore Coal Co., 281 Pa. 233) Mr. Justice Schaffer, in an able opinion, said: "No language used in that opinion (referring to the Sanderson case) can be tortured into an implication that the waters of the Commonwealth can be polluted by mines where the public is affected as it is here." In this same case the court effectually disposes of the contention that the right to drain mine water is a property right, by saying that "it is generally recognized that *no right can be acquired by prescription to maintain a public nuisance.*"

THE POLICE POWER

What I have so far said with regard to the right of the public or the State to prevent pollution is founded on the police power of the state for the protection of the health of its inhabitants. This power always reposes in the state, and "while it cannot be put forward as an excuse for oppressive and unjust legislation, it may be resorted to for the purpose of preserving the public health, safety and morals, or the abatement of public nuisances." (Holden v. Hardy, 169 U. S. 396; Lawton v. Steel, 152 U. S. 133.) When the police power is exercised by the legislature, all that the courts require is that its exercise was a use of reasonable discretion and not discriminatory or oppressive to a particular class. (Comm. v. Cumners, 221 Pa. 298.)

It has also been recognized by as high an authority as the United States Supreme Court that "The duty of preserving the fish and game of a state from extinction, or prohibiting exhaustive methods of taking it, or the use of destructive instruments, as are likely to result in the extermination of the young as well as the mature, is as

(Continued on page 68)

How This 15 Year Record Fits in *Your* Tackle Kit

In 15 Years of Field & Stream's Fishing Contests MORE PRIZE BASS *on* Heddon Baits than all other makes of wooden lures combined

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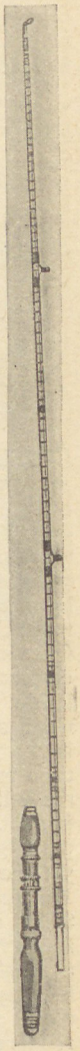

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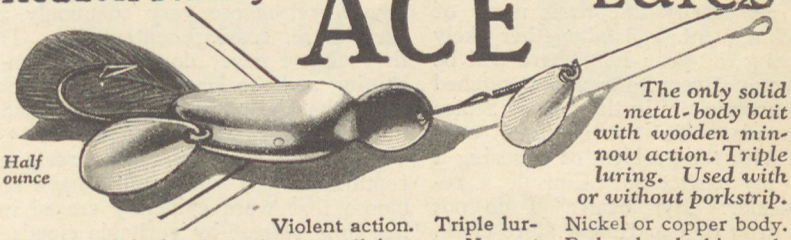

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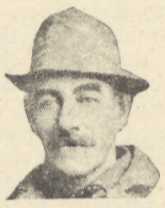

Josh Billings well said, "There's no argument agin a sukses." When such men as Ozark Ripley, Bob Davis, Robt. Page Lincoln, Dr. Chas. F. Dolder, the late Dixey Carroll, say there is only one perfect leader, for Strength, Durability and Invisibility and Lasting Qualities, and that is the genuine JOE WELSH LEADER, good in fresh and salt water. It won't cost you a cent to have samples of the 6 sizes mailed to you. You will use this leader some day—why not now?

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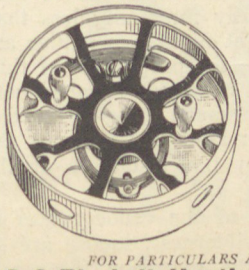

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THERE is no need to tell the modern camper that the camera is one of the few really important items of outing equipment. It is altogether likely that during the year 1926 there will be at least one camera to each tent pitched by pleasure seekers in the United States and Canada. To the beginner confronted with the problem of choosing a camera my advice is: Consult a reliable dealer. By "dealer" I do not mean a drug or department store clerk, but a specialist who devotes his full time to the making of fine pictures and the selling of photographic material. I bought my first camera from an old photographer who was not only an expert in his line but also an honest man. He sold me a plain box camera for $7.50, saying that it would be as satisfactory in my unskilled hands as would a more costly type with extra quality lens and delicate adjustments. He predicted that later on, when practice had rendered me more proficient, I would be dissatisfied with anything but the best. This was before the manufacturers of cameras had educated the reading public to the value of the instrument as an outdoor accessory, so it was not strange that fellow cruisers considered this addition to my outfit in the same light as they did my jointed fishing rod and jeweled reel—the results of an individual eccentricity bordering on foppishness.

Perhaps it is because the moose is the largest wild quadruped now existing in the north woods that most campers fervently desire an opportunity to photograph him in his native haunts. Fortunately for the amateur, he is also among the easiest of wild animals to approach by daylight. The procedure of stalking is very simple during midsummer. Then the moose spend much of their time in and around lily-grown lakes and streams—not because they are driven to it by annoying insects, but because they are attracted to it by palatable food. In more than thirty years' experience as a forest rover, I have not observed more than half a dozen instances where moose seemed to be actually driven to water by flies.

In my opinion moose are not much annoyed by mosquitoes. At dusk and dawn, mosquitoes seem to be more numerous at the water's edge than elsewhere, yet moose very commonly are seen there, resting contentedly. This they almost never do when the sun is shining and the larger flies are abroad. Like the deer, they seek the shaded thickets to escape from flies.

Abnormal conditions will create exceptions to any rule, and I have seen moose that were evidently crazed into headlong retreat by veritable clouds of "bulldog" flies. One such moose plunged over a soft cut-bank into the Big Fork River a short distance from my canoe. I had heard him coming a considerable time before he appeared. Straight as an arrow he came through the dense, second-growth aspen, smashing everything in front of him and turning aside for nothing until he surged over the brink. Fortunately there was some depth of water at that particular spot, so instead of injuring himself beyond repair, he found a delightful haven from which to defy his winged pursuers. With only the tip of his nose showing, he remained in that pool while the cloud of baffled flies that roared above was as visible and as opaque as a captive balloon.

Although I admit that moose and deer are sometimes driven to it by flies, I maintain that during midsummer the principal reason why they seek the water is to secure an abundant and desirable food that grows there. It is merely a coincidence that flies are most numerous at that time of year. In support of this conclusion it is only necessary to call the reader's attention to the fact that during the "dog days," when flies are active, moose spend most of their time in deep shade, only visiting the water at intervals of about four hours and usually remaining less than an hour. But at night, when flies are not in evidence, the proportion of time spent on land is reversed. That is, both deer and moose spend most of the day in seclusion on land and most of the night either in the water or at the water's edge.

Along many of the canoe routes in the northern wilderness, moose are so common that the voyageur frequently has opportunity to take excellent photographs of them without any preconceived plan of action. But those who really want to study these animals and to secure worthwhile pictures of value to a naturalist, should prepare a campaign that is reasonably certain to bring satisfactory results. With this in mind, I would advise the photographer to choose as a campsite an elevated point situated about midway between the extremities of a known feeding ground. The reason for choosing a midway location for the camp is because moose have an acute sense of smell and continued adverse wind might nullify one's chance of near approach.

These feeding grounds may easily be recognized by the uprooted plants floating on the water, as well as by the tracks and trails to be seen along the margins. The tent should be pitched in such manner that, while it is not visible from the water, an unobstructed view in three directions may be had from its doorway. In other words, it should be just within the screen of foliage. Twenty-four hours of continous observation and listening, with a time record of the arrival and departure of each individual animal, should form a fairly good basis for outlining a system of successful stalking, by night or day. Light conditions must be noted for daylight pictures.

Individual moose at this time of year are quite regular in their habits. As a rule they remain in the neighborhood of the feeding ground and depart from the water at about the same times and places.

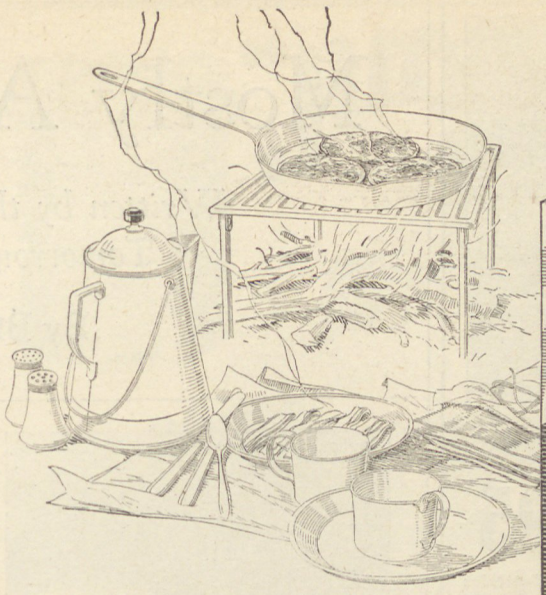
The technique for approaching a moose that is feeding upon underwater plants is quite simple. The approach must be made up-wind and all paddling done when the creature's head is under water. The instant his head shows above the surface, all motion should cease, the paddles being allowed to drag edgewise without sound—never bump the boat. If the canoe is headed directly toward the moose and the occupants bend low, it is unlikely that the moose will become alarmed. A bunch of dead grass fastened to the prow may serve as camouflage, but, personally, I have never found this to be necessary. All possible speed should be made while

the animal's head is under water, but care should be taken that its final emergence occurs when the canoe is within camera distance. Although the vision of a moose does not appear to be very keen, it has other senses acute enough to warn it of approaching danger and it would be unwise to risk detection while out of range. In deep water the moose may sometimes be headed off shore and maneuvered into perfect position for photographing, when as many exposures as desired may be made. For a short distance a swimming moose may travel somewhat faster than two men can paddle a canoe, but these spurts are short-lived, and even a single skillful paddler can soon overtake him. There is comparatively little danger to the canoeist in closely *following* a swimming moose. Some rangers in Quetico Provincial Park make a practice of having their pictures taken while riding astride of full grown bulls that have been intercepted in midlake. They are careful, however, to relinquish their mounts before shallow water is reached.

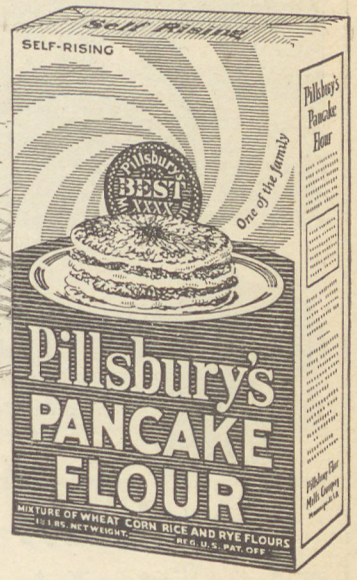
As to the motives that cause deer to frequent the water during the summer months, it is my belief that they actually avoid water except in search of food, drink, or in the ordinary course of travel from place to place. I have often noticed that they were very careful to keep from wetting their coats when flies were unusually active.

While staying at an abandoned lumber camp during the third week in June, I once had occasion to make a series of observations. From the abutment of a nearby logging dam between two lakes, the shores were visible for a distance of nearly one-half a mile in both directions. For five consecutive days between the hours of eleven A. M. and one P. M., I stationed myself at this vantage and watched for deer. I saw twenty-six in all. Although the fly season was at its height and every deer seen was using feet, legs, tail and ears incessantly in an endeavor to dislodge their tormentors, not one appeared to be in any great haste to enter the water. There was a surprising uniformity in their movements. They angled slowly down the sparsely timbered slopes, twitching and fidgeting from left to right, sniffing and nibbling at twigs and buds, until they reached the beach. After a moment's apprehensive survey, they would wade out to about ankle depth in the water, take a few dainty sips and proceed to shore. The general direction of their noonday journey was invariably upwind, and when they left the water it was always a rod or two beyond the point at which they had entered it. Had they been driven to water in a desperate attempt to rid themselves of flies, their progress would not have been so leisurely nor would they have delayed complete submersion an instant longer than necessary. But these deer knew that a dry coat is far better protection against insects than a wet one.

It is obvious, therefore, that the flies have little or nothing to do with their aquatic propensities.



One of the family



A bear of a breakfast!

Pine-scented air fetching the fragrance of sizzling bacon and bubbling coffee—the aroma of a stack of "wheats" browning in the pan. Wham!—that's when the old appetite rises like a "pink-eye" leaping for a Dusty Miller.

WHEN belts are slipped a notch and pipes are drawing sweet, outdoor men hand it to Pillsbury's pancakes! Packed to rough it, Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is the champion "chow" for quick, satisfying meals in the open. Every ingredient for perfect pancakes is right in every package. Simply add water or milk—and bake in any frying pan. You can do the whole job in six minutes flat!

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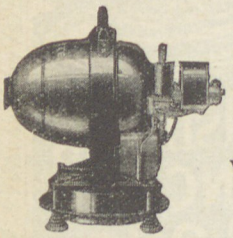

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Mostly About Boys

Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and Edited

By BEN EAST

V. Allen Cunningham and his pal.

JUNE is here, the month that sees the fishing season at its height, at least in the northern states. The fish will be through spawning by the middle of this month, with few exceptions, and a fellow can catch them with a clear conscience. The water is not yet warm enough to drive them into the deep pools, or make them sluggish and unwilling to bite. I wonder, by the way, how many of your states have been wise enough to keep the season on bass, bluegills and similar fish, closed until some time this month. If you haven't such a law, the best thing to do is to make one for yourself, and urge your friends to do the same. Give the fish a chance to get off the spawning beds, and there will be plenty of fishing for everybody.

I don't know how many of you boys are bait or flyfishermen, but I presume a lot of you are. If you fall in either of these classes I know you have your favorite lures, for every kind of fish and every kind of weather, and you do not need advice. Just now, though, I want to pass on a hint or two, to you who use natural bait. Just a few tricks I have tried and found good when they weren't biting very fast.

To begin with, you can use natural bait and still be a first rate sportsman. There is a lot of argument about that, but if you play the game, fair and square, the kind of lure you use doesn't measure your sportsmanship after all!

Now for the hints. Have you ever tried crawfish, commonly known as crabs, in the inland lakes, as a bait for rock or black bass? Catch some next summer, and give them a workout. Some day when you are catching nothing but small bluegills or sunfish, and the sun is hot and dry, and angleworms are deep down and hard to find, catch some of the small brown moths or millers that flutter around lamps in late summer, and go deep with them. The big boys are there, and moths are a treat they will appreciate. Use crickets or grasshoppers—called locusts in some localities—the same way.

I don't suppose I need to tell you that frogs are a first rate bait for bass and pike, better even than minnows, sometimes. Use small ones, about two inches long, and if you want to cast with them use a weedless harness, and one frog will last quite a while. Put them well up into the weeds, and move them out slowly, with short natural jerks. Many a sullen old bass has lost his temper over a half grown grass frog.

Last of all, when worms are hard to get, do you know how to find the big night-crawlers? They are really nothing but full grown angleworms, that come up from their deep burrows at night for air and moisture. Soak thoroughly a spot on the lawn, or any sod field, where the grass is short, in the early evening, and after dark has fallen, hunt for the worms with a flashlight or lantern. They can duck back into their burrows quicker than you would think possible, and it's almost as much fun to catch them as it is to go fishing.

Junior Richards.

Bobbie Campbell and Bobbie Sheridan.

Wilmette, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

I am sending you this story of our trip in 1925 with some pictures that Dad took of me fishing on this trip.

Dad, my brother Lester and myself left Chicago about the 20th of July, arriving in Missoula, Montana, on the 23rd, after a fine trip on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul deluxe train Olympian. At Missoula we met the rest of the party, Mr. Fetters and his son Jack, Mr. Little and Mr. Montzheimer. From there we went by auto up the Blackfoot River and the Clear Water to Holland Lake resort, one of the most beautiful spots in the world, run by White & Wilhelm. Here we were joined by our guide, cook, Mr. Wilhelm, and one packer, and were outfitted with eleven saddle horses and nine pack horses.

The first day we climbed Gordon Mountain of the Swan Range and crossed over the Divide 9,000 feet high, dropping down on the other side to Gordon Creek tributary to the South Fork of the Flat Head. Here we got our first fishing. The fish we caught were one and two pound mountain trout, known as Red Bellies, all caught with artificial flies. After a day's rest we moved a few miles further down the Gordon until we came to where it runs into the South Fork. Here we camped for several days. After a week of good fishing we decided to move on, because we had so many fish we didn't know what to do with them. The pictures I am sending you were taken on Gordon Creek.

We moved to Big Salmon Creek where we got our last fishing. The fish we caught here were eight to ten inches long, but were the gamiest fish I ever saw of their size. We camped at Big Salmon Lake for three days and then went back to the resort which took us two days because the trail was only blazed and we lost it for a while but found it again and arrived home as hard as nails, and I hope we can go again every year and fly fish for those gamy fellows out there that fight until a fellow is tired out himself trying to land them, and I wish a lot of Izaak Walton boys could go with us.

LOWELL COMEE.

We wish so, too, Lowell. If you are lucky enough to make the trip again this year, tell us about it.

"Jiffy" National
Outing Stove
$1.50

Only
$1.50
for this joy giver

"Jiffy" is a real camp stove, big enough to cook the meals for the whole party. It has a heavy rust-resisting Armco Iron body, cast grate, top grid, draft damper. Weight 8 pounds. 11 in. high, 8½ in. diameter. Strong, long-lasting. Price only $1.50. Barbecue rack 75c extra; big iron kettle $1.15 extra; glass door oven, $2.65 extra; 4-piece outfit—stove, rack, kettle and oven complete—$6.00. *GET YOURS NOW.*

Mouthwatering Wieners
"done to a turn"

After you own one you'll wonder how you ever had a picnic, motor tour or camping trip without a "Jiffy." It's so handy, clean, comfortable. On it you can fry, broil, bake, roast, boil, stew or toast to a Queen's taste. No trouble to take it along; "Jiffy" is so compact it fits in anywhere.

Burns charcoal; a handful makes a clean, long-lasting fire for cooking and heating—also burns wood or cobs.

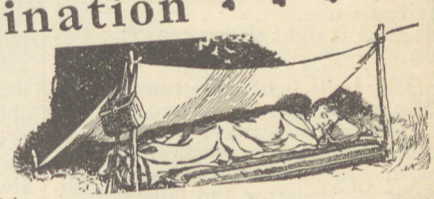
Savory wieners, juicy steaks or real barbecued meats with that old-fashioned Southern flavor are a few of the "Jiffy" joys. And after supper the "Jiffy" makes the coziest camp fire ever sat around.

For picnics, camps and auto tours the "Jiffy" National is safe, sanitary and sensible. Know what real outdoor comfort is. If your dealer can't supply you, order DIRECT.

NATIONAL
STOVES · RANGES · FURNACES

EXCELSIOR STOVE & MFG. CO.
Dept. 16 QUINCY, ILL.
Branches—Oklahoma City, Okla.; St. Paul, Minn.; Paris, Tex.
National Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces sold and recommended by leading dealers everywhere

Special Combination
Go-Lite Outfit
4 Pieces Complete $19.50



Go-Lite Mattress just perfected. 26½ in wide, four feet long, and weighs less than an inner tube. Last for many years. *Sold only with this combination.*

Ground Cloth 54x70 in. fitted with brass grommets, rubber one side, khaki other side.

Airubber Sleepezy Pillow, scientifically correct, inflates to 10x16 in.

Airubber Warming Bottle for chilly nights in camp or home. Can't leak—no binding, no patches. Two quart capacity.

All four pieces listed above $19.50—less than you would expect to pay for an air mattress alone. Ground cloth, used as shelter, mattress and pillow shown in sketch.

If your store does not sell Airubber, order direct, enclosing check or money order and mention dealer's name. If not *very much pleased* return immediately and money refunded. You'll call this combination the greatest bargain you ever bought. Write for *free catalog* of many Airubber conveniences.

Jobbers and dealers please write for particulars.

Airubber CORPORATION
472 West Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

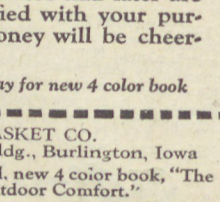
Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR

Wherever You Go—Take a Hawkeye

If you want *real* enjoyment camping or picnicing, make sure your foods are well protected. Get a **Hawkeye** Basket Refrigerator, then you can have the same tasty foods while you're out on the trip, that you now enjoy at home.

Fresh vegetables, milk, cream, steaks, fish, game and all sorts of special delights can be kept safely in a **Hawkeye**. You can spare yourself from eating canned foods or going to town every time you want a regular meal. And you'll find a **Hawkeye** Basket Refrigerator will save you considerably on expenses, too.

The handy, hinged cover lifts up from either end, making the **Hawkeye** always convenient and ready to use. Diagram at right shows construction.



Sturdily built, light and attractive, a **Hawkeye** will give you long and satisfactory service. See your nearest dealer today. And, remember, if you buy a **Hawkeye** Basket Refrigerator and later are not fully satisfied with your purchase, your money will be cheerfully returned.

Mail coupon today for new 4 color book

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
420 Hawkeye Bldg., Burlington, Iowa
Please send postpaid, new 4 color book, "The Smooth Road to Outdoor Comfort."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

501 S. 3rd St.,
Humboldt, Kans.

Dear Editor:

I have been taking handfuls and basketfuls of good warm camp fire every single month since it was first built and now want to "rustle some wood" for 1926.

Every pow wow has been a little better than any previous one and may we all wish ahead for great good to all who are warmed thereby this year.

I want to throw into the fire a tale of my first goose hunt.

It was on a morning following a night of cold rain that froze as it fell to earth. Every blade of grass, every weed and tree twig was a diamond in the early sunlight. Such a quietness that spoke silent sleep for all of nature. A very light breeze was gradually springing up from the South with promise of fleecy clouds later. The evening before I hugged the knowledge of having heard geese flying low over the house about ten o'clock and I lay awake planning my trip to a nearby pond. An old sawed-off shot gun of the sort that must be tickled with paper wads was given each of us four boys in most regular order as to ages, as our first hunting piece—I being second in age as to the order of hand-me-down system. It fell this particular Fall to be my chance—and it was a crawling form seen by the early birds, as I made my way through the little ravine and tall ice-laden weeds to the blind, built of stone years before by my father and his cousin when ducks were on the wing so thick that the sun was hidden. There they were—seven fat fellows, all in one spot around an open place in the ice that was kept from freezing by their night's vigil—they heard me and were each facing me. I knew the small shot my load contained could only be shed by their thick coat of feathers and so waited for them to tail about or try my luck on the wing. This was before the Izaak Walton Fever ever got into the atmosphere and but one cure was to "get in the best way you can—"

I heard something behind in the weeds and behold my eldest brother's form was soon observed coming slowly down the ravine—I must have been too long and he came to see what was keeping me so long. Just then the geese took wing and I only scared them more with my shooting. Feathers were all I had for my trophies, but the feel of that gun in my hands—the beauties all about me with the picture centered with great geese all on sentinel duty. The ache of cold and the empty bag shall always be very vivid in my memory—my first hunt.

J. Frank Stevens.

Thank you for the seat.

It isn't always the trip that brings us the game, that stays longest in our memories, is it, Frank? I have seen a picture much like the one you describe, only it centered about a lone mallard drake, instead of a band of honkers, and I agree with you. It is not a thing a fellow ever forgets, even if he didn't kill anything!

Milford, Maine.

Dear Editor and Bunch 'round the fire:

I am in the woods a great part of my spare time and Saturdays and vacation time finds me hunting, fishing and trapping most of the time. My first real trip was last June when Dad told me I was old enough to take a real trip, (I am 12 years old) so we packed up the cars and drove to a town on the edge of the big woods, where we were met by three guides and a two horse team hitched to a big tote wagon, on which two canoes rested on a bed of hay. From this point it was a twelve mile hike to where we were to camp for the next ten days. We all walked the entire distance excepting the driver, including my ten year old brother. The complete camping outfit was piled into and around the canoes and the party consisting of myself, my brother, my father, my grandfather and my uncle and the three guides and teamster, started gaily over one of the hardest roads I ever saw, the woods had grown up to the wheel rut on each side of the road and the branches interlaced across the road so that the horses had to push their way through and the driver hung on for dear life protecting his face from lashings of the branches as well as he could. Every swamp had been corduroyed of eight and ten inch logs many years ago and it had gradually been going to pieces until it was just a string of muck holes where the horses would plunge in up to their bellies and out the other side the tote wagon rocking like a ship and at times standing nearly on end. We crossed three brooks and two streams and had to wade them all, four of the bridges had gone out and the other was so rotten it was unsafe for even a person to walk across, the fording places were strewn with boulders four and five feet high and it looked to be impossible for a horse to scramble up over them without anything hitched to him and I cannot understand even now how they ever worked that big wagon over them. But I remember Dad remarked that they were educated to that kind of work. After we had crossed the last stream one of the guides a noted bear hunter unhooked a bear trap from where it was swinging under the body of the wagon and asked me if I would like to see him set a bear trap and I was delighted to go with him and carry the axe. This was the only trap I saw set and it was the only one that got a bear, and he was a dandy, he weighed over 500 pounds. It was at this spot that this same bear hunter nearly lost his life when attacked by a bear earlier in the season, he told me all about it and I may tell you how it was some other time.

That first night in camp was the most thrilling I ever had, although the flies were terribly thick and we had to keep smeared with fly dope, we left both the front and rear doors of the camp open and all the forest noises kept up a fearful din all night long and to cap the climax the whip-o-wills perched on camp roof and howled from mid-night until daylight. At daylight Dad took me

into the kitchen where we could peek through the clinking between the logs and watch then burrowing in the old bean hole.

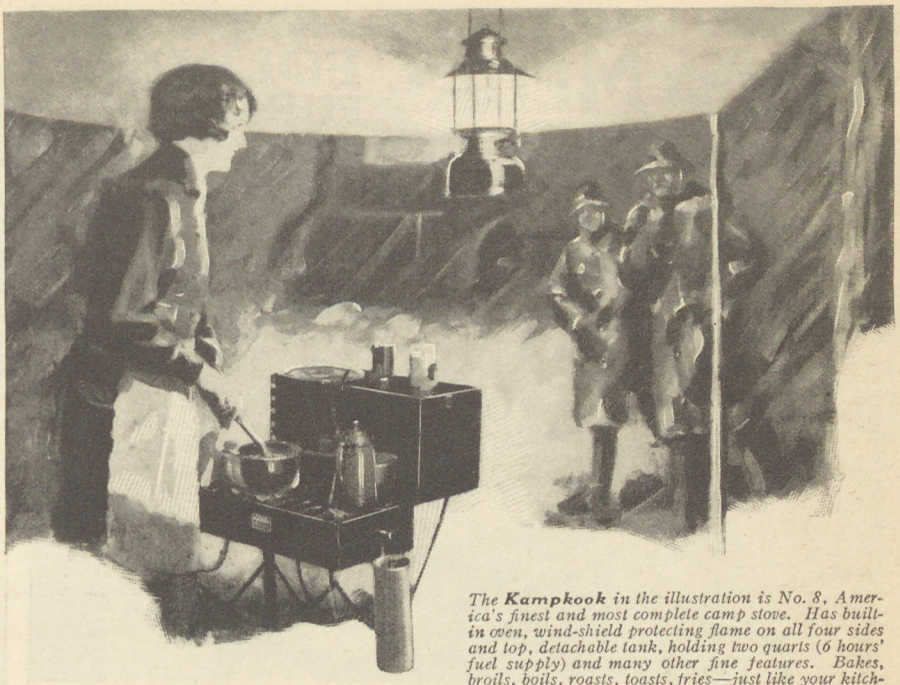
But my real hair riser came before this, we had just got to dozzing off I heard a skuff skuff and the rattle of toe nails on the floor of something walking across the floor, it was pitch dark and we couldn't see a thing but I heard Dad rise up in the bunk and reach for his revolver on the stand beside him and then he groped around and found a match, he scratched the match and held it up over his head with one hand and handled his revolver with the other and there stood a big porcupine trying to crawl up the table leg, he shot him through the head the first shot and then laid down and went back to sleep, the others hardly stopped snoring and only one asked what he was shooting at. In a few minutes the same sort of a sound was heard again and I nudged Dad and he got his match lit in time to see something going into the kitchen so he dug his flash light out of his war-bag and finally rounded up another hedge-hog in the kitchen trying to get at the soap, and one shot finished his destructive career, Dad then took a broom and pushed one out the back door and one out the front door and no more passed their dead comrades that night.

We killed 25 porcupines in the camp door yard during our stay. I saw thousands of dollars worth of damage they had done to the forest and they had eaten the floor, cupboards and sink nearly all up in the camp.

The guide who looked after my brother and myself was an old Scotchman and he was a great pal and there weren't any dull moments where he was, he took us exploring all over the country, and we caught pickerel in the lake and trout in the streams, only he called pickerel pike, and when things would get dull he would say, "well boys let's go catch a pike." And we would jump into a canoe and have an hour's fun.

At night we would light a red fire and watch the bugs fly at the flame and the deer in the rushes along the shore would stand and watch our red fire for hours. One night eight of them stood in the lake within a stones throw of us and seemed no more afraid of us than cows, but the guides said that as soon as the hunting season opened and they had been fired at a few times they would not be so tame.

Once when we were exploring an island in the lake about two miles from camp a thunder shower came up and I said to old Dan, our guide, that if we could make the canoe we could crawl under it and keep dry, and he shook his head and said it was to far away we would be wet before we got there and besides we wanted to stay where we were and hunt for loons nests that we knew were there. So when we learned a trick of the guides trade, Old Dan took out his knife and in a very few minutes he had stripped the bark off several trees and had a nice dry shelter made.



*The **Kampkook** in the illustration is No. 8, America's finest and most complete camp stove. Has built-in oven, wind-shield protecting flame on all four sides and top, detachable tank, holding two quarts (6 hours' fuel supply) and many other fine features. Bakes, broils, boils, roasts, toasts, fries—just like your kitchen range. Price in the U. S. $11.00.*

Kampkook—The Weather-Proof Camp Stove

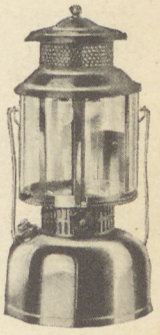
ON THOSE long, dreary days, when the rain keeps everyone in camp, when the wind spoils the fishing—then it's up to the eats to keep the crowd good-natured.

Kampkook is made to order for this very task. Rain or shine, storm or calm, ***Kampkook*** is always ready in a jiffy for any cooking job. It's as handy, speedy, and safe as your kitchen range.

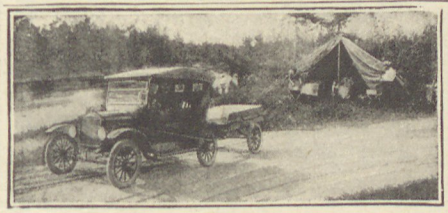
Kampkook, being the original folding gasoline stove, has many fine features you cannot get in any other camp stove. Ask your dealer to show you ***Kampkook***, with its detachable, easy-fill safety tank, non-clog burners, rigid locked-in-position legs, built-in oven and heater, and folding wind-shield. See how sturdy it is, how handy to carry, how easy to operate; then you will understand why it is used by more campers than all others combined. Name of nearest dealer on request if yours cannot supply you. Write for free copy of *"Kampkookery,"* a valuable handbook on motor camping. Address nearest office, Dept. 41.

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
Factory: Albert Lea, Minn.—Eastern Office: 78 Reade St., N. Y. City

AMERICAN KAMPKOOK
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CAMP STOVE



American Ready-Lite Lantern. Lights the camp as bright as day. Burns gasoline, lights with matches—no torch. Windproof—safe. Price $7.50.



A SUMMER HOME ON WHEELS

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. waterproof tent. Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for tourists.

Write today for catalog and prices.

CLARE MFG. CO. Clare, Mich.
Camping and Commercial Trailers.

Drat 'Em!

Cussing may relieve your feelings—but it won't keep away mosquitoes, black flies, midges and gnats. What you need is

KIMBALL'S FLY OIL

That speaks a language they know. It says, "KEEP OFF!" Watch how they mind it! A single application will rout a regiment of mosquitoes. Pleasant to use. Agreeable to skin. Won't stain clothing. Used by leading outdoor men everywhere.

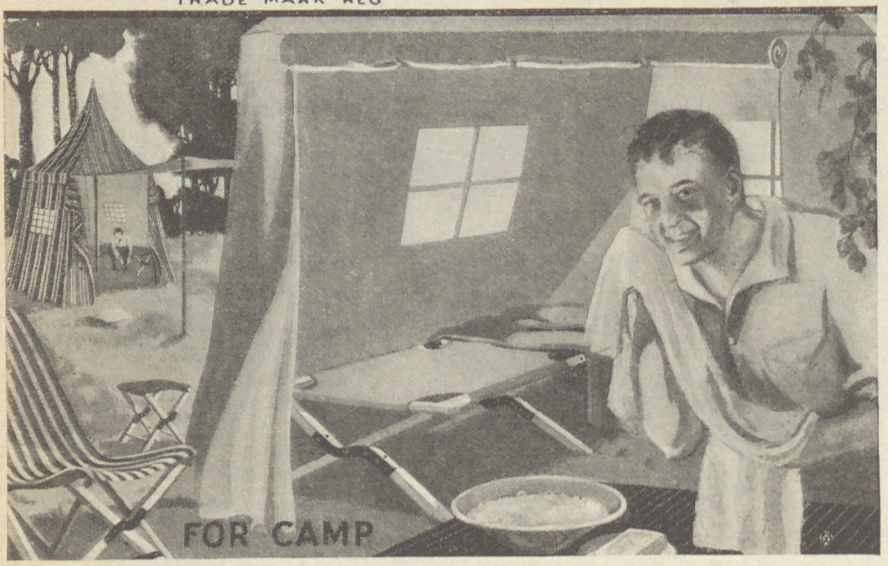
In handy collapsible tubes at drug, sporting and general stores **35c**

Mailed direct on receipt of 35c

KIMBALL BROS. & CO., Inc.
ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

"GOLD MEDAL" FOLDING FURNITURE

TRADE MARK REG



Wonderful Days and Restful Nights

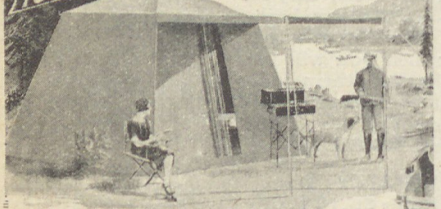
THE success of your fishing, hunting or motor trip—the fun you have and the rest you get—depends upon the Comfort and Dependability built into the folding furniture you choose.

The absolute dependability and comfort of "Gold Medal" has made it the choice of experienced users for 34 years. Today, the superiority of its construction, which combines seasoned wood, steel and canvas in exactly the right proportion, is recognized the world over.

Sold by reliable dealers everywhere. Send for your copy of 32-page book, "Comfort for Home and Camp."

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co., 1753 Packard Ave., Racine, Wisc.

Outodoor DE LUXE TOURING TENT



ALL SNUG

STORM PROOF, BUG PROOF
TROUBLE PROOF

Thoroughly Water and Mildew Proofed

ONE PERSON SETS IT UP
NO CENTER POLE

The joy of auto touring and camping depends upon the tent, its ease of erection, weather and bug proofness and ventilation. Forty years of tent making experience is back of every **Outodoor** Tent.

MANY PATENTED FEATURES

Make this perfected tent superior in strength, durability and comfort. The price will be a pleasant surprise.

THE DE LUXE UMBRELLA TENT is truly the Tent of Tents.
Is always soft and pliable. The strong steel frame is so made that it folds up very compact yet has such unusual strength that in any ordinary windstorm no guy ropes are necessary.

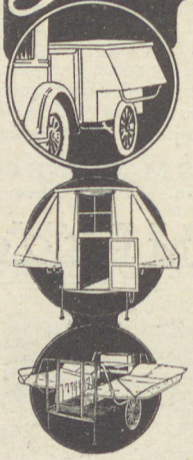
EVERY INCH OF FLOOR SPACE IS USABLE all supports fitting closely to the corners. Patented screened and storm proof doors slide into position at a moment's notice.

COSTS LESS BY COMPARISON. Insist upon a sample of the fabric before you buy a tent, and you will know why U. S. Tents are superior.

Full information on request.

UNITED STATES TENT & AWNING COMPANY
Tent Makers for 40 years.
724 N. Sangamon St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Zagelmeyer
De Luxe Auto Camp Trailers



Above view with canvas covering cut away shows interior arrangement.

Once you camp in a Zagelmeyer de luxe Camp Trailer you will regard tents and all other outfits as makeshifts. No other camping outfit offers such comfort, convenience or equal luxury. Complete with everything built-in—two double berths up off the ground, with good springs and mattresses, kitchenette, ice box, food compartments, tables, electric lights, etc. Canvas covering permanently attached makes trailer absolutely mosquito, dust and storm proof. It is the lightest, most comfortable and most convenient camp trailer on the market. Opens or closes in less than ONE MINUTE. No poles or ropes required. Ample loading space for all equipment, leaving car free for comfortable travel. Trails behind any car, over any road, as fast as car can travel. Takes the work and hardship out of camping.

THE KAMPER-KAR

A completely equipped, strongly constructed standard camping body easily mounted on your own chassis. Weighs same as Ford Sedan body. Top automatically raises to full standing room as berths are thrown open. Most de luxe camping outfit ever conceived. The low price will surprise you.

WRITE TODAY

Send for illustrated literature and prices.

ZAGELMEYER AUTO CAMP CO.
822 So. Henry St., Bay City, Mich.

One day we followed an old trap line that Dan said was over a hundred years old and along which the remains of the old dead falls for catching bear may still be seen, the great logs on some of them had been as big as the head of a flour barrel.

But like all vacations in the woods the time passes all too quickly, and one morning found us packing and facing the long hike back with our good times already a pleasant memory. (I am sending you a picture of my brother and myself lugging a porky off for the health of all concerned—I am the biggest one in the picture.)

Best regards from the state of a thousand trout brooks,

V. Allen Cunningham, Jr.

A fine story of a very interesting trip, Allen. We are very glad to hear from your state. Come and sit by the fire again.

Waltonian Nook

(Continued from page 35)

have also, in Minnesota, a regular instruction sheet, giving material from all over the State which is issued monthly. We have what we call a 'reporter' from every Chapter whose duty it is to see that material is furnished me for this bulletin and if the Chapter is not mentioned in the monthly bulletin, it is up to the members to get after the reporter, and see that he sends material in from their Chapter regularly. You will find this works out very well, and that Chapters are exceedingly interested in what is going on in the State. It also brings about a closer contact between the chapters. The bulletin we put out is mimeographed and contains eight to sixteen pages each month. If a chapter becomes dormant, they, of course, do not get anything of interest in the paper, and feel rather ashamed of themselves, consequently, if you get a 'live wire' in a town who will 'start' something there, it is not hard to revive the interest. After you have a man lined up in a town to get a chapter started, tell him that there is a real opportunity before him to do some real work for Conservation. Ask him to get in touch with other prospective members in his community. Simply as an exhibition of the fact that mail creates chapters, I made a comparative study of personal contact and mail. We have organized as high as eighteen to twenty chapters per month by mail, while an organizer at his best cannot do better than fifteen to sixteen per month.

"Follow up. As soon as the preliminary petition for charter is in send the Secretary an instruction sheet, giving him the order of business, telling him how to obtain films for meetings, etc. We have received some very good films for our chapters from the Canadian Pacific Railroad—Bureau of Visual Education—University of Minnesota—University of Wisconsin, and other State Universities. These films can be obtained at not much more than transportation charges and our chapter meetings show that from 40 to 70% of the total membership show up at all meetings. We serve light refreshments at almost every one of our meetings, and when our treasury is low, we

give a banquet to reestablish our funds, and generally come out very well. It is generally hard to break into a newspaper, but I find that when you advise the editors that the I. W. L. A. is non-religious, non-political and non-profit organization, they generally respond 40 to 50% and, of course, after a paper once uses I. W. L. A. 'copy,' it is not hard to get them to print a second article."

Wm. Kemp, Joliet, Ill., State Secretary: "Bill" outlined in detail the plan adopted by the Illinois Division in remitting for dues. Any Secretary wanting to know about the plan, write to him at 107 N. Raynor St., Joliet, Ill.

Robt. E. Nesmith, Dallas, Texas, State Secretary: "In Texas we have established thirty game preserves, with a total of one million acres. However, we are having a great deal of trouble getting deer, turkey and prairie chickens in this section of the country, and are wondering if any of you can give us any suggestions along these lines. The 'Year Book' published by the Texas Fish and Game Department, is a very good one. It gives all details of wild life in Texas, and just what each person can lawfully take. It is also very educational for the boys and girls."

COPIES OF 1926 CONVENTION PROCEEDINGS

Many requests were heard around the Convention for copies of the proceedings of this year's Convention. These are now ready in printed form and will be forwarded promptly upon receipt, at headquarters, of the amount of $1.50, which covers cost of printing and mailing. The number of copies printed is limited.

REVISED CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

Copies of this are now ready to be sent to all Chapters and Division headquarters. It is brought up to date, including all changes made at the Fourth Annual Convention. Every State Division and every Chapter should have this information on hand and headquarters will act promptly upon all requests received.

A SUGGESTION TO ALL CHAPTERS:

Have a committee in your Chapter whose business it shall be to keep in touch with all other organizations that have meetings in your vicinity or town (including churches) and arrange for your Chapter to have an I. W. L. A. speaker at every possible one of these meetings to put over an I. W. L. A. educational talk to give publicity to the whole idea of I. W. L. A.

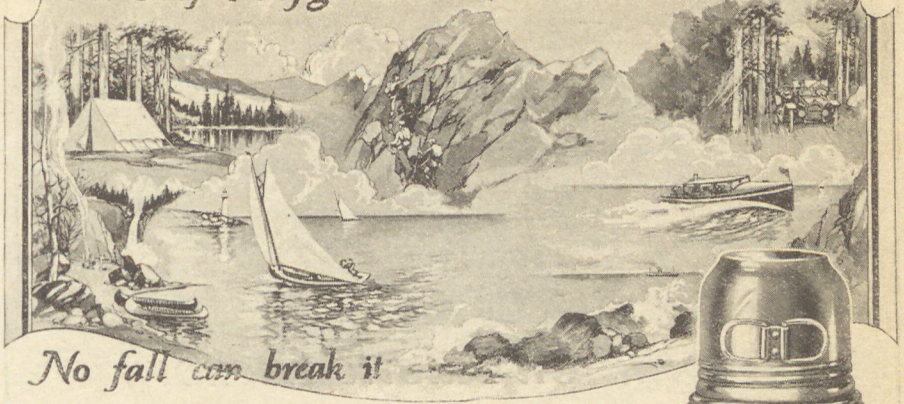
A. O. Vorse, executive secretary, Pennsylvania Division, Harrisburg, has issued a very interesting bulletin, the following excerpts which gives an insight into the progressiveness of the various chapters throughout the state:

"Trout fishermen in this state have been asked to save the undersize fish. More than 5,000 posters, appealing to them to avoid injuring small trout have been put up by the eighty chapters of the League in Pennsylvania."

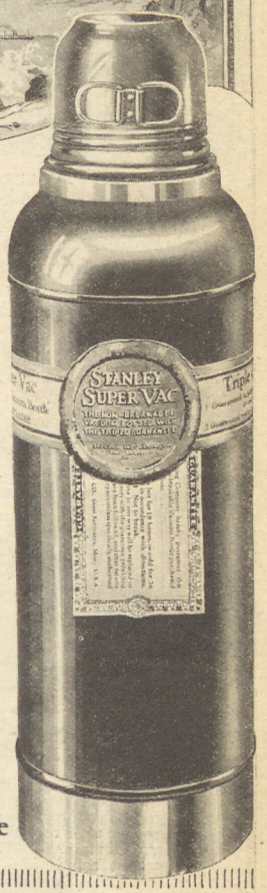
"Waltonians have undertaken a vigorous campaign to remedy the stream pollution situation in Pennsylvania. A law regulating the discharge of industrial waste into streams has been framed for introduction into the next session of the Legislature."

"All chapters of the Pennsylvania Division are urged to make early arrangements for the State convention at Philadelphia, September 27-28, 1926. Headquarters have been established at the

On Any Playground - Invincible-Accident Proof



No fall can break it



Miles from home—hunting, fishing, motoring or boating, or on some other pleasure-bent—and thirsty. How aggravating to find that some jolt or jar has broken your vacuum bottle, and ruined or lost its liquid contents. There is no need of risking such disappointment now.

The NEW STANLEY SUPER VAC is guaranteed to carry safely your favorite beverage—hot or cold

A recently developed process has made possible an improved, efficient, all-steel bottle, which permits an absolute triple guarantee: that it will maintain temperature, that it will not break, that it will not leak. The first cost is the last cost.

"Out-of-Door-Cookery" containing valuable recipes for camp cooking and picnic luncheons sent Free upon request.

Triple Guarantee
1 Guaranteed to keep contents hot for 18 hours or cold for 36 hours.
2 Guaranteed not to leak.
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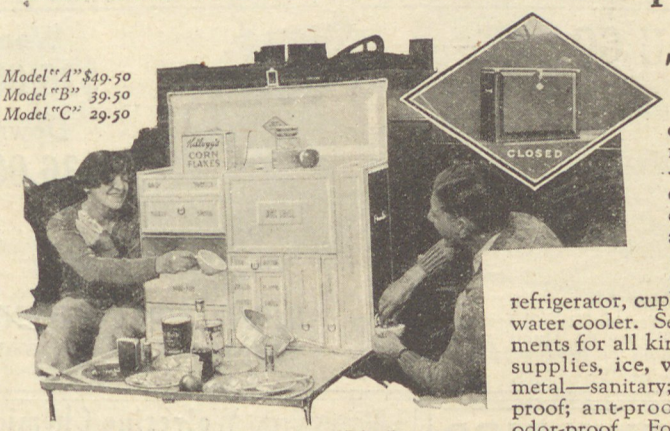

THE Tourist Kitchenette is a touring, camping and picnicking *necessity*—fresh fruit, vegetables, meat, cream, cold salads, drinks, etc., anywhere, any time. It is a unit refrigerator, cupboard, table and water cooler. Separate compartments for all kinds of food and supplies, ice, water, etc. All metal—sanitary; dust-proof; rain-proof; ant-proof; rattle-proof; odor-proof. Folds up on running board like a trunk. Easily detached to be set up in camp or cabin.

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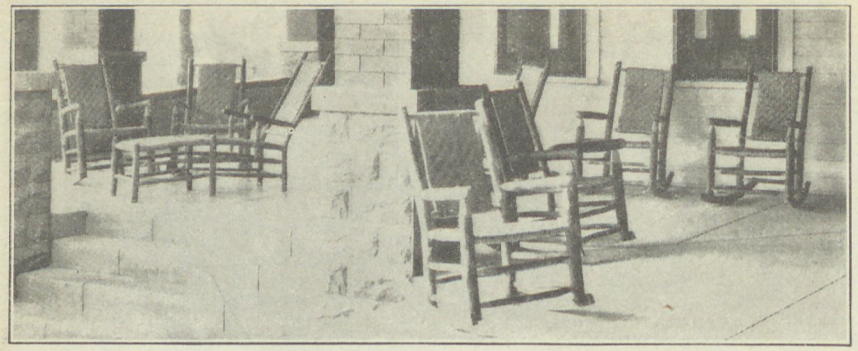
TOURIST Kitchenette

3



Restin' on Rustic Hickory

The summer home or cottage is man's castle o' rest. Here he enjoys the fruits of his fishin' trips—here he smiles at mem'ries, and laughs at the evenin's chill.

Without Rustic Hickory Furniture there's somethin' wrong with the picture; for there's nothin' quite so satisfyin' as restin' on Rustic Hickory.

Perfect comfort, lifetime ruggedness and unique beauty are the three things that our craftsmen insist on. Every piece of Rustic Hickory Furniture is made from selected, second-growth hickory poles, without destroying the scent of the wood or the natural bark.

Your every need for summer furniture—inside, porch or lawn is made in Rustic Hickory. Our beautiful new catalog will astonish you. Write us for a copy today. Ask for Catalog F.

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Troy DeLuxe Umbrella Tents

The Tent that men are PROUD of —that women APPRECIATE

Every requirement of your ideal tent is provided for. Water-Proof—Weather Proof—Insect Proof—Vermin Proof—Splendid Ventilation—Ample Head Room—Maximum Space—Light Weight—"Carries" on running board.

Can be put up or taken down almost instantly.

Clean cut, practical, convenient, attractive, the TROY DeLuxe Umbrella Tent is THE Tent that men are PROUD of—that women APPRECIATE.

Send for Catalogue today.

Outstanding Advantages

1. Closely Woven, Water-Proof Olive Drab Twill
2. One piece construction
3. Insect-Proof Sewed-in Side Walls
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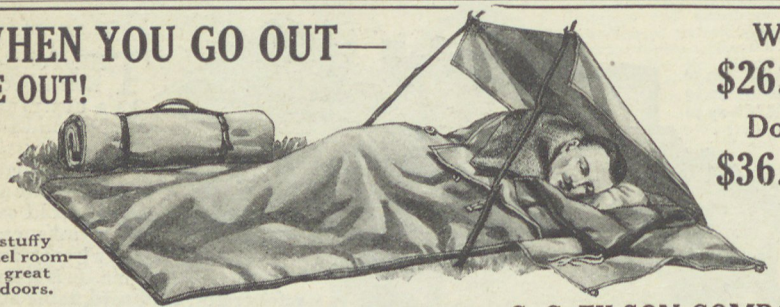

No stuffy hotel room— the great outdoors.

Wool $26.00

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The Filson Successful Sleeping Bag will keep you warm, dry and fit. It weighs 10½ pounds. Our Filson Catalog "Q" will give you the dope on the Filson super-line of Outdoor Clothes. Send for it; it's free.

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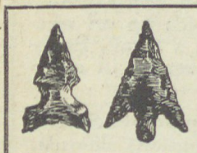

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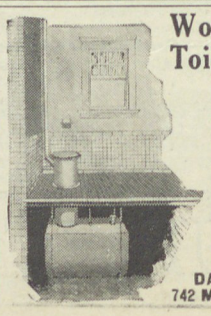
Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale Price List to dealers only. Collectors get the Retail List. Either free. *41st year.*

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota



Wolverine Chemical Toilets-Septic Tanks

Enjoy the same comfort and convenience at your summer cottage that you do in a city. It can be done easily by anyone. Eliminate troublesome outside privies. Write for full information. *Agents wanted.*

DAIL STEEL PRODUCTS CO.
742 Main St. Lansing, Mich.

Bellevue-Stratford, where the sessions will be held. In view of the Sesquicentennial to be celebrated this year, it is important that room reservations be made promptly.

"The Kane Chapter is procuring lists of licensed fishers and hunters from the County Treasurer's office. Each licensed sportsman will be invited to join the chapter."

Seattle (Washington) Chapter recently signed a new member, Joseph Francis Wise. He was no more than forty minutes old when his father, President Dallis Wise, filled out his application card for junior membership. Probably the youngest Junior.

Fort Dodge (Iowa) Chapter hit upon a good one when they decided to hold a "steak-fry" recently. Membership was not going as it should so they planned a "fry" to pep it up. The results were the biggest ever known to the chapter. One hundred and fifty-seven were served and an excellent program was carried through, including a report of the National Convention. "There was quite a revival of the olden spirit," writes E. E. Cananaugh, former president of the chapter, "and it appears that soon there will be something happening in this locality, showing the efforts of this splendid organization in molding public opinion—the greatest strength that we have." J. M. Mulroney is the President of this live-wire chapter, and Joe Kautzky, Jr., the secretary.

Grover Davidson, organizer of the Junior I. W. L. in Pandora, Ohio, is doing some good work in arranging educational programs and organizing junior members in the public schools of Pandora. "Our schools are about to close but we expect to continue our club work during the summer months," writes Mr. Davidson in a recent letter to headquarters. "We shall try to arrange a show every two weeks during the months of July and August. The business men of the town have suggested to me that they would be willing to finance such a program if it could be put on making it free to the public." Mr. Davidson is using I. W. L. A. films for all of his programs.

Onalaska (Wisconsin) Chapter members had a get-to-gether picnic recently. Every hunter, fisherman and nature lover in the county was invited to meet on the shore of George Roelby's lake and talk over matters of interest to all conservationists. Black river dams, pheasant propagation, trout planting, stream pollution, were among the subjects discussed.

Lenora (Kansas) Chapter discussed the construction of a dam at its recent meeting. No definite action was taken but the chapter members are to inspect the site soon and if it proves favorable, a dam will be constructed. The pond thus formed will be stocked with game fish. The proposed lake and grounds surrounding it would be declared an Izaak Walton fish and game preserve and would be open only to Waltonians.

Alexander MacDonald, Commissioner of Conservation for the State of New York, has sent to each chapter secretary throughout the state a copy of the latest annual report of the commission, outlining the work which is being done for conservation in the state. In the report is included an article on Proper Methods of Fish Planting. This latter has been republished in a separate bulletin which

will be sent to any chapter in the state that intends to participate in stocking waters.

Lon Roney Dresden, Ohio Chapter, has adopted Monroe Basin in the interest of promoting better fishing in that section. A committee of the Dresden chapter headed by President Gilbert Dowell, made the trip to Columbus recently to present the matter before the department of fish and game, the board of public works and Governor Donahey. The committee was joined in Columbus by a committee from Zanesville and the joint committee put forth the aims of the Dresden chapter regarding the improvement of Monroe Basin. Following conferences with D. O. Thompson, head of the fish and game department and Mr. Wisda of the board of public works, the committee went before Governor Donahey, who gave the matter his hearty support, and assured the local sportsmen of his interest in the project. Assistance in draining the basin and cleaning and netting undesirable fish has been promised by the state fish department. Simultaneously with the lease of the basin to the local club, the state has taken a lease upon nearly eight hundred acres of land lying adjacent to the basin upon which will be established a state game refuge for the safeguarding of wild life of every kind.

The Nebraska State Division, Frank J. Brady, president, at a meeting of the Board of Directors held recently at Fremont, adopted the following four resolutions, a summary of which follows:

Strict and impartial enforcement of the laws protecting game and fish without consideration for wealth, position, social or political standing of violators of such laws.

The creation of a nonpartisan commission similar to the Board of Regents of the State University or the State Board of Control for Public Institutions, such commission to have charge of all matters relating to the propagation and distribution of game and fish within the state and the enforcement of laws protecting the same.

Legislative sanction for a comprehensive program to populate the waters of the state with suitable game fishes and the numerous fields and coverts with desirable game birds.

That this organization neither endorse nor condemn any candidate for public office on account of his party affiliations or from partisan considerations, but that prior to the August primary and the November election of this year the program of the League as above outlined be submitted to all candidates for legislative or executive offices with a request to such candidates to inform the league of the measure of support they will give to such program if elected to the offices to which they aspire, and resolved further, that the answers of all candidates be submitted to all members of the league residing within the political subdivisions which said candidate would serve.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

That we recommend the enactment and rigid enforcement of state laws in the various states prohibiting the issuing of any state fishing, hunting or trapping license to any resident of the United States who is not an American citizen.

That we severely condemn the practice of sportsmen and hunters in per-

36 square feet of headroom at 6' 4" from ground.

Spring Insert in Eve Chain keeps tent taut but elastic.

Spring arm automatically adjusts to shrinkage of canvas when wet. No need to slack guy ropes in storm.

Who Wants REAL Comfort?

Who wants a tent in which he can get around without stooping or bumping his head, a tent that stays up when it storms, that is snug and dry when it rains, that is open to the breeze on hot nights, yet mosquito proof, a tent that goes up quick and easy and packs up just as easy — Who wants real tent-comfort? He's the man we want to talk to.

We want to send him our interesting book, "Camping." It gives a full line up of the things expert campers select to make their tracks on the romance trails, journeys of real comfort and charm. If you're the fellow who wants *REAL* comfort, send us your name and address today, and we'll send you the book.

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There's Always *One* Best *of Everything*

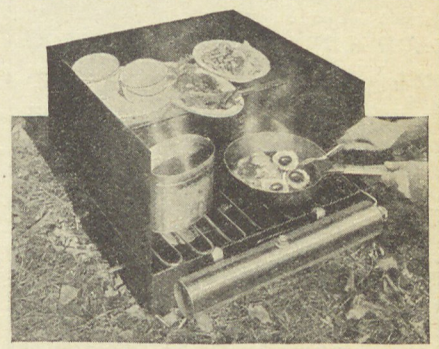
Easy to Carry

Oh Boy!

Piping hot and ready to eat in less time than it takes to cut kindling.

Bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, all cooked at once on a little Basford Camp Stove, and kept hot till you're ready.

No wonder that cooks experienced on the trail use the



Cook Book Free

Over 50 practical recipes for outdoor cooking. Vest pocket size, leather imitation cover. Please mention your dealer's name.

Basford Camp Stove

It has a rigid permanent assembly that cannot go wrong and only takes an instant to set up anywhere. Uses fuel from your gasoline tank. Wide spreading steady blue flame burners. Very compact when folded and light to carry, easy to clean. Made in three sizes, suited for every outing need.

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The "AUTO-KAMP" TRAILER

A real camp on wheels with complete equipment for the safety, comfort and convenience of four adults. Follows car anywhere. Write today for full information, prices and endorsement from hundreds of owners.

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Made on lasts from finest fabrics and pure para rubber. Reinforced. Outside rubber surface dries quickly, making them tighter when wet. Easy to repair. Made in pants, stockings and sock styles.

Write for Catalog of 50 specialties

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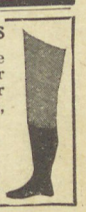

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Thermalware Jar
Keeps Food or Liquids
Hot or Cold

Was $5
$3.75
Now
In Far West $4.25

Add an Aladdin to Your Vacation Outfit

Just what you need for auto, camping, boating, fishing and hunting trips this summer and fall! To keep a gallon of liquid, or eight pounds of food, hot or cold.

Be sure it's an "Aladdin" — the original, largest selling and acknowledged best thermal jar. Imitated in looks — but remember: *genuine* Aladdins are rustproof, wearproof, leakproof, *permanently* sanitary and *permanently* efficient in keeping food or liquids hot or cold for *more* hours. Stoppers of silvered glass—*sanitary!* Patented neck-seal forever prevents insanitary seepage into insulation.

Dealers everywhere.
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Sturdy! —to stand knocks

Large opening; easy to wipe clean

Green enameled, steel jacketed jar, gal. size now $3.75. Aladdin "De Luxe" Jars (polished aluminum, lined with heavy, heat-resisting, ovenware glass): Gallon size now $8.50, 2 qt. $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west.

Insist on the *Genuine* Aladdin with its 12 Exclusive Features.

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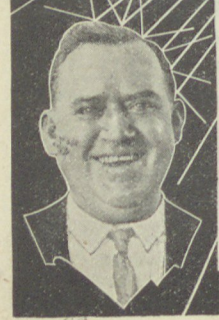
"I have examined a sample of "NOBURN" with a quartz spectroscope . . . I also experimented on the forearm exposed to intense radiations from the quartz mercury arc. No burns occurred when "NOBURN" was applied. Areas unprotected were very much reddened."
(Signed) M. LUCKIESH



Be Sunburn Proof

Dr. Luckiesh, Director Lighting Research Laboratories, Nat'l Lamp Works, General Electric Co., Nela Park, is famous for researches in light. His test confirms what thousands of sportsmen have known for years—that NOBURN gives absolute protection against sunburn. It prevents sunburn—but not the tan. Send $1 for bottle. Money back if not satisfied. Strong, Cobb & Co., 320 Central Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, Chapter advertises a membership campaign.

mitting game to be killed, or fish caught by their hired guides, boatmen or pushers, for the benefit of the employers.

That we recommend to the National Officers that in carrying out the organized program of activities, they give special attention to the question of an educational program with regard to care in the use of firearms and safety to our fellow sportsmen.

That the I. W. L. A. strongly recommend the enactment of laws in all of the various states, fixing a season bag limit on migratory birds, in addition to the daily bag limits; and we strongly urge all Waltonians to take aggressive action in their respective states to secure such laws.

That the I. W. L. A. again strongly recommends that the various chapters thereof, actively take up with the proper school authorities of their respective states and communities the matter of providing for instruction in schools, in the subjects of conservation of the wild life of America, prevention of water pollution, reforestation, and other subjects sponsored by the I. W. L. A. and kindred organizations.

That this convention recommends to the National Executive Committee and to the various state divisions that they find an executive means of making public the activities of the League in the nation, states, and smaller communities, items of news value and projects fostered by the League.

That it is the sense of this convention that one of the primary duties of the National Organization is the fostering and promotion of organized activity among the state divisions and local chapters and to that end the national officers and directors are directed from time to time, to formulate pleas for active co-ordinated work, through programs at least monthly in frequency, which work may be varied according to the necessities of the several divisions or regions, and to transmit such plans together with information and data concerning the same to the officers of the various state divisions.

The Kenmore (North Dakota) Chapter has just completed the establishment of a game refuge. The State Game and Fish Board that they will supply a stock of Hungarian Partridges and Pheasants in the near future.

MAYER ADDRESSES WALTON LEAGUERS

Charles K. Mayer was the speaker for the state Izaak Walton League's Radio conservation program broadcast from Gold Metal station on the evening of April 20, giving Mankato, Minn., an opportunity to listen in on a radio talk by one of their local men. Mr. Mayer talked on the "Conservation of Our Natural Resources," and being well versed on the preservation of outdoor life, his talk was of especial interest to sportsmen. He has also given Izaak Walton League talks, as one of the national organization's speaking staff, in numerous southern Minnesota towns.

Important Notice

An error was made regarding membership dues for Junior Waltonians in the recent constitution amendments. This amendment states that Junior Waltonians may be admitted and receive Outdoor America.

However, in compliance with the rules of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, the magazine cannot be sold for less than one-half the regular subscription price.

Therefore, Junior memberships may be had for $1.50.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by
Thomas Ambrose
Vice-President I. W. L. A.

THE Drifting Cowboy, by Will James, illustrated by the author, 241 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. $3.50. This book is something different, written in cowboy language from start to finish and full of pictures, forty-four all told. It is not surprising to find that the author has a fine command of unbridled language, acquired in the school of balky mules and bucking bronchos. A cowboy should be at home with the pen but the amazing thing is how and where Bill acquired his skill with the pencil.

If the pictures in this book were thrown upon the screen they would make the theatrical Tom Mix look like a bambino on a hobby horse. Take the one of the cavorting bronc and rider on page eighty-nine, the outfit seems so far above mother earth as might have caused Newton to doubt that he had discovered the law of gravitation.

Bill himself seems to be of the same opinion for he says: "When that horse hit the ground I felt as though Saint Peter and all the guards of the Pearly Gates who I'd been to see just a second before, had put their foot down on me and were trying to push me through the earth to the hot place. I hear a snorting beller that sounds away off and I gets a hazy glimpse of the roman-nosed lantern-jawed head that was making it. I'd recognize the whole of it in hell, and instead of Slippery Elm, *old Angel Face was under me.*"

This is from "The Rodeo," where the author won first money, and by all odds the best constructed story in the book. A bronc having kicked out half a handful of Bill's back teeth, he trekked to Los Angeles a matter of two thousand miles to have his grinders 'tended to.

Naturally he drifted over to Hollywood, met an old range friend now in the movies and got a job as "extra" at five dollars per and was told by friend Sam to "stick around for a spell, for with that face you got there's all the chances of you being a leading man, if anytime a good horse thief character is wanted." Bill substituted for the star whenever there was any real riding to be done, and gives a very racy account of wild west movies as they are doped at Hollywood.

Bill says: "I used to cuss the desert at times and leave it. And if you leave you'll come back like they most all do, for if you stay there long enough you'll find just what the painters and writers been trying to bring out and failed. That's what holds you.

"And even though the desert range

The Tent That Will OUTWEAR The Others!

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

"The First Umbrella Type Tent That Has No Center Pole"

You Save Money When You Buy This Great Dickey Tent Favorite!

Consider the Dickeybird-Kamper from the "price" viewpoint. Tourists and campers necessarily must think about expense. Tent costs are important. And that's where the Dickeybird-Kamper comes through a big winner.
Workmanship and quality of materials put the Dickeybird-Kamper in the front of competition—actually makes this fine tent the LOWEST PRICED in America today.
Your Dickeybird-Kamper will give you the same kind of perfect service next year and in the years to follow as it does this year. It won't look like a wreck —it won't sag on you or fail in storms. IT ISN'T THAT KIND OF A TENT—*it is built with the deliberate idea of outwearing all other tents!*

Pack up your troubles and hit for the open with a Dickeybird-Kamper on the running board!

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EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF "DICKEYBIRD" PRODUCTS
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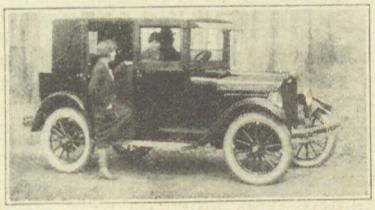
"Kalamazoo" Tourist Sedan Bodies
(Patents Applied For)
A HANDSOME SEDAN BY DAY AND A COMFORTABLE BED AT NIGHT



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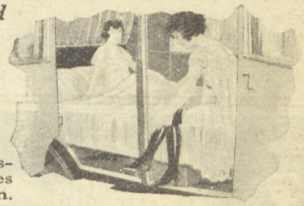

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PRESERVO WATERPROOFS!

NO more leaky tents or mildewed canvas. Preservo, a liquid compound, waterproofs all canvas thoroughly, keeps it soft and pliable and free from decay, doubles life of new canvas.

EASY TO APPLY

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Fish? Hunt? Camp?
Wear comfortable, lasting, rainproofed DUXBAK clothing. Leader for 22 years.
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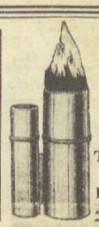

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What Makes It Light
No wind can blow it out. Beats carrying matches. Just the thing for sportsmen. Fully guaranteed. 50c
Triple Gold or Silver Plated $1.00
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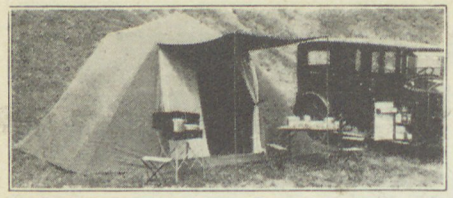
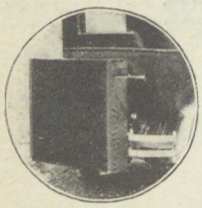
Dealers—ask your jobber for this ready seller





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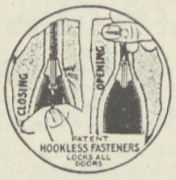

Hookless Fasteners close tent door and carrying case quickly and securely. No strings or snaps. A big convenience.

There is no better equipment than the WILDWOOD COMPLETE FAMILY CAMP. It gives you a distinctive appearance and allows you to enjoy all the pleasures of touring and camping. Let us tell you of its great advantages. Write today—use the coupon.

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Without obligation please send me prices and illustrated circular on the Wildwood Complete Family Camp.

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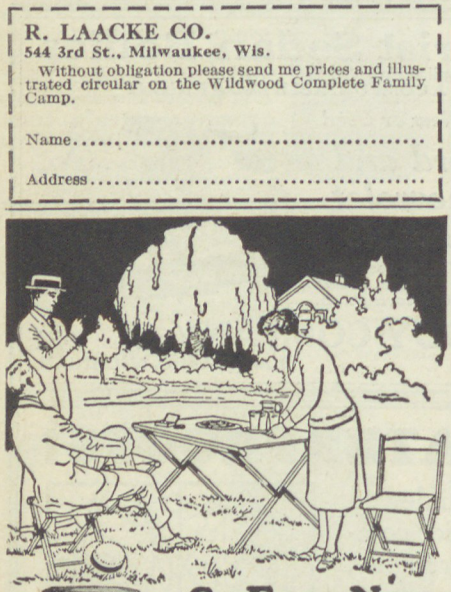

Table for 6. Folds like this to 6 x 6 x 36 ins.

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rider may be too busy to realize *what* a country he's riding in, and what he has to put up with in it, he learns, if he leaves, that he ain't going out all together, for part of his heart is left behind in that wide, unfenced, sunburned country of the stunted sage."

Some writer and *some* delineator, but he never leaves off the final "g" in "riding" or "rustling" as you or I might do if we were cowboys; his printer is careful to put the eyebrow over the "n" in a Spanish word to give it the liquid sound, and some of the pizenest buckin' broncos are backed without a visible saddle girth—throwing into high gear accent

"Ride 'er Cowboy. Let 'er buck!
Keep your reins, and trust to luck!"

THEM WAS THE DAYS—From El Paso to Prohibition, by Owen P. White, with drawings by Ross Santee. 235 pp. Minton, Balch & Company, New York, $3.00.

The author assures the reader at the outset that most of the fiction written about his native country is "pure bunk," so we may take it from him that in his off-hand breezy narrative—a cross between Barrack Room Ballads and Ten Nights in a Barroom—he treads no "primrose path of dalliance" but gives us the honest-to-God frozen truth.

His El Paso at the time of his birth was a collection of mud huts seven hundred miles from the nearest railroad, and he lived there through the ups and downs of a frontier town until the greatest blight in its variegated history fell upon it—Prohibition.

The author was there in the days of Pat Garrett, Billy the Kid, John Wesley Hardin, Dick Ware, Jim Gillett, Geronimo, the Herrel boys, Give-a-dam Jones, the early Cattle Kings, the Texas Rangers, the Concord stage and cattle rustlers who killed the stolen long-horns for their hides.

Time and the thieves stole on in El Paso as elsewhere. Men played poker and faro, drank hard likker, made love in a primitive way, killed or were killed, few making themselves conspicuous by dying a natural death.

Then along came Evolution in the form of Golf, or "The Upward Descent of Man" *and* Prohibition.

"Prior to 1920 there wasn't a steel locker west of the Pecos, today every little copper and cow town has its country club, its ten or nineteen hole course, and its professional bootlegger, usually referred to as 'our minister of foreign relations.'

"Before the Amendment everybody along the Rio Grande golfed in Scotch; now they do it in Spanish. Where a golf player used to tee a ball on Black & White, drive with a King William slice, and putt with a long Haig & Haig drop, he now tees with Tequila, drives with Mescal and putts with Madero Cognac. The golf players of the Southwest appreciate more fully than ever the advantage of having Mexico as our next door neighbor."

And he likes his Mexican neighbors, "just a lot of grownup children most of whom live under nat-

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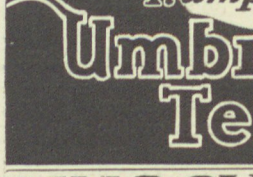

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134 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ural conditions which render clothes superfluous and turn houses from necessities into luxuries." You will not go to sleep over the stories he tells to illustrate the character or lack of character of these simple minded children of the sand and sun.

If you want something out of the ordinary adapted to a negligee mood, you will be glad to reminisce with the author and under the spell of his unlaced loquacity be inclined to agree with him that Them *Was* the Days.

Fur Farming

By Thomas G. Alvord, Sr.

ON a fur ranch in this fecund time of year one often wonders what a newborn silver fox puppy is thinking about. They are a lot of fuzzy little sphinxes, solemn as owls and funny as a cage full of monkeys. And they've brought their bag of tricks along with them.

At feeding time, which is almost a continual performance, the thought that this earth was made for eats is clearly unanimous. Between nursings the impressive, wabbly dignity of some with their languid air of sophistication as if bored to death already, and the actual grins of humor and mischief that flit over the faces of others add to the puzzle and to the gaiety of life for an observant fox raiser. All fox babies look alike to the inexperienced rancher, but he does not treat them so. He makes pets of the cutest and they get the most of his attention. Women amateur ranchers, especially, are apt to yield to this inclination, pardonable in a visitor, but one which a fox raiser must guard against.

With adult animals discrimination and specific interest are to be encouraged, but not with young puppies, because of their playfulness. Showing favoritism among the little fellows is natural, but very bad practice. It is not a square deal. It spoils many a fine, stalwart pup by coddling and overfeeding, and adds to the woes of the weaklings by unintentional neglect. The virile, rollicking cub, ever ready for a frolic, is the more fascinating by far, and he knows it. Best fitted to fend for himself he presumes on his attractiveness for attention and extra titbits to the exclusion of his weaker and shyer brothers and sisters, which unwatched, he does not fail to fight in order to steal their regular rations of food in addition.

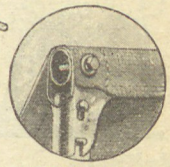
A fox puppy is the foxiest kind of a fox. It is up to the rancher to see from the start that those who are not among the fittest at birth become so through special care and nursing and to resist the blandishments of those that need not such favors, but that try with consummate appeal of romp, frolic and tricks to obtain them. The rancher should get acquainted with the new members of his fox families as soon and as intimately as possible. Remem-

(Continued on page 69)

Campers—Tourists!

This is not an ordinary cot—it's a GOLDWYN, one-piece folding cot with a padded top—the cot that you've been dreaming about.

Canvas Bolted to Frame



Self Locking Bracket

A child can set it up and take it down in a minute.

GOLDWYN ONE PIECE FOLDING COT

A bundle of comfort. Folds up and out of the way.

Note These Features:

Cannot pinch the fingers. No end pieces to drag into position. Removable top. Adjustments take up stretch. No cut-outs at corners. Automatic self-locking brackets. Substantial and rigid. Beautifully finished. Full size 6½ ft. x 26 in. Opens to 27 in. Folds up neatly. Easily carried and placed out of the way.

3 different style tops—canvas, felt padded and imported cloth. In wood and metal.

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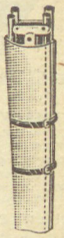
No. 84—the padded top cot illustrated above is the ideal cot for every purpose. It's the emergency bed for the home—the motor tourist's companion—the camper's delight.



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Big fellows with a fighting spirit and stubbornness that will test both your skill and the quality of your tackle, lurk in the edge of the weeds and under the lily pads. They will give you a battle royal and, should you win, a tale to tell as you live over the thrill of the strike and the triumph of your conquest.

A large muskie is a much prized trophy and Canada's waterways supply anglers with many worthy catches each year. Come this year. Write to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, 936 Windsor Station, Montreal. He will give you full information.

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REMARKABLE Watch achievement—designed for hunting, camping, golfing, fishing, strenuous outdoor sports. Has the wonderful "SHOCK-PROOF" movement, double-strength mainspring; steel wheels, plates, escapement. Impervious to weather and shocks. Sizzling sun, freezing weather, jars, exposure do not affect its timekeeping. Special DUST-PROOF, MOISTURE-PROOF case.

HUNDREDS sold to Sportsmen, Business Men, Professional Men, Tourists, etc. They are **AMAZED** at its marvelous performance under most gruelling conditions. **CASE** is gold-filled, double stock; rectangular shape that wins admiring glances. **Radium** Dial tells the time **vividly in** pitch darkness. **Strap** is genuine pigskin. Regular price $40.00. Our price for LIMITED TIME..... **$33.75**

Our Plan is Different! Send NO money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery! See, Try, Test, Use, watch for 10 Days' Trial ABSOLUTELY FREE!

If pleased with "Sportsman" you may pay at the rate of **$6 MONTHLY**

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MEN in every walk of life are wearing them because they are so **handy.** *"A twist of the wrist—there's the time."* No fumbling in pockets and unbuttoning of coats. Waltham and Elgin Watch Co., realizing the Nation-wide Vogue, designed the *Shock-Proof* "SPORTSMAN"—**smart enough for dressiest functions—sturdy enough for most strenuous sports.** The coupon brings one to *YOU* for **10 Days' FREE Trial.**

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Tear out and mail this coupon NOW! If you wish to tell us something about yourself, we will appreciate it. Write on separate slip of paper. THANK YOU! OUT. A. 6-26

SMOKE on me FREE!

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Try this pure straight Kentucky Homespun Absolutely at My Risk. I'll send you a FULL POUND CAN of OLD GREEN RIVER. Fill your pipe several times—give it a good tryout. Have your friends try it. If you like it, send me $1. If not satisfied, send back what you didn't smoke. YOU WON'T OWE ME A CENT.

OLD GREEN RIVER is the pleasing, comforting, always-satisfying tobacco. No artificial flavoring. No harshness nor bite. Made mild and mellow by curing in the old-fashioned natural way. I'll gamble you'll say it's the richest, tastiest smoke you ever blew through your pipe. State your preference—granulated or cut tobacco—Mild, Medium or Strong Blend. Write today.

PETE MOBERLY, Box 995, OWENSBORO, KY.

Pollution

(Continued from page 53)

clear as its power to secure for its citizens as far as possible a supply of other wholesome food: (Lawton v. Steel, 152 U. S. 133). Such laws are clearly within the police power of the state: (Comm. v. McComb, 39 Super. Ct. 411; Plumpley v. Mass., 155 U. S. 461; Silz v. Hesterburg, 211 U. S. 31).

From this rather hasty and general review I trust you have gathered that the rights involved in this question are those of lower riparian owners to have water flow through their lands substantially unimpaired, unincreased or undiminished, except by a natural use by the riparian owner above, and of the general public to have the benefit of pure and wholesome water for domestic purposes, and to support aquatic life. Pollution, constituting a public nuisance, is never a right against an individual or the public, and the only rights to pollute which can be sustained are those damaging individuals, not constituting public nuisances, where the right has been gained by prescription or custom, or as in the case of mine water in Pennsylvania, where the rights of the individual are disregarded for the good of the many.

I believe the time has arrived when it becomes necessary to firmly establish by statutory law, if it can be done, that the discharge by municipalities, persons and corporations of untreated sewage or industrial wastes into the waters of the Commonwealth is not a natural use of the waters; that it constitutes a public nuisance, is against the public policy of the Commonwealth; and may be suppressed in a reasonable manner by the state at any time and in any locality when it is considered injurious to the public health or to animal, bird or fish life. Unless this principle is firmly established, more and more prescriptive rights to pollute will become fixed, and the time may come when these rights will become so firmly entrenched, that even the state may become powerless to protect itself.

But in our zeal to better conditions let us not forget that justice, equity and our own industrial development makes it clearly apparent that the evil cannot be forthwith suppressed by the state. Necessarily, the process of cleansing our streams and restoring at least a goodly number to their virgin purity must come about slowly. Industry must not be unreasonably handicapped or harassed. Communities must not be asked to carry unbearable burdens. Pure streams will indeed be a poor source of joy if the community fails to offer a comfortable livelihood to its citizens. But these situations do not and should not prevent the adoption by the state of just and correct principles for facing the situation confronting it; and of using and employing these principles in reasonably correcting present conditions as speedily as possible.

Russell's "Ike Walton"

THE genuine moccasin boot that carried R. B. Slatter 1800 miles in 153 consecutive days through trackless British Columbia! (Write for his story). The Ike Walton is a double vamp boot of genuine imported French veal, chrome tanned—the finest-grained leather we know of. The finer the grain, the better it will retain oil and its waterproof quality. Has Russell's famous "Never Rip" seam. Any height, 6 to 18 in. One of many styles of Russell Genuine Moccasin footwear for outdoor men and women. Ask your dealer, or write for catalog; then choose and have him order for you.

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924 Capron St. Berlin, Wisconsin

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Latest Motor Camping Necessity

Keeps your food as clean and cold on tour as in the refrigerator at home. On your picnics or week-end trips you can enjoy crisp salads, firm butter, fresh fruits and cold drinks. On your fishing trips you can remove the ice container and fill the box itself with ice for packing your fish. The BARCLAY fastens easily to the running board with thumb bolts or snap on the detachable handles and you have a refrigerator basket to carry inside the car. Weather, dust and rain proof. Holds ice full 24 hours. Spillproof ice container is movable to let you pack provisions to the best advantage. Ask for the BARCLAY at your dealer's or write us for descriptive folder fully illustrated.

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In your Auto Camp

On your Picnic Parties

For Fishing Trips

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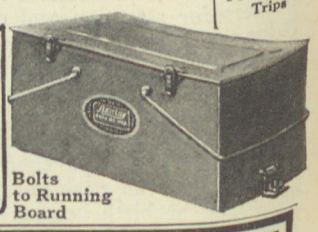

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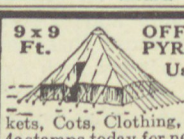
9x9 Ft. OFFICERS' PYRAMIDAL TENT



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ber that a fox doesn't have to be old to be sly. Beware the big, playful young ones and play with the dispirited ones. In spite of any vaudeville performance by the stars, watch them all to see that they are doing well and that each is getting the required ration of food. Its ingredients and weight were given in this column last month. Scatter the feed dishes and meat (ground fine) around the pen. This will make the youngsters hustle, give them needed exercise and see that each one is getting what was intended for him. Don't overfeed, but remember that undernourished pups are to be vigilantly guarded against.

It is a good idea to keep green bones, with the meat well taken off, in the pens of pups from six to twelve months old. Chewing on them helps in the shedding of the first teeth. Soft veal bones are best for this purpose. Do not use bones that are old, hard or have sharp edges and splinters. The first sort hurt the mouth and the splinters are apt to break off and lodge in the cub's throat. Swollen jaws are not always due to this cause, nor to disease. A sore tooth may be the trouble and it should be extracted with forceps.

Sunlight is good for puppies, but they should not be forced to remain in it. Shade should be provided if the pen lacks it. Examine the whelps frequently for fleas, lice and ring worms. Distended and hard bellies indicate the latter complaint. Examination of the droppings will make this suspicion a certainty or disprove it. Other symptoms are lassitude, shaky legs, and disinclination to romp or play. In such cases "worm 'em" is the best advice.

Fisherman's Luck

(Continued from page 14)

you've messed upon everything."

"*I* have, Dad? Well, I'm sorry, dear. You see, Mr. Ingalls, father had arranged a nice little one-act play, in which he had cast me for the goat—"

"Shut up!"

"And I was to butt in here at the opportune moment and drag you, tied hand and foot, to some horrid convention."

"I didn't know you were going, Miss Henderson," Ingalls said falteringly.

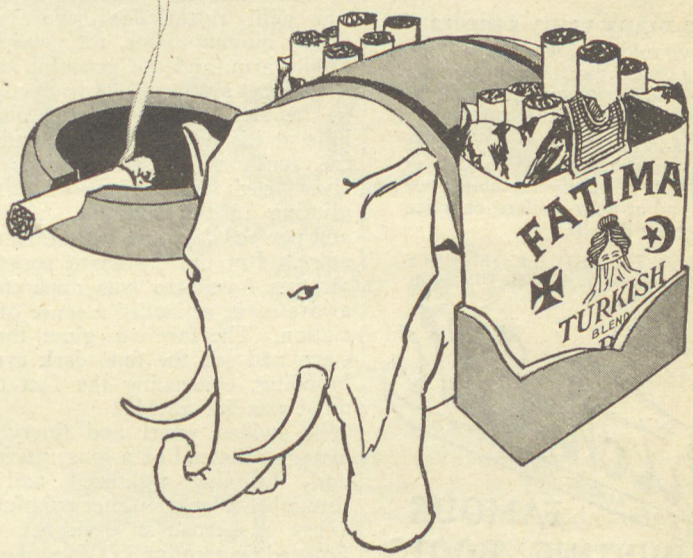
"I wasn't, and I'm not. Father just imagined that. Dad," she continued, "I told you over the 'phone that I was tied up for the week of the 20th. I have completed all my plans to take a bunch of my Sorority sisters up to Hugo's camp in Canada."

"Plans! Plans!" shouted Henderson. "Everybody has plans but me. Everybody puts 'em through but me. 'S damn shame! But I won't permit this, Myrta. Unnerstand? How do you dare traipse off into the wilderness with a lot of fool girls. I—"

"Oh, we'll have a chaperon, sweet-

Without question

BECAUSE it costs us more to make Fatima the retail price is likewise higher. But would men continue to pay more, do you think, except for genuinely increased enjoyment? The fact cannot be denied — they *do* continue



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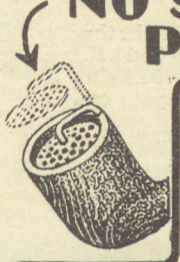
A-REAL-BED Fits ALL Two-Seat cars. Saves its cost the first THREE NIGHTS!
NO CUTTING DOWN SEATS!
No tents, springs, poles or cots to carry. New (1925) Patent. Assures Pullman comfort. No cold nights—no wet bedding—no dread of animals, reptiles, mosquitoes. Folds and telescopes into neat, classy pkg. 3x6x26 in. Weighs 10 lbs.
"Ask the men who use them!"
Ideal Auto Bed Mfg. Co. (Patentee)
Box 68, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

"NO SPARK" PIPE

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Send for FREE catalog and prices of other tents.
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Here is a letter we received from a lady from way out west:
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Thousands of boys are made happy with this wonderful Zip-Zip shooter. Order from us or your dealer, 35c each or 3 for $1.00. Send stamps, coin or money order.
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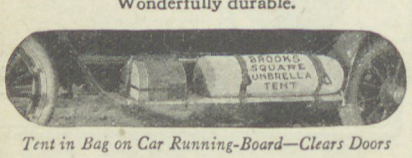

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Write for Brooks Camp Catalog, Road Maps and Nearest Dealer.

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1663 Arapahoe Street, Denver, Colo.

heart. Or," she said musingly, as though the thought had just occurred to her, "maybe Hugo and I will decide to get married first, then I'll be the chaperon. Don't you think I'd make a stern chaperon, Mr. Ingalls?" She smiled adorably at him.

"Undoubtedly," he said coldly. "Glad to have met you." He nodded curtly to Henderson and was gone.

A canoe containing a lone fisherman was slowly rounding the cedar clothed point of Beaver Island. The occupant, kneeling in the stern, held a paddle in his left hand with which he gently, and at long intervals, propelled his craft. In his right hand he carried a casting rod, from the point of which dangled a brightly colored wooden plug.

Occasionally, with a slight and deft motion of his hand and wrist, he would flick this bait to an astonishing distance, and with remarkable accuracy. The slowly moving canoe, the sweep of the paddle arm, and the graceful and dexterous cast synchronized perfectly.

The sun was just rising above the hills at his back. A soft wind out of the south ruffled the surface of the river, each little ripple dancing and glinting in the sunlight. A glorious and perfect day, and a fisherman's paradise. But the fortunate possessor of all this loveliness was apparently unaware of it, or lacked a sense of appreciation. The face was glum, the mouth stern and set, the fine, dark eyes were brooding, evidencing the fact that the mind was far afield.

A sudden whirl and flurry in the water at the end of a long, perfect cast, and the line tightened and hissed through the water. That culmination of every fisherman's desire, a strike, aroused no emotion in this stoical young man. There was no parting of the lips, no quick intake of breath, no light of ecstasy in the eye. A grim seriousness, a relentless immobility, pervaded that countenance.

A short struggle, a quick, savage thrust of the landing net, and a bronze beauty lay gasping in the bottom of the canoe. Splendid, noble fellow; gallant fighter! You deserved better of fate than to come to a bitter end in the hands of a graven image!

The image leaned over, grasped the fish in one hand and a short, ugly club in the other and, with a vicious whack over the head, ended the struggle.

"Hugo Daiemler!" he muttered. "Oh, damn him! Damn everybody! To think that that wonderful, sweet, beautiful thing could marry a damn, foreign count, or something."

He was holding the bass in his hand and gazing at it absently. A last flickering tremor convulsed it. His eyes softened, and he flung the club far from him into the water with a gesture of revulsion.

"Forgive me, old fellow," he said, a half sob in his voice, "I'm a brute, an unmitigated brute! I wish I could give you back your life. You've lost everything, and I—poof! nothing! A job—to hell with it. And a girl? Yes, a girl, you poor boob, you'd known ex-

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actly five seconds. And she was engaged then, and is married now. Oh, you're a sweet spectacle!"

He straightened his shoulders, and picked up his paddle. Around the point of the island, and hid by the cedar cover, lay his camp. Dave Skeel, his guide, would have breakfast ready by now. He was alone; the two friends who were to have accompanied him had disappointed him at the last minute. The irony of it. He had turned down a chance that comes once in a lifetime; he had flouted the old man, and had missed the glorious opportunity of a three-day automobile trip with the most marvelous girl in the world. And for what? To keep his word, and his engagement, with two confounded chumps who couldn't, or didn't, keep theirs.

He was aroused from his mood by a hail from the shore. He could make out the figure of Dave, who was waving his hat frantically, and shouting something he could not understand. He thrust his paddle into the water, and sent the light canoe rapidly toward shore. Dave continued to shout and point.

Ingalls paused and listened intently, then turned and looked off up stream which here stretched in a wide, unbroken expanse of open water. He could discern nothing and was about to resume his paddling, when a small, round object, several hundred yards away, caught his eye. He stood up in the canoe for a better view, and then quite distinctly made out a small animal, as it seemed, swimming slowly toward his beach. A mink, or muskrat, he thought, and wondered why so commonplace a thing could excite Dave.

He knelt down, and was again about to paddle to shore, when a thin, piercing wail reached him, and at the same time a gleaming white, arm-like thing shot above the surface, and immediately it and the round object disappeared from view.

"My God! It's a man, and he's drowning!"

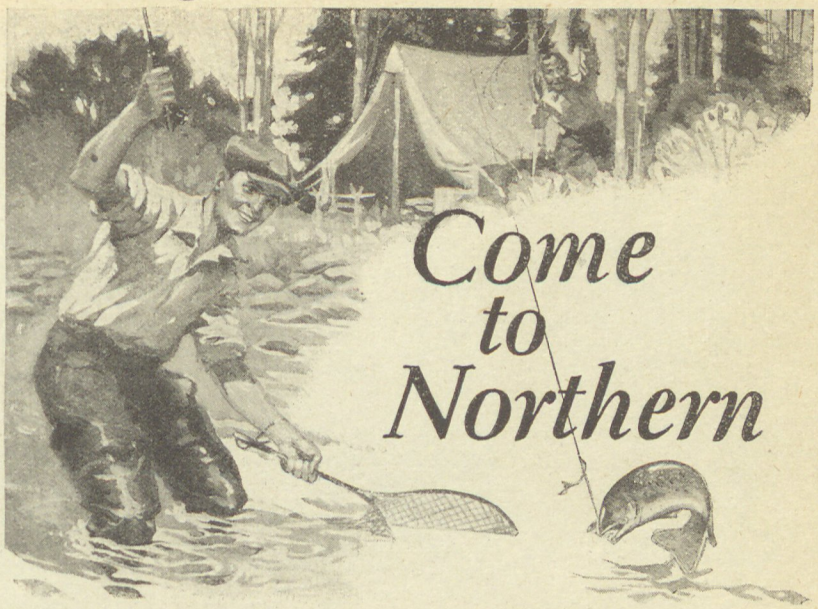
Ingalls paddle stabbed the water with short, quick, powerful strokes. He had covered half the distance when the round, furry like thing, popped to the surface, but now he could plainly determine a mop of red hair, and the frantic weaving of a pair of arms.

"Hold on," he shouted, "keep up. Be with you in a minute."

Ingalls had been stroke oar in his college crew, and had pulled in many a tough, heart breaking race, but never had he put such energy and desperation into the work. His heart was pounding, and his breath hissed through his teeth. He was nearly there now. The swimmer was conscious, and was making frenzied efforts to keep afloat.

Ten yards away, the arms went into the air and disappeared. With one last sweep of the paddle, Ingalls stood up and went over, cutting the water with a clean, sweet dive. Down, down he went, his eyes wide open and darting in every direction. He could see nothing. He swam in wide circles. His lungs were

(*Continued on page 74*)



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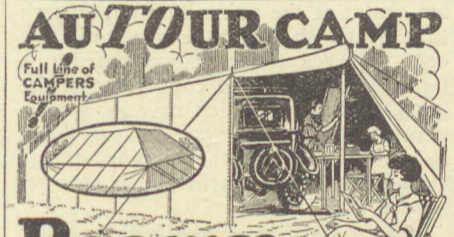

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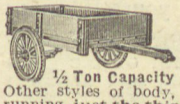

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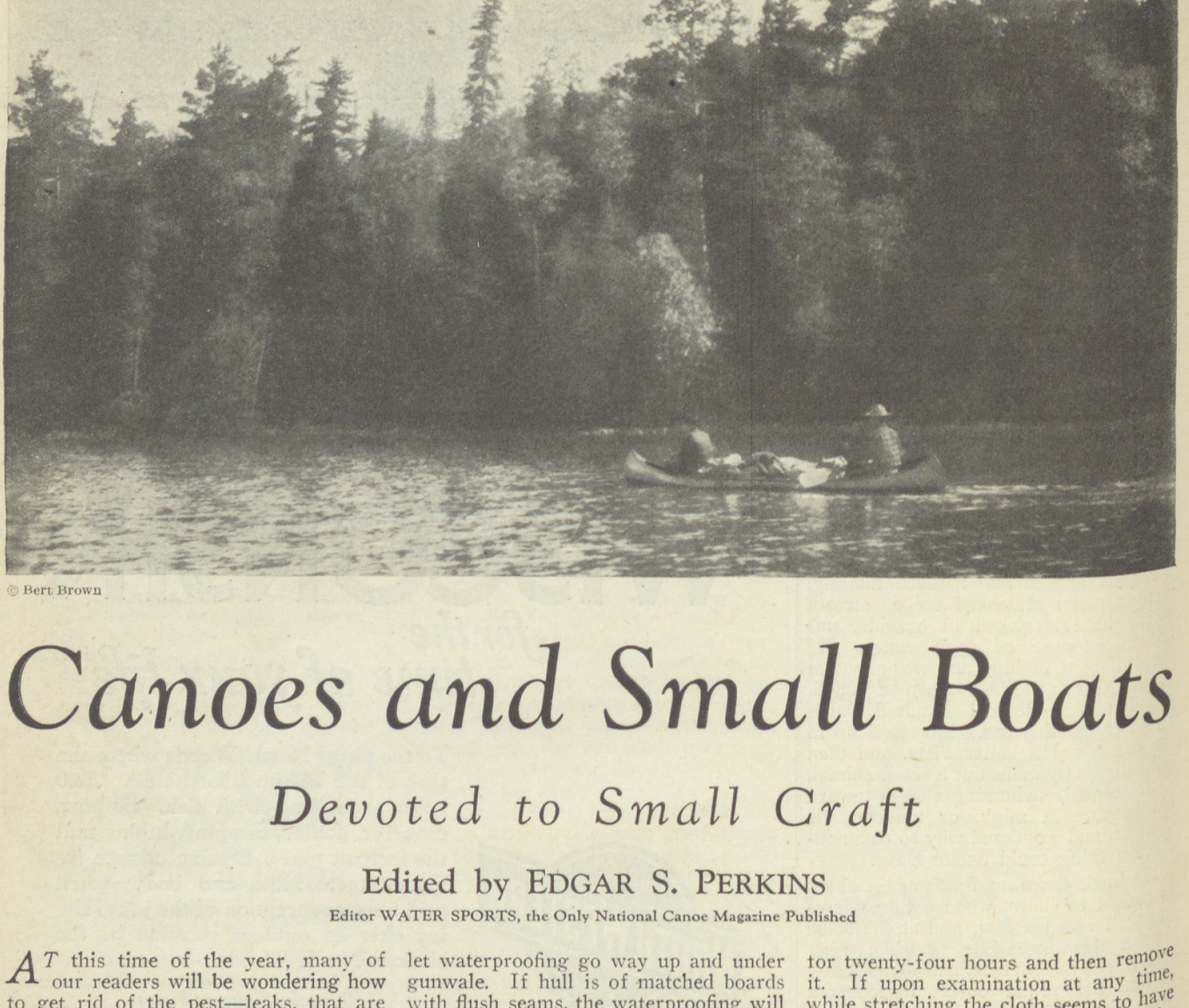

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Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

AT this time of the year, many of our readers will be wondering how to get rid of the pest—leaks, that are so often seen in the usual fishing boat. This is really a simple matter calling for the employment of inexpensive material and the use of a flatiron, sharp knife, hammer and some heat.

The principal item is Jeffrey's Marine Glue and cloth. The first thing is find out how many square feet there are to be waterproofed. With this information you can secure the glue figuring one pound to every three square feet of boat. The correct cloth to use is heavy unbleached cotton cloth of a good grade, firm and close in texture costing about fifteen cents a yard at any dry goods store. You buy the cloth in one entire length, which will represent more than twice the actual length of your boat, as you must allow for the bilge or hog and sheer of your model. Cut this big length in half yourself, using one piece on each side of your hull. To find the proper width of the cloth to be used (you can get this material in any width) measure the widest part of your boat from the center of keel, straight across the bottom and up the side as far as you intend to waterproof. If boat is lapstreaked it will be well to let waterproofing go way up and under gunwale. If hull is of matched boards with flush seams, the waterproofing will only need to carry two inches above the load water line. As the material is inexpensive don't stint on it but allow a little over on both length and width.

You will also need one roll of good twilled tape one-half inch wide costing ten cents; at the paint shop get enough first grade shellac to cover with one coat the area to be waterproofed. A package of half inch copper tacks, the brush to be used which may be a common whisk broom worn or cut down to a stub, although the binding strings must hold the straws firmly or else get a wire sink brush.

Before starting on the hull, see that it is dry and clean and remove stem band at the bow. The first thing is to stretch the cotton cloth which is done on the hull giving it a chance to set to the lines of the boat. Take one side, tack cloth over the sternpiece or transom, draw taut towards bow and tack right on to the bow piece. Fasten cloth in several places along the keel, then draw snugly over the sides of the boat, and up as far above the water line as you wish, securing in place with the tacks. This must be repeated on the opposite side, then allow cloth to stretch for twenty-four hours and then remove it. If upon examination at any time, while stretching the cloth seems to have slacked up in places, just remove the nearest copper tack and pull down taut once more and retack in place.

Place a couple of flatirons about seven pounds each on a stove to warm up. Cut up a quantity of glue into small pieces about an inch or two square and drop in pot or kettle; set over a moderate fire. Keep stirring glue as it melts adding small pieces from time to time. Do not melt up too much at once. When the glue is practically a liquid use at once. Start your brush at the aft end of your boat on either side and work forward, painting on a heavy coat of glue. When glue starts to string and get cool, stop, return to stove and add more pieces of glue and stir and melt and apply as directed 'till entire part to be waterproofed has a nice heavy coating of glue. Should any run down the sides of boat, pay no attention to it. After finishing touch up places that seem to have a thin coat.

You are now ready to lay the cloth over what seems to be a terrible rough surface caused by glue that hardens in lumps, but it is lots easier than it looks. Stretch cloth on as it belongs, in much

the same fashion as you did before. Be sure your flatiron is not too hot. It is best to use a warm iron; a few tests will show you what is the best heat. Start on the extreme bottom of the boat at the stern right at the keel and apply the warm iron, moving it slowly (do not iron) in sort of a wabbling motion, right and left on its own axis. This will cause the glue to sweat through at this place and as soon as it is drawn through so that the cloth is black, move the iron to another place. Keep going in this manner all over this part of the boat working forward and toward the gunwale or L. W. L. all the time. Repeat this operation on the other side, being sure to change irons as they cool off as you can work faster. Wherever the cloth laps be sure to have it even, perfectly waterproofed, and well ironed—such as keel and bow piece—trim off rough edges and use a few tacks if needed. Do not lap more than an inch to the stern on the transom. Use two pieces about two inches wide from stem to stern under gunwales, well waterproofed and ironed. If you find lumps after the job is done the hot iron will smooth them out. Cut off all cloth above the line you wish to stop waterproofing and on ten inch centers tack tape, waterproof, and iron well. Any glue that has run beyond the waterproof line may be ironed into wood without harm or showing after painting. Gasoline will take glue off irons.

You can at once paint surface that has been waterproofed with a nice heavy coat of shellac. Then paint entire hull with three good coats of best white lead mixed and colored so as to give a light lead color. After painting put back your stem band on the bow, and the waterproofing process is done forever.

Side Bracket for Use on Canoe

Many of the readers seem to have a great deal of trouble in securing an outboard motor on the ordinary canoe or think that only the square or outboard model can be used with a motor. One of the outboard manufacturers has placed on the market a side bracket costing $10.00 that enables one to use a motor on any canoe with ease.

Boys' Book of Canoeing

By Elon Jessup

Our readers who are interested in canoeing will be glad to have a copy of the above named book as while the name might cause you to think the book was only for the young, as a matter of fact, few canoeists can read it through without finding many interesting and helpful items in its contents. It is without question the most complete book ever published on the subject and as it was printed this spring it is also the latest book. The cost of the book is $2.00 and will be the best buy in canoe books the purchaser ever made.

To those of you who have ever read any of Elon Jessup's outdoor articles it is unnecessary to state that he is an authority on the outdoors in general and his works on canoeing in particular are badly needed as there has been very

Power~Speed
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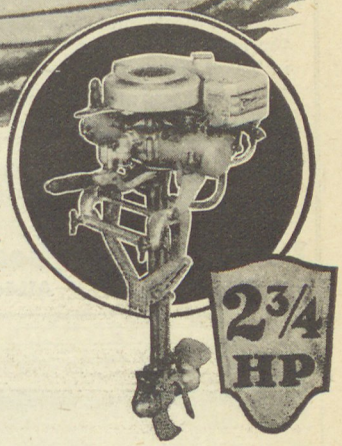

Every advantage you could ask—every feature known that contributes to your convenience and pleasure with an outboard motor—is embodied in the

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It is the only motor built with a reversible propeller that gives you speed variations forward or backward without jerks or injury to the boat and without adjusting the timing lever. Provides a high speed forward, trolling speed, slow reverse, fast reverse and a neutral which permits you to leave the motor run while the boat stands still—like leaving your car at the curb with the motor idling. And it's the only motor built with

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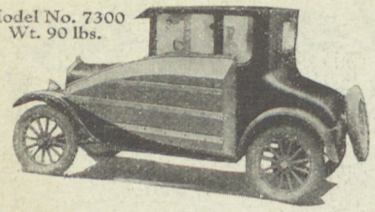

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little work in general on this field of sport.

The following are some of the chapters and will give you an idea of how complete and comprehensive Mr. Jessup has covered the subject. Choosing Your Canoe; Canoeing Safety; The Canoe as a Life-Preserver: Double Blade Paddling, Single Blade Paddling, Bucking the Current, Downstream Canoeing, Open Water Canoeing, Canoe Camping, Carrying Across, Care and Repair of Canoes, Canoe Sailing.

This book in addition to being written in a very interesting and plain style also has a great many illustrations, sketches and diagrams so that even to the most elementary canoeist the volume is easily understood.

Anyone interested in this book is requested to write to the department and we will take care of the matter.

FISHING FROM A CANOE

There are many of our readers who seem to be in some doubt as to the practicability of fishing from a canoe and for their information would advise that this is being done more as time goes on.

This is unquestionably due to two things; first the outdoorsman through personal contact with the canoe has learned to appreciate its wonderful qualities and has become acquainted with the handling of this type of craft.

Secondly, the real fishing, and to a certain extent this also applies to hunting, is only to be had in wild and rugged places which are nearly inaccessible of any other means of approach except a canoe and when you arrive about the only thing to fish out of or that will carry you to where the fish are biting is a canoe.

Almost without exception the best place for the person fishing is seated in the bottom of the canoe in the center, this is especially true if the one fishing is the only occupant of the boat. It will be easier and more enjoyable if there are two as one can guide the craft after the other has hooked his prize.

It will be well to remember that a canoe with two people will float easily in a foot of water so that where wading is not convenient or advisable when casting a canoe started in above the desired spot and allowed to drift down with the wind or current will serve the purpose well. If there is a question as to safety a sponson canoe may be used as they are practically non-capsizable.

PLANS SPECIAL FITTINGS, ETC.

Many readers have written to this department regarding plans for building canoes, and where to secure special parts.

Owing to the many different concerns that manufacture canoes and their prices, there are very few canoes made by the individual user. Practically the only place that a real building plan may be found of the ordinary canoe is in some boys' handy book.

In the matter of spare parts and working accessories, such as leeboards, rail rigging and rudder equipment it is up to the owner to either make them or have them made by his personal instruction by some local carpenter, blacksmith, metal man, or canvas maker. The canoe manufacturer will sell leeboards, sails of one design only and rudders as often as you wish to buy them, but as for parts it's up to you.

This latter fact may seem like poor business, but as a matter of fact, for every pair of leeboards, sail or rudder purchased from a manufacturer there are fifty made. I have seen leeboards made of aluminum or wood, narrow or wide, large or small, thick or thin, to suit the need or ideas of user. Sails, lateen, leg of mutton, bat wing or marconi type, one a canoe, two and sometimes three. Rudders of the drop or rigid type, and made round, square or oblong of wood, steel, iron, brass, tin or aluminum. You must realize that a canoe is used by an individual who has ideas and he will try them out, and regardless of the results get a lot of fun in making and using them. This department will answer all questions on canoe equipment.

Write to Edgar Perkins for Information on Canoes and Small Boats

Fisherman's Luck

(Continued from page 71)

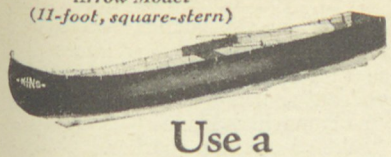
bursting. He must get to the surface.

Then, through the limpid, green water he caught sight of a weird, fantastic shape which stood erect, and seemed to be dancing on the rocky bottom. At least the feet were moving up and down in a dancelike rhythm. Ingalls caught the figure around the middle from the rear, and with bent knees and feet pressed hard against the bottom, he gave one mighty leap to the surface. Ah, how good that air felt to his hungry lungs!

His canoe was fifty feet away, and bobbing gaily down stream. He was all in for the moment, and he would have to rest before attempting to swim for the shore. Fortunately his burden was quiescent, so he had nothing to fear from that score. He turned over on his back, inhaling deep, sweet breaths of air.

1926 Models Ready

Arrow Model
(11-foot, square-stern)



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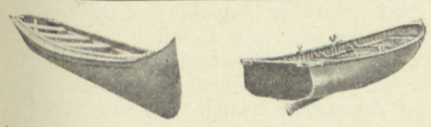

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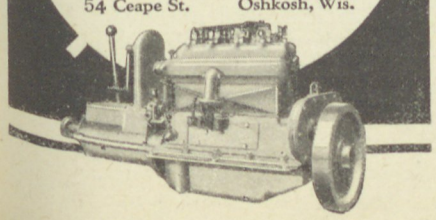

He was singularly happy. The black, ugly mood had gone completely from him. Life was worth while after all. He had saved a human life. Poor devil! A little more and he would have been as dead as that black bass he had just killed. How delicious the water was. And how sleepy he was. Just one little nap, and then he would swim ashore.

Suddenly he was back in his office, the red, angry face of Henderson scowling at him. Then a pair of violet blue eyes looked into his. "Myrta," he murmured, "Myrta Henderson. Myrta Ingalls would sound better, don't you think? Daiemler?" He choked and gasped.

"Hey, there, you dam' fool! Keep up a minute, can't you? I'm comin' as fast as I kin come."

Ingalls struggled and looked around. He was holding some object tightly in his arms. His mouth was under water, and he was slowly sinking. A few yards away a light skiff was boiling through the water, Dave Skeels' rugged back bent to the oars. A second later his collar was in Dave's grasp.

"Here," he panted, "take him—first;—careful—over thwarts—face—down—full—water."

"'Taint a him. It's a her. Aint you got any eyes?"

"Didn't notice—Dave—all—I—want bacon—eggs—long—long—sleep—"

"You purty near had the longest one you'll ever git," was Dave's comment as he hauled him in bodily over the stern.

Gene Ingalls' camp occupied the upper point of Beaver Island. It was known to the natives, and the visiting fishermen, as "Puff Ball Point," and had gained its name, no doubt, from this particular form of fungus which grew there in great abundance, and to a great size.

Ingalls had taken a long time lease on the point, which contained several acres. The house was on a slight eminence in a horseshoe-shaped clearing, surrounded on three sides by a thick growth of timber which grew to the water's edge, and which came together at the points of the horseshoe on the shore.

From the porch of the cabin, one looked down a gentle slope, covered with a lawn-like sward, through a circular opening in the trees, and out across a wide expanse of sparkling water, dotted with numerous small islands.

The cabin was a large, one-story structure built of undressed logs. A goodly portion of Gene's royalties had gone into the building and furnishing of this backwoods home. The front part of the house was given over to a large living room, in one end of which was a huge fire place built of "nigger-heads." The floors of the room, as well as the walls, were covered with skins and soft rugs, while antlered trophies were everywhere in evidence. Luxurious couches and inviting looking chairs filled the room, and a radio and phonograph furnished indoor recreation.

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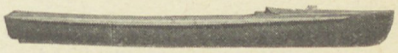
The Racinewis "Sport" square stern canoe with outboard motor attachment is the most practical craft any hunter or fisherman could own. It is *two* boats in *one*.

Simply turn on the motor and you change the Racinewis "Sport" instantly from a lazying canoe to a racy speed boat.

It is light and strong, fast, safe and responsive. Because it is light-riding and flat-bottomed you can paddle your "Sport" Canoe easily through shallows where few boats can go.



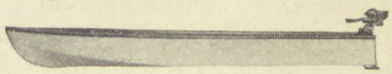
Then turn on the outboard motor and shoot swiftly up stream or dash to the far corners of the lake at race horse speed.

Roomy, graceful and correctly proportioned for speed, safety and ease of handling, the "Sport" shows inbuilt class and practicality in every line. Hunters and fishermen have put Racinewis Boats and Canoes to the hardest tests and they've always come out on top.

Racine Wis TRADE MARK REG

Outboard motor fans like the "Sport's" racy lines. Its 60" deck and cowl, bronzed mooring cleat and solid mahogany finish give it a graceful speedboat appearance. Its well-braced transoms and securely-fastened planking make it perfectly rigid—unaffected by any amount of motor vibration. The built-in sponsons insure safety too. Has three seats, 40" beam, 16" oak stems and weighs 135 lbs. Shipping weight 185 lbs.

The Racinewis "Speedabout" outboard motor boat shown below, is also winning new popularity everywhere. Here, too, you will find the same outstanding qualities that have won such wide-spread preference for all Racinewis Boats and Canoes.



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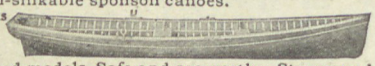

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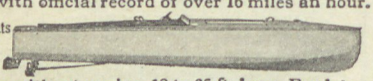

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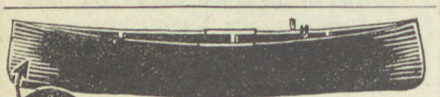

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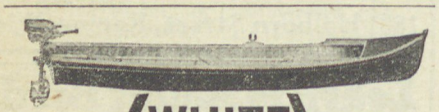

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Dave Skeel was in the kitchen preparing and supervising dinner. Dave always supervised a job of work, as he called it, whether he did it alone or with help. A tall, lean, sinewy man with a long, somber, mahogany colored face which was relieved by twinkling, humorous gray eyes. Dave was a soliloquist by nature and inclination, but his soliloquies were usually carried on in the first and second person.

"Dave, ye dam' fool," he was saying, "don't ye know better'n to put black pepper in that chowder? Gene don't like black pepper, besides it spiles the looks of it. There, now, dern yer fool hide, ye've gone an' broke the skin of that there bird. How ye goin' to keep up your repetation as a food artist with Gene? Say, how about that there boy, Gene, Dave? Never knew him to sleep like this afore, excep' on a rainy day, 'n not then if the bass an' lunge wuz runnin'. Guess I better wake him up. No, you go in an' do it, Dave, I'm busy."

"Hello, Dave, breakfast ready?"

Gene stood in the kitchen door, yawning, his eyes heavy with sleep. Dave turned and looked at him indignantly, then appealed to an imaginary audience.

"He asts, 'is breakfast ready,' an' it plum six o'clock in the evenin'."

"Evening your grandmother!"

Dave again addressed his unseen vis-a vis: "No use showin' him the clock, Dave. He'd say that meant mornin'. Tell him to look at the shadders on the lawn, why don't ye?"

Ingalls turned and looked out the front windows. "By criminy!" he exclaimed, "have I slept all day? Why didn't you wake me up?"

"'Wake him up?' he asts. There's more'n me tried to wake him since he went into that there trance."

"What do you mean, Dave? Talk to me straight, and cut out the fool stuff, will you?"

"'Fool stuff,' says he, an' after me goin' around barefoot all day, an' keepin' the squirls an' dickey birds offen the roof so little Gene wouldn't be disturbed after his heeroic rescue."

The young man in the doorway gazed at the other with dull, uncomprehending eyes. Then slowly a light began to dawn in them.

"Hanged if I hadn't clean forgotten that, Dave. Where is the chap, and how is he?"

"Back with his friends on Spruce Island. Campin' there with a covey o' young gals what wears britches. Swum all the way down here this mornin'. More'n a mile. When he—she didn't git back on time they all piled over here lookin' fer him—her. One of 'em, a old she heifer what looks like a badger, helped me pump thirteen barls o' water outa him—her."

"What do you mean, Dave, by him—her?"

"I mean her—him, what you saved from a watery grave or somethin'. He—she kissed you good bye; I seen it myself. Plum on the mouth. An' nothin' on her but a bathin' suit 'at wouldn't cover a good sized woodchuck." Dave looked scandalized.

"Do you mean it was a girl I rescued this morning?"

"Well, you done somethin' to her. 'Cause when she couldn't wake ye up, she plumped down on her knees alongside that there couch where you wuz layin' an' snorin'—"

"Not snoring, Dave?"

"Like a young porker. An' she dropped her head on your buzzem, an' cried, an' kissed you good bye, an' called ye 'Gene'—"

"She knows me, Dave? Are you sure?"

"Well, mebbe I'm mistook. Mebbe she said 'gin,' cause you sure did take in a skinful after I had your clothes off, an' had you tupped in your little bed."

Gene walked up and down the room excitedly, his eyes glowing. Who was this strange girl? Some one from his own city; some one who knew him. Could it be possible—? Of course, not, what a fantastic idea.

"Dave," he said, "did you learn this girl's name?"

"Didn't learn nothin'. But I heard them other chatterin' chipmunks call her some crazy name like—wait a min-it, sounded like,—let's see—shirt? skirt? dirt? squirt? mert?—that's it—Mert! ever anything foolisher 'n that?"

"Mert? Myrta?"

"Well, mebbe. Only, remember, I aint nohow responsible fer it."

Dave suddenly found himself seized by the shoulders, and an excited, wild eyed, young man shaking him furiously.

"Dave," he heard, "did she have blue eyes, the bluest, the most wonderful eyes in the world?"

"Kinda looked like fish eyes when I first see 'em. Yes, they was, come to think; sorter like the gill spot on a sunfish or bluegill—"

"And golden hair, the loveliest, most gorgeous hair that God ever made?"

"Peared red to me, like a fox squirl's, only stringy, an' wet, an' snarl'd—"

"Dave, you poor dam' fool idiot, you don't know, you can't understand nor appreciate—"

"I think Mr. Dave's description is much more accurate than yours, Mr. Ingalls."

Gene turned like a flash and stood transfixed, gazing dumbly through the door into the living room. There, standing just beyond the threshold, was a vision, or so it seemed to the enraptured, almost idiotic young man; a slim, exquisite vision dressed, not in sport clothes, but in some homey, clingy material; a vision with soft blue eyes which looked steadily into his, and with rich, red hair which the westering sun turned into a vivid gold.

"Miss Henderson," gasped Gene, "Myrta!"

She smiled and came through into the kitchen, holding out two hands. Dave had retreated into a far corner, a skillet in one hand and a coffee pot in the other, alarm and admiration in his eyes. They stood together, hand in hand, with eyes looking intently into eyes. "Thank you, Gene," was all she said.

"Dinner's ready in the dinin' room," called Dave, "fish chowder, fried partridge an' black bass. Come an' get it."

"And so, I changed my plans after all. I came up here instead of going to Hugo's camp—"

"Aren't you at Daiemler's camp now?"

"Mercy, no! Hugo's place is miles and miles away."

"And isn't Daiemler with you?"

"Don't be absurd, Gene."

"But you said—"

"Something about marrying him? That was for father's benefit. Whenever he is in one of his bad moods I mention marrying the Marquis, and it makes him furious. That, and the way you set him down, pretty nearly finished poor dad."

"I was a boor. 'A self-sufficient young pup,' I think he called me, and I guess he was right."

"No doubt about it, dear."

"What's that? Did you say 'dear,' dear? That is what I have been calling you ever since that day. Oh, Myrta, my dear—"

"Please don't be silly, Gene. And let go my hand. I want to eat; and besides, Dave is apt to come in any minute."

And Dave, coming in at that particular moment with a hot platter, found two flushed young people pretending to eat.

"Hev some more patridge, Miss?"

"Thank you, Dave, I will. You are a wonderful cook."

"See here, Dave," said Gene sternly, "you'll have to stop shooting those birds out of season. I have told you that before."

"Huh!" Dave snorted, helping Myrta to half of a plump bird, "he won't find no shot in them birds, will he Dave? 'Course not; they was plum foolish. Went clean off their heads an' committed suicide."

"All right, Dave, I'll forgive you this time," Gene said with a benign smile.

"Better. An' they's other kinds o' birds jes' as foolish. Leastwise they hev to be yanked in out o' the wet once in a while to keep their pin feathers dry."

Dave clumped out to the kitchen his long, solemn face as impassive as ever, only the twinkling eyes indicating the inner spirit.

"You've offended him, dear."

Gene's hand stole over and clasped hers. "Not Dave. We know each other too well. But are we two foolish birds, dear? Could you be foolish enough to —to—"

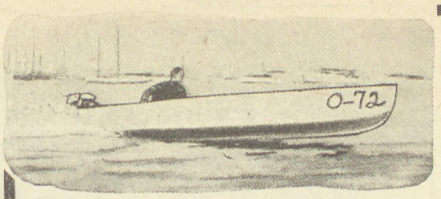
"To come up here and seek you in your own nest?"

"To build a nest together, sweetheart!"

They had risen and stood facing each other, his hands on her shoulders. Her face was pale, her wide-set, glorious blue eyes looked intently, seriously into his. Then a film veiled their radiance, the lids drooped, and a crimson tide of color slowly mounted in her cheeks.

"Father sent me up here to get you," she whispered softly. "He told me to bring you back at any cost."

"God!" he prayed, as he folded her in his arms. "You are too good to me."



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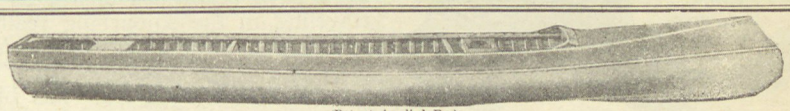

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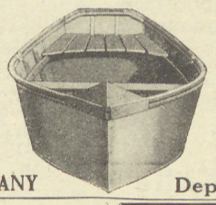

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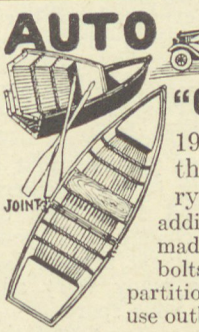

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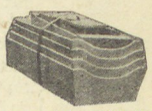

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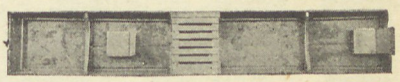

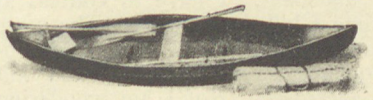

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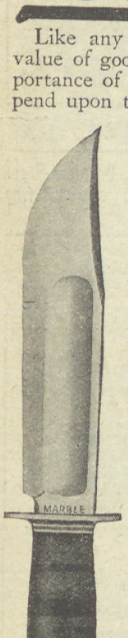

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Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

Jacksnipe Shooting

IT is almost second nature, when talking about the long-billed gentlemen, to visualize marshes of great extent, wet meadows and partly flooded cotton and corn fields, according to the locality which is forcing reminiscence on you most. When such a mood seizes me I have to take in a vast scope of sodden territory because in days gone by I have performed almost as much traveling in the sojourning realms of jacksnipe as they do during the migrations in our man-sized country. Truly, the Migratory Bird Law has hit my best snipe grounds a pretty hard blow. At the place I knew where they came in by the hundreds of thousands, and still do the same thing, I am obliged to withhold my shooting activities because it is early in spring, the period this fine bird is routing north, and thinking more about reproducing its kind than anything else. In fall these grounds are dry as a bone on account of the absence of rainfall and the birds go on South without so much as stopping there for a rest.

But the man who complains about the Migratory Bird Law simply because it stops the shooting perpetually for his environment is a pretty selfish individual, the kind that everybody dislikes, because he can see nothing else except through his own glasses. There is another slant to it: Somebody else gets some shooting where there are more wet grounds, and, as solace to your feelings, you can say to yourself that a heap more are going to the northern breeding grounds and some time or other things will change and your shooting grounds will get a good fall soaking and provide many wary and fast flying jacks for your sport.

After all, I do not regret that the law prohibits me from shooting in spring when the jacks are so outstandingly abundant. I have to confess at one time I killed too many. The more I hunted them and killed them, in proportion my desire to hunt and kill more increased. No, I am wondering if, of my own accord, I would ultimately have had the good sense to quit killing these long-billed chaps in Spring. I wonder if I would have had sufficient will power to say to myself that I was doing wrong and hoggishly taking the opportunities away from a valuable game bird to increase and provide some hunting for the youngsters who are later on going to follow our footsteps with scatter guns on their shoulders. I am afraid not. The temptations were too great and I had no one to show me the way until Uncle Sam stepped in and told me I just had to quit killing jacks in Springtime.

Another thought registers right at this moment. I am asking myself whether I incurred any personal injury when I stopped shooting during the forbidden period, whether I sacrificed any vast amount of pleasure when I gave up something that was closely akin to ruthless slaughter, because in the bygone days I thought nothing of killing a hundred or more jacks in a day for no other purpose than to show my marksmanship and provide farmers and friends with all these birds they could possibly eat. Now, I measure things by the amount of enjoyment I get out of them.

This winter I hunted all day for jacks, and when night fell on the earth I arrived at a little Ozark cabin with only four of the long bills and two woodcocks. But, what a time I had finding them and killing them! One jack I actually flushed twenty times and followed him from field to field. For a while his sagacity for flushing just a bit out of the range of my gun was simply amazing. At last he slipped in his endeavors, and, probably believing I was harmless, never flushed until he was within thirty yards distance. When I picked up that fellow from the ground, his white breast staring right into my face, I fully regarded getting him an achievement of greater delectation than when I years ago knocked down seventy-five of his tribe during a single forenoon.

Somehow, shooting jacksnipes has had a fascination for me only surpassed by what the gamest of all game birds, quails, provide. Strange to say, too, they revive erstwhile days when I was a rank dub as a shot, as well as the power my father had in his muscular right arm. I have a poignant recollection of all this, though it started me on the right road to wing shooting. Both a quail and a jacksnipe did their part in effecting it. Why Dame Fortune should have arranged matters so that twice I should be caught shooting feathered game on the ground I do not know, but she acted in that capacity, using once a quail and once a jacksnipe. This in itself speaks well for her sagacity; yet, I cannot yet explain how it

Springer Field Trial.

came about that on both occasions my father witnessed it.

There was a period when I could miss jacksnipes with amazing regularity. Seemingly they had a way of escaping my load, no matter how I held on them. "Scaip!" "Scaip!" they sounded as they arose close to me and then twisted easily away from my alignment. One day up until noon I had missed every jacksnipe that had flushed within range, and that was plenty of them. I decided I would not go home without at least one of them, and I would achieve a few kills by the more dependable pot-shooting route. Stealthily I progressed down the corn rows. You know jacks are mighty hard to see on the ground, they blend so well with the coloration of the earth and dead vegetation. But at last I discovered one industriously boring in a wet slash for worms. I aimed, fired and knocked him over. Then father appeared just at that moment, and later he took me home and showed me a method of his attack with a hair brush on the part of my anatomy which I use most for sitting down. He told me, too, that he would buy all the ammunition I required to learn wing shooting. And as he never stinted on anything he promised, I was glad I believed in his statement.

My quail killing episode happened in a potato patch, mind you, in late June, when I was just coming home from hunting squirrels while they were feeding on wild mulberries. All at once I beheld a cock quail running on the ground. I killed it, and unfortunately father was attracted by the shot and came to me. Again I felt the hair brush, but twice this time and more vigorously, once for killing the quail on the ground, and once for shooting a game bird during the sacred season. From what I experienced I believe with a hair brush my father could have whipped Jack Dempsey and every heavyweight that ever lived, for he had such a mighty wallop with it.

Father never did things half way with me, so nothing would be effective unless he taught me how to shoot jacks and quails, as was, he said, his bounden duty. And this he decided to do.

As hints to those who have always felt that jacks were impossible enigmas to solve with a shotgun it is just as well to relate how he instructed me, and I am in hopes that they will register on less recalcitrant prospects than I was.

I shot during an entire morning in company with my father without killing a bird. There were plenty of them on the marsh, too. Not once did he rebuke, but he watched me very carefully. When we arrived home for dinner he took me in his den and handed me one of his old guns. It was lighter than the one I had been using in the morning, and I realized at once his reason for the change, the gun fit me perfectly. In fact, until that moment when he explained everything so carefully, I thought one gun was like another and never imagined that there was such a matter as different drops, length of stocks, etc., which could affect shooting. He told me there was no use whatever of my trying to learn to shoot flying jacks without the gun fitting me. I could never hope to be more than a dub shot until I was fitted right. Fortunately this little antiquated sixteen filled the bill perfectly for me.

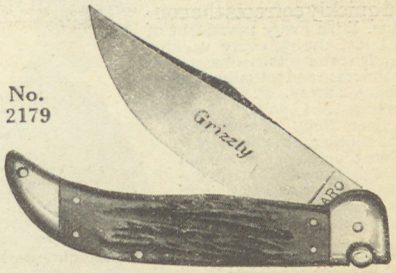
As we returned to the marshes that afternoon I had, through the very feeling of that gun, more confidence in myself; it came up right, it seemed to align quickly on objects at which I held it without effort. En route, father in a kindly way suggested that I cultivate confidence in myself, and forget all the misses I had ever made previously and begin over again with the prevailing notion in my mind that I would kill every bird that got up. As things were at present, he remarked, during the morning I showed that I was in bad shape to start shooting. I was in doubt, apprehensive of missing whenever a jack flushed. My gun came to my shoulder in a jerky fashion. It should come up quickly and smoothly, and most of all I should learn to press the trigger firmly without nervousness instead of as I had been doing.

There was no need to feel the least alarm at a flushing snipe. They never injured anybody, nor were they capable of doing so. Also, I must school myself to be indifferent as to where they got up. No matter how hard the shot looked I should regard it as a desirable one and easy of accomplishing. Your frame of mind has much to do in wing shooting. Poise and cool nerves are remarkable assets.

There is an old rule, father continued, which advises sportsmen to hunt jacksnipe with the wind at their backs; thereby they could take advantage of

KA-BAR KNIVES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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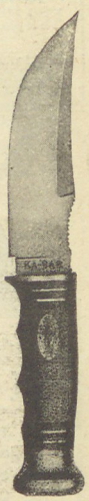

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4½ inch Blade, $3.50

Chrome Leather Handle

Fits the hand.
Perfect balance.
Easy thumb rest.
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Cuts free and clean and holds its keen edge through astounding tests. Get this knife and you'll go camping. Let your fingers close around the handle of this KA-BAR No. 582 and you'll get a whiff of frizzlin' bacon and the new-life air beneath the spruce and balsam.

Whether you hunt or fish or just go camping, you will find that this knife is king in your equipment.

Price includes extra fine quality Sheath.

X57½ STAINLESS STEEL FISH KNIFE

KA-BAR Stainless Steel blades are keen and tough. The X57½ blade has deep, sharp cut scaler back. Handle is of heavy nickel silver. To close knife, swing halves of handle to reverse position.

Length, closed, 5½ inches. Blade 5 inches. Price $2.00 each.

Do not buy a knife ground like an axe. Remember, it is the quality in the blade that makes a knife valuable to you. A low quality blade ground thick at the edge will not cut easily and requires frequent sharpening.

Good grinding is an ear-mark of true quality in steel and expert workmanship.

KA-BAR Knives are made by an organization that for 27 years has had just one aim: to make a greater service quality in knives and razors regardless of cost or demand.

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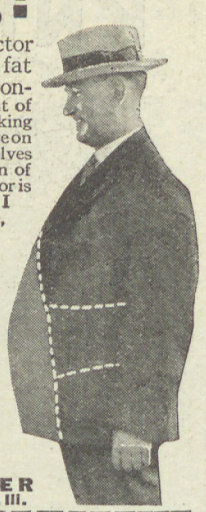

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the fact that jacks invariably get up against wind and present an easy side shot. The advice is to be taken with that proverbial pinch of salt. In the first place, conditions do not always favor hunting with wind at your back and most times numbers of the family scolopacidae do not act according to rules and get up any darned way they want, and usually when you think you are going to have a facile side shot presented they beat it away from you swiftly in the most remarkably swift corkscrew patterns and gyrating wing performances. Then that very thing of trying to take advantage of the easiest way of getting shots is bad; ultimately it will cause doubt in your ability to accomplish any other than the made-to-order kind.

More potent advice followed. Straightaways are sure puzzlers for the novice. They twist from you, confusing your aim. One fraction of a second you are on them, the next valuab'e fraction of a second when you are pressing that trigger finger your sight is off. Wait until they get a good start, at least twenty or twenty-five yards from you. Then they have loosened up about all their repertoire of deceiving kinks, and start going straight. But do not overlook another thing. Hold fairly high over a jack's back as he speeds off straight away from you. Those little long bills are invariably all the time rising and rising further and further from mother earth, and if you do not hold high you are sure to send your supply of tiny No. 8 leaden missiles under them, and do no harm whatever to their anatomy. Do not be worried about snipe getting out of range before you can press your trigger. Your pattern is just about opening up right when you are ready, and after all it requires only one or two pellets to topple over the sturdiest of the Wilson snipe family.

Right or left crossing birds should be led just a bit according to distances, but always high; like the straightaways, they are continually climbing up even though crossing you. Do not forget, either, after you lead a jack to let the recoil of your discharged cartridge stop your swinging instead of attempting to do it yourself. If you attempt to do it yourself you will miss through your unpremeditated effort which will not only throw you off the proper aligning, but also cause you to jerk your trigger sufficiently to prevent a kill.

Follow the same rules with overhead birds when having to lead them. They look like spectacular shots, but they are just as easily made as the others. About the only requirement is judgment of killing distances and how far to lead them, and perhaps you will doubt me until you try it when I say that incomers are the easiest shots of all. Hold right on them; as they come in, slip your hand slightly up the fore-end of your gun, and, the instant you lose sight of them, press the trigger. A jack will come to the earth every time you handle an income, however speedy he is, in this manner.

Right away my shooting improved, but I wondered for a time if I would ever equal the skill of my father. But as I progressed such was my objective and very soon I had encouragement. Father was killing those fast flyers—and they were sure speed merchants that day—with almost uncanny regularity. Then all at once a lazy jack got up sluggishly from a clump of dwarfed sedge grass. He started away as though in no haste, slowly and slowly trying to cast off his twisting methods of deceiving hunters. Father fired his right barrel and missed, then his left, and to my amazement again he missed. Here was my chance. I felt confident of that bird, as he achieved the thirty-yard line. I held high, and then pressed the trigger. When that old time sixteen-gauge Ithaca sounded I saw both that long billed twister pitch to the ground and my father's eyes beam with pride at my shot.

Ozark Ripley, National Sports authority, will answer questions on arms and ammunition.

Sundown

(*Continued from page 19*)

alders the red rays of the low sun crept in and rested a moment on the pool. And in the very center of the sunlit patch Martin's "Habitant" rolled to the surface, spent. Martin gasped. There, there in front of him, rolling slightly, lay his "Habitant." A monstrous trout he was, a deep, deep purple, and his red spots glowed soft as a pigeon blood ruby. He was a heavy fish, deep and chunky beyond the point of symmetry, bellied and sluggish. A wonderful trout—and yet—even as the sunlight faded and died, even as the fish tried one last roll, Martin had seen, had sensed, and

the wonder and the glory of his victory died as the sunbeam. Not all the beauty of the fish, not all his regal purple, could hide his age. He was old, terribly old, so old that the fight of his youth was gone, his age-heavy body could no longer part leaders in wild rushes or flip hooks in beauteous leaps. He had fought a last fight, a pitiful, hopeless, dogged fight of naught save tired weight, vain hope, and a weary will to live.

Martin blinked. The fabled monarch was his, but over him swept the poignant, burning grief of tardy victory. Fifteen years, fifteen years of dreams, of plans, of fighting a glorious fight with a glorious fish—fifteen years of pushing back time until those hopes, those dreams came true—fifteen years—and then—then this fish, whipped and scourged by age, drifts to him in a fight that any boy could have won. No thoughts came to Martin of a triumphal march to the clubhouse, no thought of boasts fulfilled. Age had met age, and reaching out with a fumbling, palsied hand, gently Martin unhooked the tiny fly. Slowly the "Habitant" rolled and sank into the deep waters.

His line snaking down before him, Martin sloughed slowly towards the head of the rapids. Over the hill poured in a crimson flood the glory of the dying sun. It rolled out across the waters and broke upon the long stretch of the Island Rapids, tinting the foam a delicate pink. It swept like a benediction around and upon old Martin, standing at the brink, his rod held low before him, his head bowed and his old shoulders sagging. Slowly, painfully, he raised his head and gazed down the long rapids. Slowly, hopelessly, he turned, and with halting, fumbling steps, he sought the path along the shore.

The Metamorphosis of the March Brown

(Continued from page 30)

then changed to a hare's ear, then to a Wickham, to the nymph again, and at last after about an hour and a half's fishing I put on the small spinner. The first cast sent the fly right over the fish which rose, was fastened and was finally landed, weight 3½ lbs. and in the pink of condition.

Altogether I suppose I did not cast twenty-five times over this fish with all the different changes of fly; and during all this time the fish never ceased rising at intervals to the natural fly.

I discovered one very useful tip this spring; when dry fly fishing in brushy country, one is very liable to get hung up behind when drying the fly. If there is no possible opening in the brush behind one, the only thing to do is to dry the fly by fake casts up and down stream, but frequently there is a sort of lane in the herbage behind along which the line can be extended.

Now, if such a lane exists, before the actual casting over the fish is attempted, extend the line down this lane in your back casts and note carefully some point on the opposite bank that lines up with the forward cast.

Now, when recovering your line, and making the necessary fake casts to dry the fly, keep this point on the opposite bank in your memory, and direct your forward casts towards it; the back casts will then travel in the lane and you will not be continually getting hung up behind.

The equipment I used this spring consisted of a 9 ft. 5 oz. rod, a good reel and an H-D-H line. My leaders were 9 ft. long, tapering down to a XXX point, which is quite strong enough when used with small flies.

It is a waste of effort to use a heavy leader with a small fly.

If you are using a small fly and a fine leader you will be governed accordingly, and not put on too much strain; and, therefore, will not be so liable to pull the small hook out of the fishes' mouths.

But if your leader is too strong for the size of the fly, you may be tempted to exert too much force at a time and thereby pull the small hook loose from

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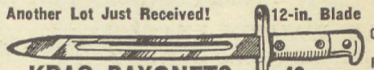

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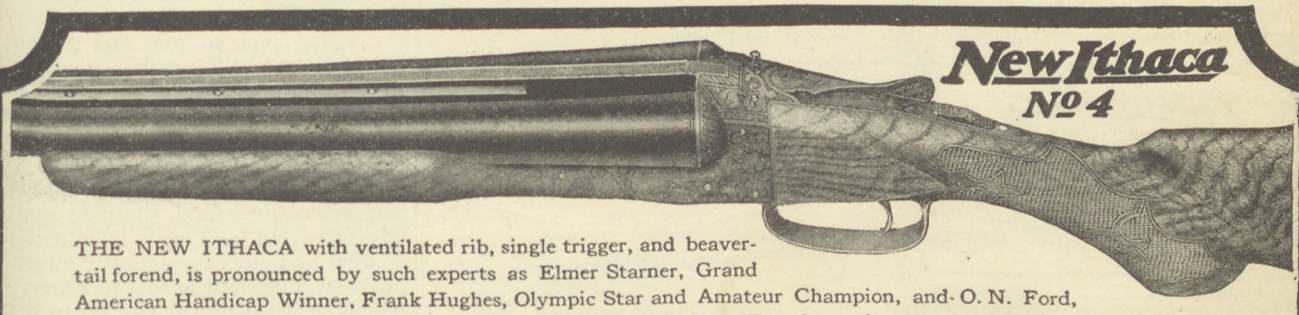

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its scanty hold; furthermore, the heavier leader is more visible and therefore you can expect fewer rises from highly educated fish.

On only two occasions did I lose fish this spring through the leader breaking. In one case the XXX point was rotten, and in the other the fish managed to get into some willow roots under my own bank and fray the leader out to a thread which finally broke.

This fish, which was only a small one of 1¾ lbs. weight, was caught two days later with one of the spinner flies after an interesting siege, and when I removed the fly from its jams I found the nymph and the missing six inches of the leader that I had been using two days earlier.

The principle cause of loss of hooked fish is the small hook pulling out.

It is very annoying to play a good fish for several minutes and then have the hook come out, but there are compensations; the next day you are very likely to catch this same fish, you know just where to look for it, and the chances are that when hooked the second time its fighting tactics of the previous day will be duplicated, consequently you know just what to expect and what you have to guard against.

If one could go down to the river with the assured certainty of catching one or two good fish, that is, 2 lbs. and up, every day, fishing would soon pall on one and the rod would be left to rot in its case; but you never can tell what is going to happen; you may have carefully reasoned out some theory that you have proved to be right time and time again, and then the day comes, the incidents and happenings of which completely upsets your carefully reasoned theory.

The only true statement that can be made about fly fishing is that there are no fixed rules or methods of procedure that will not be completely reversed by what has happened in the past and will happen again in the future.

Wild Life and the Forest

(Continued from page 8)

A lot of people dislike owls because they are birds of prey and possibly because they look so wise and say so little. As soon as the owls are out of the way we would have a plague of mice. I prefer a reasonable number of owls.

I know a district where the marten used to be quite plentiful. This valuable fur bearer has been trapped out and his natural food, the pine squirrel, has increased to a point where it now collects and stores practically all of the pine seed produced in that territory. See what the price of fur can do to a pine forest.

The fisher is a fine fur bearing animal and not so very plentiful anywhere. It is the natural enemy of the porcupine and is the only animal that can kill and eat a porcupine without danger of serious injury or death from the quills.

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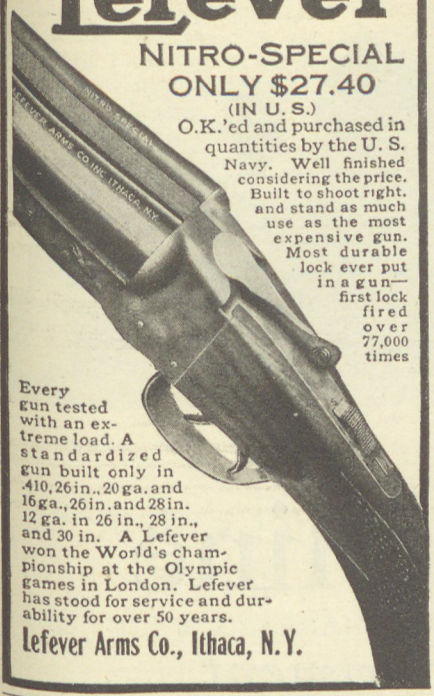

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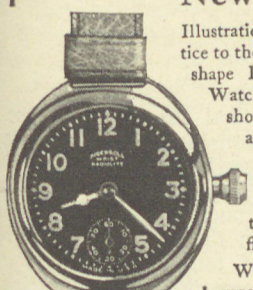

Illustrations can't do justice to the new tonneau-shape Ingersoll Wrist Watch. They can't show the real character of the design, nor how the watch and strap shape themselves to lie flat on the wrist. Will stand the bumps of outdoor use better than higher priced, delicate watches. Tells time in the dark.

Without Radiolite Feature $4.00

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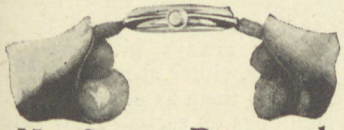

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5731 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich.

With fisher skins bringing fifty to one hundred dollars in the market would it be surprising if the porcupine should feel happy and look forward to the time when his ungainly progeny would strip the bark from every pine and run the price of lumber beyond the reach of the wealthiest contractor?

Even the carnivorous animal that pulls down the deer or moose away back in the wilderness may be a friend, though a terrible friend, of the big game. Look at what is now happening on the Kaibab Plateau, Arizona. There a few years ago mountain lions and wolves were hunted relentlessy by government hunters. Now the mule deer, increased to thirty or forty thousand, has eaten out the food supply and is threatened with starvation. The animals have become so numerous as to be a menace to their own existence. They long ago became damaging to the forest by destroying the little trees. It is a strange thought that a few wolves and mountain lions might have prevented much damage and headed off the threatened catastrophe among these deer by simply keeping the herd down to reasonable numbers.

I consider that in the Izaak Walton League we have an organization with somewhere near the right conception of conservation. Its members believe in conserving waters and woods and wild life all along the line. It is a job that cannot be done piecemeal.

Game protection and development is futile without considering as fundamental the preservation of the forest and the proper management of other wild lands. Game and fur indeed are by-products of the wild lands whether these lands bear trees, brush or grassy cover.

As a consulting forester and engineer I like to tell the owners of timber lands that to be safe and profitable woodland property, like a diversified farm, must have some variety and that a proper balance is required not only between the different classes of trees but also between the tree growth and the animal life. Even in a small tract of woodland the game and other wild things constitute one of the assets of the property. In a state or the nation the wild creatures of hillside and mountain and stream are not merely useful; they are a vital part of the forests in which they live and in turn they depend on the forest for their food, their shelter and protection from their enemies.

We cannot have wild life without the forest. Nor can we raise timber crops successfully without the aid of the wild creatures who work close to Mother Nature and who seem able to pull our human projects within the circle of God's plan.

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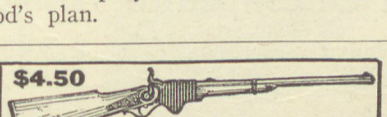

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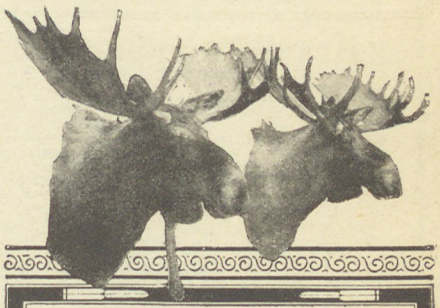

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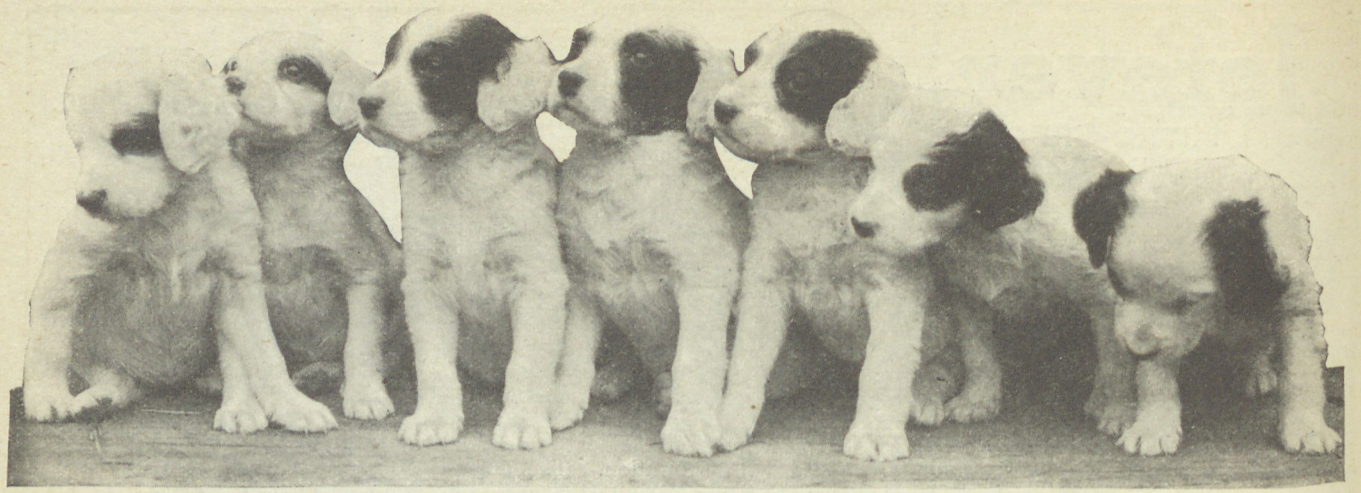

Llewellyn beauties owned by Effie Lee Mulligan.

Your Dog *and* Mine

Our Kennel Service Department is anxious to aid you in anything pertaining to dogs. There is no charge for this service

Edited by V. C. EBEL

Katherine Pendleton, of Sioux Falls, puts Dad's pointer to work.

The Value of a Chesapeake

By Earl Henry

VERY few people realize the fact that the Yankee is the one who produced this great breed of dogs, and you all know that when a Yankee starts out to do a thing he does it. History has proven this, from our mighty wars to the origin of the great American dog (The Chesapeake). The many qualities we find in him are not to be found in any other breed. We care not where he comes from.

The origin of the Chesapeake dates back to 1807 from a pair of puppies taken from a shipwreck. Their sire and dam, like most dogs of other breeds, are among the unknown. Had the dogs not had super knowledge to create such consideration those days, you would never have heard from them again. But they were so intelligent and given so much care and consideration that from them sprung the great Chesapeake of today.

One of the greatest characteristics is companionship. They loved their master and his family, and only one master at a time. Their love for children and how they guarded over the little tots; mothers would trust their babies in their care for hours. And the protection they always give their master's property, either at home or abroad. We can class them as one of the greatest watch dogs on earth. How safe the good wife feels when home alone only with the Chesapeake as her body guard!

Their clean habits make them an ideal house dog. Yet so many people are living under the impression that the Chesapeake is only kept as a hunting dog, mostly to retrieve ducks. Hundreds of Chesapeakes are kept only for family dogs, to perform some of the above mentioned good traits.

Quite true, they are used by thousands as hunters and considered the greatest of all retrievers from both land and water, and some have been used in hunting upland birds, rabbits, etc. Also many trappers use them in trapping fur bearing animals.

The Chesapeake seems to have the proper size to make him a useful dog, weighing from 60 to 75 pounds.

He is not a dog that barks at his shadow, as they say, "A dog of few words but a meaning in all he says."

To a person who loves a dog they have great beauty, being of a solid color, light brown to a dead grass with beautiful uniform shape; strongly built and a very bright and intelligent expression always in their faces.

A friend of mine once told me many years ago that he had a fine home, fine friends, fine family, and a fine dog—but without his dog he would not have a fine home. He also said that the man who hated a good dog generally hated all his neighbors. You can bet I do not hate my neighbors.

The Judge's Fighting Bulldog

By JOHN W. CHAPMAN

BEING an ardent lover of the great outdoors it has long been a custom of mine to spend from one to two weeks each fall in camp on one of the nearby streams where coon are to be found in goodly numbers.

For companions, I am not in want at any time, being accompanied by lawyers, doctors, preachers, judges, and even a democrat upon one occasion.

However, the time about which I wish to tell in this short article, happened in 1922 and for companions I had three good American citizens, or real good pals, and one fellow whom we shall simply call "The Judge." I trust you will not infer the Judge was not a good sport, for he was one of the best, simply had too much faith in his bull dog, that was all.

We drove about twenty miles to a local stream by name of Maroupin where we pitched camp, and made preparations for a ten day stay, with great hopes for a big catch of coon.

From the very first, we encountered trouble with the bull dog; he persisted in slipping his collar, then he would visit our eats, butter and cooked meat being his favorite dishes; although he was not very choice as he would eat fresh game, if he found the butter and meat unobtainable, and the game being out to cool. He was not particular about his sleeping quarters either, but preferred to curl up in our beds, when he could have made things much more congenial for everybody by bunking with the coon dogs, as he was expected to do.

It might be well to add that this bull dog, Zip by name, had quite a penchant in the old home town for killing cats, he certainly was a wonder at this pastime, and many an old maid had been sent to bed, comfortless, and cheerless, because of his dislike for the feline tribe.

Things went from bad to worse;

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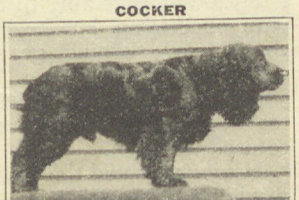

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Our Great Sires are at the service of your good matron and we are proud to say they are sure stock getters and the puppies are strong and hardy. Springer fees from $50 up, Cocker's fees $20 and $25. When breeding, breed from the best and when buying buy the best.

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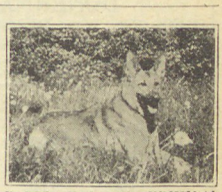

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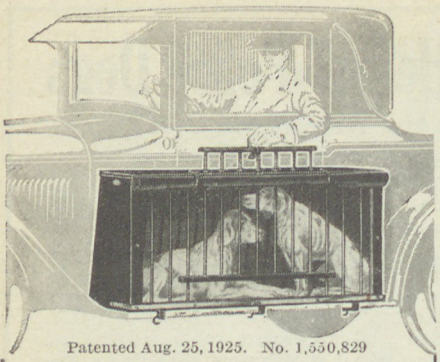

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Though light weight, it is durable and of strong construction, being built throughout of high quality automobile materials. Finished in genuine Du Pont Duco.

The top is built like the tops on the closed cars. It has storm curtain. All wooden parts are protected so the dogs cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright alite metal moulding to match the runningboard and all trimmings are nickel plated.

The improved heavy adjustable clamps hold it in a position so its reinforced tapered back does not touch the body of the car. It takes less than half a minute to clamp it on.

Shipments are made packed in strawboard boxes, insuring arrival in perfect condition. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15.00 for the two-dog size. Suitable for large pointers or setters as well as other breeds of dogs and is adjustable to fit all makes of cars. Immediate shipment.

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The most beautiful specimens the dog world can offer. Home guards, loyal companions, useful and intelligent. Low prices. Illustrated circulars free.

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every member of the party swore vengeance against Zip, and after a consultation (unbeknown to the Judge) it was voted, that when we treed a coon large enough, we would put the bull dog to test, or at least convince him that the Tom Cats on Maroupin, grew rather large.

At last, we put one up; an old snag that looked equal to the occasion, so we sent back to the camp for the Judge and the bull dog, both of which had remained in camp.

At first the Judge was not inclined to stir out, but after much persuasion, telling him Zip could not hope to manhandle this coon, he came out of bed with fire in his eye, and back they came to give battle.

The snag leaned over the water and we had decided to jump Mr. Coon in the water, thereby making Zip's task much greater, as any coon hunter knows a coon in the water is always at home no matter whose dog may come in.

After instructing the Judge, about where the coon would probably "light" and he and Zip had taken their battle positions, one of the boys, who had gone up, called out "There he comes."

When he "lit" the Judge gave Zip his best encouragement, and sent him "in" for the coon was in the water. Zip charged, thinking another Tom cat was ready for Cat Heaven, but he had never met one like this before. Oh, how the water churned, and a greater part of the time all we could see of the bull dog was his tail sticking up out of the water, as the coon seemed to be tired of swimming and had decided to ride a while. In a very short time though they were out on land, the coon simply rode him ashore. That was all, and then the unexpected happened, the Judge decided to send in some reinforcements, and none being available, went himself to Zip's rescue, with a fine large club.

Around and around they thus went, finally the Judge became entangled in some grape vines, and easily made it first down, by a plunge off tackle. Quickly disentangling himself, he started a forward pass with his large club, the play being the Judge to the coon but unfortunately, Zip interrupted the pass and was out completely, to the game's finish, leaving the Judge to finish the game.

By this time the Judge was wild with anger, and decided to stamp old Mr. Coon into submission, so giving forth an unearthly battle cry, he jumped high into the air, expecting to finish the job with one stamp. but he landed on the coon's rear running gears, and what could the poor coon do, but grab the Judge's near *calf;* this he did and his teeth must have become caught, for he refused to let go.

Now what could the Judge do? What would you have done? Well the Judge instituted a new dance right there, the likes of which none of us had ever seen.

We had had our evening's entertainment so not wishing to lose the Judge's friendship, we killed the coon.

He weighed twenty-four pounds, a regular great grand dad.

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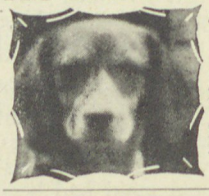

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MRS. THOMAS EVANS Potomac, Montana

Hank and Jeff

(Continued from page 10)

strips, reached his long, powerful neck, and plucked the next ham from its peg. Reared on his hind legs, he was over five feet high. He easily pushed the ham through the smoke hole and leaped after it. The hatch closed of its own weight. He carried the plunder off to a cedar swamp a quarter mile away, then feasted to repletion on the meat he loved the best. He could not eat it all. and what was left he buried in the black muck, digging a hole with his paws, but rooting the earth back with his nose till the meat was covered.

Garvin slept late. When he awoke, the dog was still on the rug. The door was a little open, which might mean that the dog had been out chasing some prowling beast. For, though Hank could open the door, he never was known to shut it. But oftentimes the door was left open all night, so that proved nothing.

His dream was strong upon him as Garvin went out. He opened the smoke-house to find *another ham gone.* His lips were tight, his jaw set, as he glanced toward the cabin, to note that Hank was again mauling the old bear skull as though that were to blame. Garvin went on alone to the cedar swamp. He saw Hank watching, even while pretending to maul the skull.

Every stump and tree was familiar through his dream, and he went direct to the cedar bush. There were signs of recent disturbance. He dug fiercely with his fingers. Soon he unearthed a bone, then another—bear bones—ham bones—then—part of the last ham!

He stood up straight. He gasped, "My God!" He glanced furiously toward the cabin and gave a familiar whistle. But no Hank came joyously bounding. He strode quickly back, to see the dog disappearing in the bushes. "Come here, you," he yelled. The dog came cowering and whimpering. "Come right along." He marched back to the swamp hole, Hank slinking behind. There he turned to the dog, and pointing to the bone, said in a voice of thunder, "See that? So it was you all the time. You that was my pard. You that I trusted. Hank, you're a traitor. You're wuss'n a thief; you're a traitor."

The dog grovelled at his feet, whined, licked his boots. Jeff spurned him.

"You damned *traitor!*" Hank raised his big, strong head just a little and howled a very wail of death. He tried to reach his master's feet. The hunter kicked him, muttering an oath.

"*You traitor!* Now, you come and get what's coming to you." He strode back to the cabin. Hank slunk far behind in an agony of shame and humiliation.

Garvin took down the ready, loaded rifle and came out. Hank was grovelling twenty yards away, whining his shame and sorrow.

"Come here," yelled the man. The great hound crawled slowly to his very feet, and gazed with blinking eyes on

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I am,

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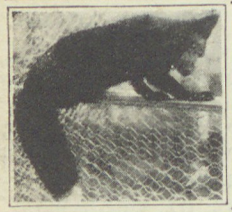

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the face he had loved so long and deeply.

Jeff leveled the rifle at his partner's brain, right between the big brown eyes, those bright, brave eyes that had ever greeted him in love, that had never yet feared facing death when his master was in peril; and a deep revulsion seized the hunter as he glared.

"No, I wont," he gasped. "I dan't do it. You are my dawg. But I'm through with you. You played false. I'm through with you."

He flung himself on his fur-rugged couch, and sobbed like a child. Inch by inch the old hound crawled in, slowly, belly to earth. Inch by inch his velvet ears trailed the dust, and his hung lips slobbered on the sill. A little, little moan he made just once. Slowly he reached the old familiar bear skin. His master's hand hung down from the bunk.

To be concluded.

A Gold Star Mother

(Continued from page 7)

it stands for all the things dear to Charley's heart. But I must tell you—

"Ted Wilson came back—a wonderful boy Ted. For a year he put in most of his time being nice to me—telling of the wonderful things Charley did.

"Then a girl came along and Ted married and his little boy who is just about three years old, calls me Grandma and spends a lot of time with me in the old house.

"Last week I took the little fellow up to the old workshop. But I—I couldn't stand it.

"After I came down stairs I couldn't help but cry a little bit. I looked at Ted's youngster and wondered what there would be in life for him. I wondered if he would have a workshop, fishing poles, guns or dogs to fuss with. I notice that Ted has lost interest in these things, but oh, they mean so much to a boy—so much more than I can explain.

"So you can see how much I love the Izaak Walton League—it is doing a wonderful work and I do so much want to help. I want to be a member, if I can. I came to Chicago just to do it.

"No, thank you. You are very kind, but I want to pay my money and be a regular member. What greater happiness could I buy with three dollars than the knowledge that I was helping—doing my share in a little way, so that my boy will know his mother is carrying on.

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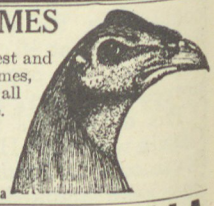

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BIG Rainbow Trout—5 to 15 lbs. in weight right here in Michigan. We have guiding dates open this summer, and guarantee you plenty of fish. References. Write Collins Reed, Beulah, Mich.

INDIANA'S well known fishing resort opens June 16th at Barbee Lakes. Reservations for cottages write: Fritz and Walburn, Warsaw, Indiana. R. R. 1, Box 80. (3-7)

THREE furnished cottages for rent with boat, ice, wood, $12.50 per week. Good fishing. W. E. Lucas, Haliburton, Ontario, Box R, Canada. (3-8)

Coins—Curios—Antiques

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $½-size; 53¢. 50,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo. (12-8)

DEN Curios, Old Arms, Prehistoric Indian stone relics. Rare Indian beaded trappings. Everything for den. Large lists ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-6)

RARE Antiques—Guns, weapons, ancient Indian relics, prints, china, miscellaneous. New Lists. Write—G. R. Moore, "The Relic Man," 615 N. Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-6)

50,000 COINS, medals, paper money, Indian curios, engraving, maps. Catalogue free. Nagy, 8A, South 18th, Philadelphia. (3-6)

Dogs

Airedales

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Oorang Airedales trained as watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers and stock-drivers. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs, $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies, $25.00 to $35.00 each. Large illustrated catalog, ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-8)

AIREDALES—We have some promising pups from excellent pedigreed stock that we can offer at very reasonable rates. Also have splendid stud dogs at service and choice matrons for sale. On Airedales we can surely please you; just tell us what you want. Ask for free copy our new copyrighted pamphlet, "The Airedale Dog." The Mexouri Kennels, Mexico, Missouri. (3-7)

PEDIGREED Airedale Puppies. Males, $12.00. Females, $7.00. Second to none. C. F. Hughes, Box 144, Rushsylvania, Ohio. (3-8)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions. Write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-6)

Beagles

BEAGLE pups. Males, $8.50. Females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-8)

Dogs

Bull Dogs

BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull pups, $15.00. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-1)

Chesapeakes

FOR Sale—Chesapeake Bay puppies, six weeks to six months old. The kind you will be proud to own. Registered or certificates furnished. Write for prices, breeding and description. R. R. Souers, Box No. 29, Marysville, Missouri. (3-8)

CHESAPEAKE pups for fall hunting. Bred, age and priced right. $10.00. Chas. Carlos, Jamestown, Missouri.

CHESAPEAKE Bay Retrievers, puppies and trained dogs. M. W. Thompson, Lake Andes, So. Dak. (3-8)

HIGH class Chesapeake pups for sale. Warranted to satisfy. Papers furnished. F. L. Sims, Western, Nebr. (3-6)

CHESAPEAKES—Puppies, trained dogs. Unexcelled registered stock. E. Grant Stuart, Charlton, Iowa. (3-7)

Collies

HIGH-CLASS Puppies — Eligible — Imported Strain—Champion Bred—Show Prospects—Excellent Specimens. Floyd Hale, Farmersville, Ohio. (3-8)

CHAMPION-BRED Collies — Finest Puppies. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-7)

COLLIES for sale. Training Book, 35c. Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-6)

Hounds

THE World's Largest Dog Kennel has for sale Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs, $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies, $15.00 to $25.00 each. Large illustrated catalog, ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-8)

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

FOR Sale. My A No. 1 four-year-old coonhound, the kind you cannot buy in season at any price, full blooded. Guaranteed to trail, tree and stay treed in swimming water. O. K. in every way for $47.50 on 20 days' trial. Jean Vaughn, D 67, Mayfield, Ky.

ONE-HALF bloodhound, one-half coonhound pups, all kinds. From best, big, long-eared coon parents living. Trained and started night hounds. After season prices. No Sunday visiting. Honest dealing. Stamps. Sam Levers, Wooster, Ohio. (3-8)

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale perfectly trained coonhounds, combination hunters, bird dogs. Price reasonable. Sent C. O. D., trial. Learn the only way to buy and how I pay express. Catalog, 5c. (3-8)

EXTREMELY long-eared, old fashioned black and tan purple ribbon pups. Registration papers and photos free. Howard Robart, Scribner, Nebr. (3-8)

MOST distinguished foxhounds known. Breeding stock and puppies. One dime for illustrated booklet. Merritt Bros., Nichols, N. Y. R. No. 2.

"BONES" Champion Field Trial dog, blue tick, natural tree barker. Fee, $10.00. Leon Robinson, Dunkirk, Ohio. (3-8)

TRAINED Staghounds for sale; all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-7)

Dogs

Hounds

REGISTERED Russian Wolfhound pups priced low for weaning time disposal. Watonwan Kennels, St. James, Minn. (3-7)

REGISTERED Irish wolfhound pups for sale. Bear Valley Kennels, Zumbro Falls, Minn. (3-7)

Labradors

LABRADOR Retrievers, Registered imported stock, dogs and puppies. Oldest breeder of Labradors in America. W. J. Derthick, 175 Front Street, Portland, Ore. (3-7)

LABRADOR Retrievers. If you are satisfied with nothing but the best, use a Labrador. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-8)

LABRADOR Retrievers. Puppies from leading English Field Trial stock. H. McArdell, Brynmarl, Vancouver Island, B. C.

BEAUTIFUL Labrador Retriever Puppies. Wonderful stock. G. Bertsch, Glasgow, Mont. (3-8)

Miscellaneous Dogs

ST. BERNARD puppies from the best prize winning blood lines in America. All stock American Kennel Club registered. Nothing less than $75.00. Riveredge Kennels, Box 264, Highland Park, Illinois. (3-8)

POINTER puppies and hound puppies from registered parents. $7.00 each. Trained fox and tree hounds. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (3-6)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard, and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-6)

GREAT Danes. Pedigreed, from Champion Stock. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-10)

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

FOX Terriers, Boston Bulls, Beauties, English Setter Pups. Minnetonka Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-6)

ST. BERNARD pups—A child's pal and protector. Greatest watch and guard dogs. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Ind.

CHIHUAHUAS, Terriers and Toys, $50 up. Few less. One at $1,000. Garrett, 55 M St., Lynchburg, Va. (3-8)

DALMATIANS. Pedigreed coach puppies. Registerable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-8)

FOR Sale. Pure bred Newfoundland pups. Eligible registration. A. G. Murray, Nashville, Mich. (3-8)

WHITE Collie puppies, Police puppies, eligible. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill. (3-7)

FINE pedigreed Irish Terrier and beagle pups. Elismere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-6)

Pointers and Setters

TRAINED Pedigreed Pointer dog 2 ½ years old. White and Liver spotted, staunch on points. Retriever worth $100.00. Will ship C. O. D., $50.00 on 5 days' trial. You guarantee express both ways. All papers go. J. H. Murray, Brighton, Tenn.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

FREE. Sales list of Thoroughbred English, Irish, Gordon Setters and Pointers. Broken dogs. Pups. Bred bitches and stud dogs. Sold on a Guarantee. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-7)

"ATTENTION, Waltonians!" Champion Blooded Pedigreed Pointer and Setter Pups, four to eight months. C. O. D. Twenty-five Dollars. Guaranteed to please or return at my expense. John W. Chapman, Palmyra, Illinois. (5x26)

ENGLISH setter puppies whelped January 16. Jersey Prince, Eugenes Ghost and Duncans Indiana Fronca blood lines. Males, $25.00. Females, $20.00. All papers. Larrick Brothers, Darlington, Indiana.

AT Stud—Some of the finest Irish Setters in America. Write for new folder and prices on breeding. T. D. McLister, Brighton, Tenn. (3-7)

HUNDRED percent Llewellins. All ages. Have ten bitch puppies past six months, twenty-five dollars each. All papers to register. J. H. Sullivan, Creston, Iowa. (3-6)

HIGHLY bred, classy bitch, two years old, and litter February puppies. Thirty for bitch, puppies, ten each, to close out. F. E. Jackson, Hurley, S. D.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Cont'd

POINTER Pups—Stylish Touchstone, Pohic, Comanche Frank, Fishel's Frank, Warway's Tom Speedy Broomhill Dam breeding. $25. Tom W. Greer, Springdale, Arkansas.

ENGLISH Setter and Pointer Pups, eight months. Champion Bloodlines. All papers. $30 to $50. O. H. Peek, Girard, Ill. (3-8)

IRISH Setter. Excellent brood bitch by Ch. Bran of Boyne, ex-Tipperary Eamon bitch. Cheap. R. E. Valbert, Girard, Ill. (6-7)

ENGLISH Setter Bitch, 2 years. Her 5 puppies, 6 months. Palliacho breeding. Papers. Reasonable. Harvey Jones, Lake Andes, So. Dak.

BEAUTIFUL Irish Setter puppies. $15.00 each, C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed. Photo; pedigree free. Robert Fry, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

FOR Sale. Splendid litter of thoroughbred Lewellen Setter Pups. Price, $15. G. F. Wilke, Columbus, Nebr.

SETTER pups out of A-1 registered stock. $30.00. W. R. Brooks, Luverne, Minn.

CHOICE dark red Irish Setter puppies. $25, C. O. D. All papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-8)

ENGLISH Setter Puppies. Beauties. Reasonable. All papers. Clarence Jones, Kampsville, Illinois.

IRISH Setters. World's Best Breeding. Finest Puppies. Reasonable. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Ill. (3-6)

POINTER Pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-6)

SELECT English and Irish Setter puppies and grown stock. Estep Setter Kennels, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-6)

ENGLISH Setter pups. Nothing better. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis. (3-6)

POINTER and Setter pups. Approval. John Chapman, Palmyra, Ill. (6-6)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale—25 light and silver gray Police Pups of Kriminalpolizie blood line. Same as Strongheart. Males, $30.00. Females, $20.00. On approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-8)

GERMAN police dogs. Eligible to registration. Kriminalpolizie Blood, black and tan. Males, $50. Females, $35. On approval. O. Kutter, Compton, Ill.

POLICE puppies, Wolfe grey Kriminalpolizie blood lines. Eligible to registration in American Kennel Club. Carl Hanken, Stewartville, Minn. (3-8)

GERMAN Shepherd "Police" at stud; also trained dogs both sexes, and puppies, $25 each. Leon Robinson, Dunkirk, Ohio. (3-8)

FOR Sale. Police pups, Grown dogs, Bitches open and bred. Pedigreed. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-8)

POLICE puppies, Bitches, bred and open, Pedigreed, reasonable. Ki-Chi-sago Kennels, Chisago City, Minn.

WANTED—Police and other puppies. Give age, color, weight and price. P. H. Sprague, Maywood, Illinois. (3-6)

PUPPIES. From recently imported police trained show dogs. $25 and $35. Ridgeway Farm, Neenah, Wis., E. A. Nelson. (3-8)

Spaniels

SPRINGER Spaniels, from well-trained shooting dogs. Best of blood lines in pedigree, such as Dual Ch. Flint of Avendale, Laverstoke Powder Horn, Horsford Hetman. White, with liver, black or orange markings; also liver or blue roans. Sturdy, well-marked, country raised. Six months old pups, $35 up. Year old youngsters by Springbok of Ware ex Ringlet of Avendale, $75 and $100. Also two imported trained brood matrons. Will send pictures if color, sex and age preference are given in inquiry. Dr. & Mrs. G. B. Wolfe, R. F. D. L, Box 184, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-8)

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-8)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Beautifully marked puppies. None better. Correct age for next fall's hunting. Satisfaction and results guaranteed. Prices very reasonable. Write for particulars. Newell E. Ludlum, Medina, N. Y. (3-8)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniels—Int. Ch. Horsford Harbour—Ch. Little Brand—Ch. Laverstroke Powder Horn blood lines; finest pedigree possible. Ready for delivery now. Black and white and liver and white. J. E. Nester, Marysville, Kansas. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniels. For Sale — puppies, youngsters, bitches bred and open. Broke and unbroken. Superbly bred dogs always at stud. Best show and working strains known. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-7)

COCKER Spaniels—Four months old solid black puppies, select breeding, priced reasonably. Dr. W. B. Maxson, Flemington, New Jersey. (3-6)

FOUR registered Irish Water Spaniel Bitches partly trained. At Stud Botna Valley Prince, Fee Fifteen Dollars. Cecil Williams, Atlantic, Iowa. (3-6)

CHESAPEAKE and Springer Spaniel puppies and young stock for sale. Priced to sell. Satisfaction guaranteed. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Bred from the best imported Bench Show and Field Trial strains. Sold on approval, $30 and up. W. J. Nissen, Box O, Oxford, Nebr.

SALE—Crack Gun Dog. Irish Water Spaniel, 4 years old. Minds well and no better retriever; ten days' trial. Price, $50.00. Don Dlugosch, Storm Lake, Iowa.

WATER Spaniel Pups, half Irish, half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15. Females, $10. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-8)

IRISH Water Spaniel puppies. Will work this fall. Trained dog and brood bitches. Working strain. Registered. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Montana. (3-8)

AT Stud—English Springer Spaniel, Downton Bob Big Winner Shows and Field Trials. Fee, fifty dollars. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wisconsin. (3-8)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel puppies. Beauties. Liver and White. Whelped March 18. Eligible for registration. Vernal Carlson, Hoopeston, Ill. (3-8)

FOR Sale—English Springer Spaniel pups sired by Ch. Springbok of Ware. Guaranteed. Cerro Gordo Kennels, Mason City, Iowa. (3-8)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. Puppies and youngsters. All high class registered stock. Walter Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-8)

FOR Sale. 2 Springer Spaniel Bitches in whelp. Best of breeding. N. B. Hooper, Castine, Maine.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies for sale. Finest breeding, pedigreed and guaranteed. Northwestern Kennels, Nora Springs, Iowa.

IRISH Water Spaniel puppies from thoroughbred hunters. Retrievers. Stan Zelinske, Redgranite, Wis.

SPRINGER Spaniel Pedigreed pups. Bred from trained, hunting stock. Priced to sell. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Cocker & Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines. Nishnabotna Kennels, Red Oak, Iowa. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies for sale, $50.00. Pedigreed and guaranteed. W. W. Markwood, Cambridge, Minn. (3-6)

SPRINGERS and Chesapeakes. The good kind. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Iowa. (4-9)

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

SIX pound—Bat-eared Toy Fox Terrier at Stud. Fee $15.00. Also toy puppies for sale. Mrs. Verna Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (6-9)

IRISH Terriers, Game and Tough. Raised right. Used to children. A. K. C. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (3X26)

SMOOTH Foxterriers. Registered stock. Bitches bred, open. Also fine pups. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-7)

BOSTON Terrier Puppies, Brood matrons, Stud prospects. Priced reasonable. Hi-Test Kennels, Excelsior, Minn. (3-7)

Dogs

Trainers—Dogs

BROTHER Waltonians, let me train your bird dog. Ray Huckaby, Gibsland, La. (3-7)

Wanted—Dogs

WANTED—Police and other puppies. Give age, color, weight and price. H. Hoffert, 352 West Madison St., Chicago, Illinois. (3-7)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

rms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetra-mically Pure; the most effective rem- Hook and Round Worms and the e. Also recommended in cases of l Barking fits. In capsules assorted gs and puppies, 18 doses, $1.00. emical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (1x26)

LORETHYLENE. Now recommended S. Dept. of Agriculture, as being re for round and hook worms than chloride. Safest anhelmintic known. to dose puppies 3 weeks old. 24 s or 21 assorted $1 postpaid. lams Co., Dept. O, Greenville, S. C. (3-7)

), a known remedy for running fits. ded if results not obtained. If your nnot supply you, order by mail. 00 per bottle. W. F. Strayhorn ny, 701 Chapel Hill Street, Dur- Carolina. (3-8)

Dog Collar almost immediately trains lice and other dogs. Thousands in ively recommended by Ozark Ripley ted sportsmen. Post prepaid $2.50. , Dept. O, Oscawana, N. Y. (3-7)

Fits. Absolutely stopped in 24 never failed. Treatment for one ; three dogs, $2.00; sent postpaid. arm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (2-6)

fits in dogs cured in three doses. one dollar. Money refunded if not . W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, (3-7)

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your revolver and rifle shells, and ter sport and economy. Informa- verything needed. A shooter's hand- 0c, which is refunded on first $5 ng & Mull, Inc., 832 Osceola Rd., Pa. (3-8)

-32 Remington made to order Da- ble hammerless, Smith 12-32 ouble hammergun, Colts 10 gauge hammerless doubles. Firearms List w and Used Guns, 10c. Frayseths filan, Minn. (3-8)

Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for tridges and .410 Shot Shells; also , Primers and Cases. Handbook and cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 t., Wilmington, Delaware. (12x24)

firearms, swords, daggers, powder- , molds, 1926 Catalogue 4c stamp. outh 18th, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

uger barrels, magazines, stocks, Kniep, 730 East 138 Street, ty. (3-6)

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e, Sago Pond Plant, Wild Celery, and other foods and shelter for and Muskrats. Literature. Geo. D. Aquatic Farms, Box 35, Detroit,

Fish! Muskrat! Foods that bring arms. Plant now. 30 years ex- dvice free. Write for prices. Ter- c Farm, 42 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-8)

TA Giant Wild Rice Seed—Write for on orders for September delivery. ennerly Company, Aitkin, Minne- (3-8)

k foods known. Wild Celery, Sago Widgeon grass and others. Write. me Preserve, Waterlily, Currituck . (5-7)

ing Tackle and Bait

hermen. Do you want to be a big ith hook and line? Just try it over . You won't fish any other way. ng them. Jay Griggs, Goodell, Iowa. (3-6)

Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

WET flys that are trout takers, especially good for early fishing. Made by experienced fisherman. Six proven patterns, $1.00. Home Fly Tiers, 826 Steuben St., Wausau, Wisc. (3-6)

FLY Fisherman. New departure Weedless Birchtail or feather Bass flies, six dollars per dozen or will tie your ideal from sample or faithful description. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kans. (3-7)

SURKETCHUM—Acknowledged by expert fishermen as the only lifelike artificial swimmer. Stock is limited and I will only have a few [illegible] made to do away with baiting, always ready and fresh, 50c each. Postage paid. Pryor's Artificial Bait Co., 6810 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-8)

GUARANTEED Turtle Traps. 4 in. mesh, 5 feet by 28 in. No. 36 twine. $3.50. Musky, Pike, landing nets, $3.00. Bass, $1.50. Quality Twine Mfg. Co., 901 Park Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio. (3-8)

PRESERVED sour clams, "Best Catfish Bait," 2 lbs., postpaid, $1.00. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait "Guaranteed for Carp," 2 lbs., postpaid, $1.00. J. Curtiss Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

MR. FISHERMAN: Are you looking for a better silk or linen fishing line, casting or trolling. Send for our 1926 sample card and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K., Pekin, Ill.

SIX cents brings you samples of the best silk casting lines. Fresh stock. Money back guarantee. The Emporium, 220 E. Main, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (3-7)

MR. Fisherman—Save money on your tackle. Send for catalog. Puritan Sales Co., Fort Wayne, Ind. (3-7)

FISHWORMS $1.00 pint. Postpaid. Albert Gandron, 154 South, West 16th St., Des Moines, Iowa. (3-7)

KNIT your own nets; particulars free. Old Skunk, Altoona, Kans. (3-7)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock fresh from Maine forest; twenty 5c packages to box, $1 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-7)

DELICIOUS Wild Rice 30c per pound. Delivered fourth zone. Geo. Arnold, Warroad, Minn. (3-7)

11 lbs. Pure Maple Syrup, $3.75 per gal. Postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-6)

CHOICE sweet pecans, ¼ lb., 35c. W. H. Karstaedt, Dayton, Ohio. (3-8)

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN'S Exchange. We buy, sell and exchange guns, rifles, revolvers, rods and reels, field glasses, cameras, watches, musical instruments and furs. Send the article with a letter, and we will make you our best offer by return mail. E. Wanger & Co., Dep't A., 302 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3x26)

For Smokers

CLAYSCHAUM Pipes from Scotland. A sweet, dry smoke. Porous clay, absorbs nicotine, conserves health. Once tried you will smoke no other. Recommended by the Medical Profession. Sample 15c, two 25c, six 60c, twelve $1.00, postpaid. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, Dept. K2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-8)

YOU Red-blooded Go-getters: Treat yourself to 10 of the World's finest 2 for 25 Panetelas. In air-tight tins, prepaid post $1.00. Just fits pocket of your coat or car. Randall-Wagner Co., Inc., 76 East South Water St. (corner Michigan Ave.), Chicago, Ill. (3-7)

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, $1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-6)

Game Birds and Animals

STOP—Read—1925 silver black fox pups. Also adults and proven breeders. Wonderful quality with right prices. Our stock is from prize winners and of the best blood lines obtainable in Canada. We own an eighty-five pair ranch, the largest and finest in Ohio. Let us give you our prices before buying elsewhere. Also have Raccoon, Mink, Marten and Fisher for sale. Hubers Reliable Silver Black Fox and Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (6x26)

WILD Duck Eggs: I have now for sale Wild Mallard eggs; also the pure bred small tame variety of English Grey Call Duck eggs. These are the celebrated W. E. decoys. Nearly every variety of wild duck respond to their soft enticing call. Full instructions with each shipment how to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANT Eggs: I have now for sale eggs for hatching of the following varieties: English Ring Neck, Chinese Ring Neck, Golden, Lady Amherst and Silver. All guaranteed to be from strong pure bred non-related birds. Full instructions with each shipment. How to set eggs and raise young successfully. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Ill. (3-6)

I AM offering a few pair of my young, black raccoon for delivery in July and August. I have raccoon as black as a skunk and to be able to get them you must contract in advance. Stock is limited and I will only have a few [illegible] for sale. Our circular on breeding and care, 10 cents. L. S. Russell, Cardington, Ohio. (3-8)

FOR Sale—Extra large dark northern muskrats, selected for breeding purpose. Delivery alive guaranteed. Order now for fall delivery. The Great Northern Muskrat Farms, Ypsilanti, Michigan. (3-8)

ENGLISH Call Duck Eggs, from Prize Winners at Madison Square Garden. Booking orders for fall delivery of Hand Reared Wild ducks, Pheasants and Geese. Write Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-6)

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Fancy, Stocking Pheasants and games, Hunting, Toy, Police Strongheart blood, Milk Goats. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (3-6)

CHINCHILLAS: Most valuable fur and meat rabbit raised. Increase rapidly. Only high quality stock. Ranger Fur Farms, Excelsior, Minn. (3-6)

WILD Rabbits—Cottontails and Jacks for any purpose. Place orders now for fall delivery. Priced right. Earl Johnson, Rago, Kansas. (3-6)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

NOW is the time to order Storm Island Blue Foxes for pen breeding. Quality A-1 and price right. W. N. Abbes, Fanshaw, Alaska. (3-7)

CAN deliver immediately all fur and wild animals, game and fancy birds. Silverplume, Orange, New Jersey. (3-7)

PEAFOWL, Pheasants, Bantams, Pigeons, Wild geese, Ducks, Breeding stock, Eggs. Free Circular, John Hass, Bettendorf, Iowa. (4-6)

GENUINE small English caller hatching eggs, $3.50 for 15—$10.00 for 45. Prepaid. Arthur Johnson, Manson, Iowa. (3-6)

PHEASANT and Wild Duck Eggs for spring delivery. Stamp for price list. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (3-6)

RABBITS for sale—Pedigreed stock. $2.00 up. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (5-8)

FANCY Pigeons, Angora Kittens. Minnetonka Kennels, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-6)

HIGHEST Quality Small English Callers. $5 setting prepaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-6)

SALE: Northern Wild red foxes, coyote pups. C. Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-7)

FOR Sale—and wanted Cub Bears, animals all kinds. E. E. Johnson, Canton, Ill.

FOR Sale—Pet Prairie Dogs; Stamp. John Webb, Protection, Kans.

Help Wanted

MEN, 18 up, wanting U. S. Mail Service positions, $142 to $225 monthly; Steady; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Write A. Bradford, 112 N. 50th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (3-6)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-6)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

Miscellaneous

RHEUMATISM, Neuritis, Why Suffer? Persons pronounced incurable desiring quick relief and guaranteed recovery try Ancient Hindu Remedy discovered and adapted to modern science by Huntington College Chemist. Order complete treatment, $1.50. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sample 50c. Write Prof. Guha, Box L-166, Huntington, Ind. (3-7)

Miscellaneous—Cont'd

QUALITY Flags, made of "Class A" Bunting, Sold direct to you. Moth proof, sewed stripes, embroidered stars. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price list. Standard Flag Co., Houghton, Mich. (3-7)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (4x26)

100 5-GRAIN Aspirin Tablets by mail for only 50 cents; samples and agents terms free. Address Gem Supply Co., Box 377, LaCrosse, Wis. (3-8)

HUNTING Hounds. Cheap. Dog Supplies. Guns Bought, Sold, Exchanged. Kaskennels, Herrick, Ills. (3-6)

GINSENG Seed. Nice Hardy seed. 1,000 seeds, $2.00. C. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (3-6)

Musical Instruments, Etc.

MUSIC Composed to words. Bauer Bros. (formerly of Sousa's Band), Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

Outing Equipment

ALL Wool Camp Blankets. $9 buys big warm 72x86—4 ½ lb. single blanket, gray, brown, red or white, postpaid direct from factory. Faribault Woolen Mill, Faribault, Minn. (3-7)

SLIGHTLY used camp cots for sale—regular folding army style, good as new. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, O. (3-6)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

MODERN Photography in all its branches now taught by mail. New, successful method Write for particulars and unusual offer, open for short time. International Studios, Inc., Dept. 7172, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (12-1)

KODAK finishing—professional service for the amateur. Send negative and 5c in stamps for sample print and price list. Ehrhart's Studio, Antwerp, Ohio. (3-7)

YOUR small films enlarged on postcards, 20 for $1. Stinson, 242 Scott St., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-7)

FOR Sale—Tanks, Printer, Trays, and other items. Homer Barnes, Spring Valley, Minn. (3-7)

BEAUTIFUL oil paintings from your snapshots. Particulars, W. Taylor, 64 West Sixth Ave., Vancouver, Canada. (7-7)

Printing and Stationery

PRINTED Stationery—100 envelopes, 200 sheets white bond paper, printed with your name and address, in blue ink, old English or neat block type. Sent postpaid for $1. Satisfaction or money back. Bodkin Printing Co., Bardwell, Ky. (3-8)

LABELS attract attention to your products more than anything else. Let us design one for you? Free samples sent on request. Agents wanted. Willson Spielman Label Co., 544 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

"NEARGRAVURE-EMBOSO" (type embossed) —500 fine, Plain, Ripple Bond letterheads, special $5.75 postpaid. Sollidays', Knox, Ind. (3-7)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-8)

EMBOSS your Stationery with Hand Embosser. Circular Free. Midwest, Box 47, Springfield, Ill. (3-6)

Real Estate

FOR Sale: Trout Fishing Land. Big and Little Carleton Creeks, stocked annually with brook trout for years, in 1600 acre virgin tract. Secluded. Fenced. Rented for grazing. Beautifully timbered. Water power. Rural delivery and telephone available. 1 ¼ miles east from West Michigan Pike Motor Bus Line. 1 ½ mile from Pere Marquette Railroad station. 3 ½ miles from Montague and Whitehall where Chicago steamers dock. Taxes paid. No encumbrances. In Oceana, banner fruit county. $20 an acre. Long time payments. Estate of Wm. T. Cushing, 413 St. James Place, Chicago, Ill. (3-8)

Real Estate—Cont'd

FOR SALE—Hunting and Fishing Lodge, located on eight-acre island with virgin timber. Wildcat Lake, Vilas County, Wisconsin. Good hunting, fishing, bathing and boating. Only cottage on entire lake and same complete with dishes, cooking utensils, stoves, rowboat, etc. One of few lakes with real virgin timber shore line and all owned by state and no other property on lake for sale. For quick disposal, $1,500. Will bear investigation. John E. Alexander, Port Edwards, Wisconsin. (3-6)

IF you want land with frontage on lake or river for summer homes please inquire of us before you buy. Beautiful wooded lots $150 each, acreage $25 to $50 per acre. We are owners and our land is free from any incumbrance, easy terms if desired. Emerson Bros., Tripoli, Oneida County, Wisconsin. (3-8)

BEST home or club site in middle west. Dam site: 100 to 300 horse power; 17 acres private flowage; 120 foot dam; 20 foot head; scenic Kalamazoo valley; 93 acres; 150 miles Chicago. Virgil Nash, 302 Penn, South Bend, Ind.

$5.00 down, $2.00 monthly, buys 2 ½ acres No. Michigan Fruit or Poultry Farm, Camp Site or Summer Home. $100.00. Burt Lake, Cheboygan County. Finest hunting, fishing, boating, swimming. Good auto roads. Get free booklet and map. O. Hermann, 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago. (3-6)

TOURISTS, Hunters, Fishermen: I own properties like you want near Main line of Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, two hundred and seventy miles north of Chicago. At reasonable prices with or without cabins. E. G. Sault, Pembine, Wisconsin. (3-8)

EIGHTY acres, joining tract and lake owned by local I. W. L. A. The hunter's Paradise, the fisherman's dream; grouse, prairie chicken, waterfowl and black bass will be your chief attraction. Located two miles from Firesteel, Dewey County, South Dakota. For particulars on sale, write Frank W. Thomas, Firesteel, S. D.

LAKE frontage lots, cottages, resorts. Whole sections with lakes and Chippewa river, all priced to sell. Good roads; best deer hunting, musky and bass fishing to be had in Wis. Lakeshore farm suitable for golf course, will sell cheap or organize. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-6)

FOR Sale. 176.41 acres Cass Co., Minnesota. Ideal for Summer Resorts, Hunting or Country Club. Some virgin timber. Two lakes. Ideal fishing and hunting. Off Highway No. 19. Price $20,000.00. L. F. Peters, 2223 — 24th St., Port Huron, Michigan. (3-6)

FOR Sale:—Lake Frontage Northern Wisconsin. Tracts of 20 acres and up. Fine beaches; high shore lines; good shade timber; priced for investment. Foster Lumber Company, Tomahawk, Wisconsin.

BEAUTIFUL site on Fence Lake, near Minocqua, Wis. Three hundred foot front for thirty-five hundred. Many other pike, bass and muskie lakes close by. H. M. Newton, 422 Fredonia Ave., Peoria, Ill. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Hans Johnson's Trout and Bass Fishing Resort, also 91 acre farm on Prairie River, Echo Lake. Four miles north of Gleason on 63. Reason, old age. Write Hans Johnson, R. I. Gleason, Wisconsin. (3-7)

————Lake Frontage—Fifty Foot Up————
————Famous Manitowish Waters————
Correct situation and conditions for sportsman. All you want in a cottage site. Big fish and game. E. R. Perkins, Manitowish, Wis. (2-7)

SKY Blue Lodge. Forty acres in Northern Minnesota. Big game and fish country. Large log cabin, fully equipped. Price, Four Hundred Dollars. Arthur Neubert, Mankato, Minnesota. (3-8)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (12-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-7)

FOR Sale—Attractive property 10 acres along beautiful Potomac river, 40 miles below Washington. Adjoins resort. Price, $6,000. Owner —W. N. Smith, Goby, Va.

QUARTER acre camp lots in Maine woods. Write Guy Crockett, Guilford, Maine, for blue prints, pictures.

RESORT, fruit, alfalfa, potato land. Cottages rented, sold. Saunders, Beulah, Mich.

FLORIDA and Tennessee Land Bargains. Write Chas. Pickel, Kingston, Tenn. (3-7)

Schools

CARTOONING and Commercial Art. 25 lessons, 300 illustrations, 2 clothbound volumes and drawing outfit $5 postpaid. Catalog free. Nu-Way Art School, 220 W. Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (3-8)

Stamp Collecting

UNITED States—100 Different (1861 to date) mounted and classified 50c; 1,000 Different Foreign 98c. Old collections bought. E. Moseley, 4521 Parkview, St. Louis, Mo. (3-6).

PENNY Approvals that Satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-8)

FREE—Stamp collection. F. Gorup, 1607-C Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-8)

Taxidermy

FOR Sale: Mounted black bearskin rug; first class condition; $150.00. A. Smullan, 175 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. (3-6)

FOR Sale. Fine newly mounted Deer Heads. Horns and scalps. Fine fur rugs and Game Heads. S. Gerhardt, Roslindale, Mass. (3-7)

ARTIFICIAL Eyes. Booklet Free. Denver Optic, 587 Barclay, Denver, Colo. (3-7)

Wanted

WANTED—Tame young birds and animals for School Park. Starlings, Motmots, Magpies, Crows, Ravens, Toucans, Parrots, Macaws, Parrakeets, Agoutis, Pacas, Squirrels, Raccoon foxes, Kinkajous, Foxes and other pets. Emerson School, Gary, Indiana. (12-6)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland, postage paid. The "real thing," handwoven and hard-wearing. Sports Suits to measure, exclusive cut, $32.00. Postage paid. Booklet and latest patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-6)

Results

Gibsland, La.,
April 1, 1926.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Some time ago I ran a small ad in Outdoor America (one issue), for bird dogs to train, and have had wonderful results. Enclosing another ad to be run for three consecutive insertions. Please find check to cover.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Ray Huckaby.

Lyndonville, N. Y.,
May 1, 1926.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs:

Please let my advertisement appear in your magazine for the months of June, July and August.

Be sure to change it to read Medina, N. Y., instead of Lyndonville.

Enclosed find check for $9.00 to cover same.

Am getting good results.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Newell E. Ludlum.

The Camp Fire Is Calling *You!*

THERE'S a fascination about this camp fire you can't resist; a new pleasure you'll enjoy to the fullest.

Do you like the strong, clean things of out-of-doors? Do you want word from the earth's far places? Would you meet men who have adventured everywhere—and listen to their amazing experiences? All these are a part of the camp fire.

Here at the camp fire is a real comradeship. Many a time does one come for facts and guidance; many a close personal friendship has this camp fire built up between two men who have never met; often has it proved an open sesame between strangers in a distant land.

Sit in at the Camp Fire. It is an experience you will never forget, nor willingly forego.

What is the Camp Fire? It is a part of Adventure Magazine. And if you do not know Adventure, you have a very real treat in store. All this awaits you: stories of all the world; of the sea and mountains, the jungles and plains; of men in action, instead of caged by circumstance.

If you like clean, well-written stories of men who do things; if you want to know about strange countries, odd customs, little-known peoples, you want Adventure. Its fiction is clean, swift-moving, full of color and life. And in each issue of Adventure is a great wealth of serials, complete novelettes and short stories, all written by experts who know their subjects and how to write entertainingly.

You'll enjoy Adventure. You'll understand why it is a favorite with alert men and women in all walks and stations in life—with railroad and college presidents, business and professional men, men from everywhere.

The coupon brings you a copy of Adventure free—without the slightest obligation. Fill in your name and address and send it today. Your place at the Camp Fire is waiting. Mail the coupon *now.*

Clip Coupon! ↓ Mail Today!

The Ridgway Company, Dept. X
Spring & MacDougal Sts.,
New York City

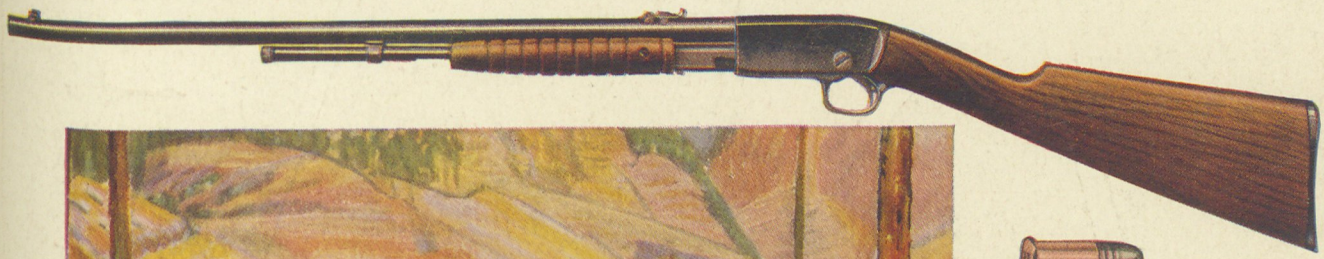
Gentlemen: I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send me free a sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

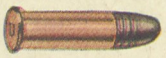
Address _____

City _____

State _____



.22 Short Lesmok



.22 Long Lesmok

.22 Long-rifle Palma

Remington Model 12. Hammerless, take-down .22 calibre Repeating Rifle. Shoots .22 short, long or long-rifle cartridges.

Remington Ammunition in this or any other rifle insures greater accuracy. Remington Cartridges hold the world's records at every range from 200 to 1200 yards. Best on the bull's-eye is best on game.

WHERE BASS ARE THICK AS MINNOWS

—*Lines from An Outdoor Diary*

". . . I've discovered a hole by the end of Hen and Chickens' Reef where two pound bass are thick as minnows. Caught eight there this morning in water so clear I saw all but one strike. This sure is a great fish country.

"After a morning of high spots, returned to camp at noon. Had good sport with Bill's Remington .22 Repeater*. A great little gun. Same fore-end action as on the 12 gauge pump but even faster working because of the shorter slide . . ."

*The Model 12 Remington .22 Repeater—as sturdy and accurate a rifle as money can buy. It takes down easily, weighs only four and a half pounds and packs conveniently.

The same quality that has made Remington Firearms famous throughout the world is found in the varied line of Remington Knives for hunters, fishermen, trappers, campers and automobile tourists.

They are made of Remington steel, with finely tempered blades—the product of 110 years experience in making fine equipment for sportsmen.

Put a Remington Rifle and Camp Knife in your vacation outfit.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

25 Broadway *Established 1816* New York City

Remington Outdoor Knives with Sheaths ***(No. RH35 Illustrated)*** Remington Sheath Knives are especially designed to meet the requirements of all outdoor men who demand quality, correctly shaped blades with durable, keen-cutting edges and sturdy construction. They are beautifully finished and perfectly balanced. The sheaths are of extra heavy leather, stitched and riveted with lock-tite clasps.

Furnished in various styles and lengths.

R4243—The All Outdoors Knife — stag handle, brass lined. Has a large sabre clip blade, a sheepsfoot blade, a leather punch or reamer blade, and a combination can opener and bottle opener. Nickel Silver shackle, bolsters, and shield.

Remington

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RIFLES AMMUNITION SHOTGUNS GAME LOADS CUTLERY CASH REGISTERS

IVER JOHNSON SHOT GUNS

Hammerless Double *Matted Top Rib* *Special Trap* *Champion*

Take Your Choice

Iver Johnson Hammerless Double Barrel Shot Gun
Safety mechanism sets itself when gun is opened—the triggers cannot be pulled till safety button is released. Top lever is not controlled by a "trip," but automatically comes back to normal, permitting hammers to be lowered without snapping. Made in all gauges, including the .410. Various barrel lengths. Also furnished at an extra cost, with selective type automatic ejector; the only moderately priced double barrel gun so made.

Iver Johnson Matted Top Rib Single Barrel Shot Gun
Popular with sportsmen. The glare-proof, finely Matted Top Rib extends full length of barrel. Barrel and lug of high carbon steel forged in one piece. Full choke. Made in 12, 16, and 20 gauges, and .410 bore, with various barrel lengths.

Iver Johnson Special Trap Single Barrel Shot Gun
A gun designed especially for trap-shooting, to sell at a moderate price. It has a ventilated rib, finely matted, extending the full length of the barrel, giving a maximum relief from heat waves. The matted top prevents glare.

Compensating locking bolt insures against shooting loose. Stock and forend are of black walnut, beautifully hand-checkered and polished. Automatic ejector. 12 gauge only; 32-inch barrel fitted with two Lyman ivory sights.

Iver Johnson Champion Single Barrel Shot Gun
The "old reliable" for years. Barrel and lug of high carbon steel, forged in one piece. Barrel full choke which assures close, hard shooting. Adjustable main spring tension bar. Made in various gauges, including the .410, and various lengths of barrel.

Complete New Firearms Booklet for Sportsmen
Catalog "A" shows in detail all the Iver Johnson "Hammer the Hammer" Safety Revolvers, as well as Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shot Guns and Hammerless Double Barrel Shot Guns. Write for copy today. It's free.

HAMMER THE HAMMER

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

453 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass. New York—151 Chambers St., Chicago—108 W. Lake St., San Francisco—717 Market St.